

THE
PSALTER or PSALMS
OF
DAVID
Paraphras'd in Verse.

Set to new Tunes. And so design'd that by Two Tunes onely, the whole Number of Psalms (Four onely excepted) may be Sung; One of which Tunes is already known (being the usual Tune of the C. Psalm) the other Tunes onely are new. But any one of them being learnt, all the other Psalms may be sung by that one onely Tune: As on the contrary any one Psalm may be Sung by all the new Tunes. So that a greater facility for those who are less able to Sing; or a greater variety for those who are more able, cannot reasonably be desired or afforded.

The Second Edition, wherein the whole
Number is Completed.

By RICHARD GOODRIDGE.

Te decet Hymnus. Psalm 65.
Praise is comely. Psalm 147.
Hallelujah.

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for Jo. Crosley. 1684.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
HENRY
EARL of ARLINGTON,
Lord Chamberlain of His
Majesties Household, One
of His Majesties Most Ho-
nourable Privy-Council,
and Knight of the Most
Noble Order of the Gar-
ter, &c.

My Lord,

WERE *not the Sub-
ject of these Papers,
and the End they
aim at, of the greatest Mo-
ment, I durst not have adventur'd*
A 2 *them*

The Dedication.

them to your Lordship : For, as for what ever I may have perform'd in them, I know it to be far more beneath the Heights of the Original, than David, when he counterfeited the Mad-man before Achish, was unlike that David, who returning with the Spoils of the Philistin, was met in triumph by the Daughters of Israel ; and his Conquest over that One Monster, was sung above the thousands of Saul. My aim then is not Praise, which I thus unfeignedly acknowledge, not to be due : and therefore am not so vain, as to think they will ever be receiv'd into the place of those now us'd ; which have the same fortunate, and ill luck with us, as the Mathematicians of Old had at Rome ;

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Rome; *still to be reteyn'd, yet still condemn'd. All I shall hope for, is, that having first obteyn'd His Pardon, who, not requiring our exact, but our utmost possible performances, will accept the faithful Endeavours, and pardon the failings of the Weak and Impotent: I may have the like Measures from Your Lordship; and from all such as Your Lordship; who endeavouring to expresse in themselves the Image of their Maker, will, as himself does, remit to those who have no other end but to endeavour to celebrate his Praise, and promote the Good of others, the infelicities of their Successes. Which I cannot but hope from Your Lordship, not only from Your Lordships Noble inclinations to such*
in

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in general ; but from Your Lordships particular Favour to your Servant ; which, begun so many Years past, in that Society, to which Your Lordship is so confess'd an Honour, Your Lordship has been pleas'd to continue hitherto ; and to look back upon, and know him yet, at that distance of Fortune, in which Your Lordship so eminently, and so deserv'dly stands. The God of Heaven multiply his Graces on Your Lordship here ; and assign You your Portion hereafter among the Pious and the Just.

My Lord,

Your Lordships most humble and,
most affectionately-devoted Servant,

Ric. Goodridge.

P R E F A C E.

§. 1. **W**HAT Offence is generally taken, and how justly, at our *English* Version of *David's* Psalms into Meeter, is sufficiently known. Dr. *Donne*, upon *that* of Sr. *Philip Sidney*, and the Countess of *Pembroke*, commending *theirs*, censures the *other* of *Sternhold*, and *Hopkins*, and our Churches *Toleration* of it, *thus*.

When I behold that these Psalms are become
So well attyr'd abroad, so *Ill* at *Home*;
So well in *Chambers*; in the Church, so *Ill*;
I scarcely can call *That* reform'd, until
This be reform'd. Would the *State* present
A *lesser* Guist, than some *One Man* hath sent?
And shall our *Church*, unto her *Spouse*, and *King*,
More hoarse, *more* harsh, than any *other* sing?

§. 2. Some have endeavoured to make it more tolerable, by *expunging* those many *low*, and *indecent* Expressions; and putting *others* in
their

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their Places : but the Attempt is fruitless. For, if what they substitute be like the remainder, 'twill be all flat ; If it be rais'd somewhat above that level, the whole will be unlike it self; and by the Addition of new Pieces,

—cum unus & alter

Assuitur Pannus,—

the *Rents* will be made worse. Wherefore, a *New Version* is doubtless the *only Expedient*; for, if to imitate the *best Originals* be mean and servile; what is it to *draw* after the *worst Copies*?

§. 3. There are many excellent Versions extant; out of *all* which, if the *choicest* in *Each* were taken, and put together; such a *Collection* would not only exceed *that* which is *now* in use; but *any one* particular Version, of *any* of those Persons, who have labour'd in them.

§. 4. For doubtless, as there is no Man but is much more *himself* at some *one* time, than another: (*Ego nunquam* (says Scaliger) *ad scribendum accingor, nisi ab ipso Genio invitatus*) so there is no Man, who may not be much more concern'd in the *Subject* of some *one* Psalm than another: as expressing, possibly, his *particular Wants* or *Enjoyments*; or having more affinity, either with the *constant innate Temper*, and *Genius* of his Mind; or With the *accidental Emotions* and *Sallyes* of it, from some emergent *Occasion*: So that what he shall then perform in
that

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that *Fervour*, that *Extasie*, that *Indignation* or *Agony*, shall not only exceed what others, less concern'd, shall have done on it; but what himself could have perform'd, at any other cooler time: And all this, in a *Natural* way; not to say, what greater Assistances may be lent, upon an humble Address to *Him*, who will undoubtedly open those Lips which beg it of *Him*, for no other end, but that they may shew forth his Praise.

§. 5. Besides, they who have indifferently undertaken all the Psalms, have set themselves a kind of Task; and probably would not have adventur'd on some few particular ones, had they not been found among the number which they had oblig'd themselves to compleat. So that though they may have gone through them all with great Diligence, yet the Effects of Care and Diligence, can never equal the Efforts of Love, Joy, Zeal, or other mighty Passion; which possessing the Soul, and being further rais'd and excited by the Hymn, compos'd by the same, (for kind) but by a far higher (in Degree) and more inspir'd ardour, the mutual Fire kindles; And as the Hymn awakes a fervour in the Soul, so the exalted Soul impresses that fervour in its Transcript of the Hymn; into which, it self thus excited, passing forth, copies out, and arrests in it, its own Transports and Emanations; and joining, as in Consort, with the Divine Raptures there, fixes in it the lasting Character, and Image

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mage of *both*; which Character, that Transcript *bears, and is*; remaining an Eternal Mean, Guide, and Conduct, by which, the *penitent*, the *distress'd*, the *ravish'd*, or the any other way divinely-affected Soul, uniting with *it*, its *own cognate* Fires, may ascend *together*, to his Throne who will accept those Sacrifices of Prayer, and Praise, which himself has inspir'd, and kindled as with a Coal from his own Altar.

§. 6. Wherefore, as it will not seem unagreeable to the honour of the sacred Poem, that all, as out of *Duty*, should humbly present the utmost they are able to contribute towards the *copying* out the Beauty of the Divine *Original*: So that *Copy*, doubtless, will be the *least reproach* to it, which shall be drawn from out the *choicest* of *all* the Offerings.

§. 7. The Reader, I hope, will have the Charity to believe, that ~~though I have taken them all indifferently as they lye, I do not pretend to have done them otherwise, than as impos'd upon my self; and to present them out of Duty only, and as to be refus'd; being satisfied in the attempt only, of rescuing that Divine Poem from dishonour; and to excite those of greater Abilities; to pursue it by a joynt Endeavour; and to that end, to have cast into the Common Treasury, this mean and unprofitable Labour.~~ seeing I have taken them all *indifferently* as they lye, I do not pretend to have done them otherwise, than as *impos'd* upon my self; and to present them out of *Duty* only, and as to be *refus'd*; being satisfied in the attempt only, of rescuing that Divine Poem from dishonour; and to excite those of *greater* Abilities; to pursue it by a *joynt* Endeavour; and to that end, to have cast into the Common Treasury, this mean and unprofitable Labour.

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§. 8. Having thus let the Reader know, how *much* I am concern'd for vindicating the Honour of the Divine Poem; and how *unconcern'd* for what ever *I* may have offered towards it, I shall acquaint him what I have oblig'd my self to in the Prosecution.

§. 9. First, therefore, I have endeavour'd to avoid all *obscurity*; which though it be a Rock, that *all* who speak or write, are *bound* to shun; and therefore it may seem *impertinent* to take notice of it *here*, as of a *new care*: Yet, when it shall be remembred, how *Universal* the number is, of those who are *invited*, and *bound* to joyn in celebrating the Honour of their Maker; *Young Men* and *Maidens*; *Old Men* and *Children*; and *all* the different *Ranks* and *Conditions* of *all* those *Ages* and *Sexes*; it cannot but be acknowledg'd, that a very *particular* care ought to be had, that what is thus to be *perform'd* by *all*, should be rendered *intelligible* to *all*; to the *High* and the *Low*; to the *Rich* and the *Poor*; to the *One* with the *Other*.

§. 10. In order to which, I have not rendered it *litterally*, but (as possibly *all* Translations ought to be) by way of *Paraphrase*; since not only *Proverbial*, and *Parabolical* Speeches, and the whole Train of *Verbal Allusions*, &c. but the very *disposition*, and *coordination* of Words, being different in differing Languages,
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what was *Natural* to one, will not only be *indecent*, and, possibly, *ridiculous* in another; but, as varying from its known accustom'd Forms, *obscure* too. For *Idioms* and the peculiar *Characters* of the Language of one People, *litterally* rendred into another, are notwithstanding such *traduction*, *strange*, and *forraign* still: And, (as *Coins*) bearing on them the *Impresses* proper to the Places whence they came, are not *current* elsewhere: the stamping of *Money* and *Words*, and the Minting of *Dialects* and *Modes* of Expressions, being the *peculiar* Royalties of each *Place* and *People*. That which is *fix'd* in any Writing, is its *intrinsique* worth; which, as the *Rich Mettal*, reteyns its value *still*, whose soever the *Image* and *Superscription* be; and is *that alone*, which being design'd to be transferr'd to others, ought therefore to be impress'd with those *Significant* Characters which those People *know*, and *allow* of; and not rendred dark, either by reteyning any of its *former* perplex'd Original Characters; or by the *close* Order of a *Verbal* exchange.

§. 11. I shall not give the Reader the trouble to shew him, how very *particularly* a *litteral* Translation of the *Hebrew* would be concern'd in *this* Case; but leave him to think how differing *their* Modes are like to be from *ours*, who Write without Vowels, and read backward.

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§. 12. As I have chosen to render it by way of *Paraphrase*, so I have put that *Paraphrase* into *Verse*; for such are the *Psalms* in the Original, (though we cannot yet find out the *measures*; but we abundantly find the footsteps of a Poem in the admirable Heights, and Divine Raptures every where;) and how great a disadvantage it must be for *Verse* to be unravel'd into *Prose*, any one may judge, who knows the bounds of either; and that there are words and expressions *peculiar* to *Verse*, which *Prose* dares not assume; as on the other side, there are infinite *Prose-words*, which *Poesie* *disdains*: being adapted, and proportion'd to the expressing the *different heights* of thoughts and conceptions, *peculiar* to *Verse*, and *peculiar* to *Prose*. So that to dissolve a Poem, and melt it down into *Prose*, were to destroy both the *Verse*, and the *Prose* too. For, as the *Verse* would be no more such, when the Words had lost their *numbers*, and their *order*; so those *disordered*, *Poetical* Words and Expressions appearing *eminently*, and *unseasonably* here and there above the level of *Prose*;

——*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*——

the *Prose* would *cant*: You would find every where

——*disjecti Membra Poetæ*——

the unfortunate *Spoils* of a *Poem*, which gather'd up, and dispos'd in no other *Order* than as they

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they *fell*, would look like the barbarous Buildings of the *Turks*, rais'd out of the Noble Ruins of the *Græcian* Cities and Temples; where the fragment of some *mighty Column* sustains a *Shed*; and the Walls of a poor *Cottage*, are indifferently made up of *ill-rang'd Marbles*, and *inverted Statues*, laid in Beds of *Mud and Clay*: which being thus unworthily plac'd, appear more rude and deform'd, in the *wild Order*, than in the *Ruine*; for 'twas a Spectacle of *Pity* to the Beholder, to see them in the *heap*; but of Scorn and Indignation, in the unhappy *structure*.

§. 13. I desire not to be misunderstood here; for it must be *truly*, and with all *submission* acknowledg'd, that the literal Prose Versions of the Psalms, as they are in Vulgar Translations (*Latin* or *English*, &c.) conform to the Original, are absolutely *necessary* so to stand, as the Rule and Canon of Scripture; by which, the truth of any *Pharaphrase* may be judg'd Notwithstanding which, since in the Text it self, there are many things *hard* to be understood, therefore, as the unfolding it in *other* words, by way of Paraphrase, or short Exposition, is expedient for the better informing our *Understanding*; so it seems *as expedient*, that (as the Original it self has given the Example) that Paraphrase should be in *Verse*; for the better raising and exciting our *Wills* and *Affections*,
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in the zealous performance of those Duties and Services, of which those Divine Hymns are given us as the *Forms*.

§. 14. In the choice of *words* and *expressions*, I have taken care to use *such*, as may be both intelligible to the *meanest*, and yet (as far as we were able) not *unbecoming* the *Dignity* of the *Subject*: remembering at the same time, both, who *some* are among the *many* who are to *speak* the Praises; and *whose* Praises they are, which we *all* celebrate. Wherefore, though I have endeavoured that the expressions be *plain*; yet understanding by plainness only *Perspicuity*, as 'tis oppos'd to what is *perplex'd* or *obscure*; I endeavour to avoid that *meanness* of expression, which is made up out of the Language of the *People*; and which, some by descending to take up, have *lost* the Poem in the too great a *plainness* and condescension of the Style; for

— *mediocribus esse Poetis,*

Non Homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.

there being in a Poem, as in a Natural Body, a *minimum quod non* (as 'tis call'd) *within* which Size and Stature, when *either* of them are *shrunk*, they quite degenerate and lose themselves; that Poem being no *longer* One, which is so *indifferent* and *languishing*, as to be *also* Prose, if the Measures and the Rhimewere away.

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§. 15. I should not here have reflected upon the Translation *now us'd* with us, were it not even *necessary*, that some *few* of the *many* Indecencies being laid open, we should be convinc'd of the unworthiness of such Addresses; and not henceforth dare to offer up unto God, a Praise which is not *comely*; and to speak in his Temple *unbecoming his Honour*.

§. 16. We shall not ^{at} all accuse the Translators for any of those Words or Forms of expression which having been in use in the *Age* they liv'd in, are *now* discontinued; that were unjust; since every Age has *absolute* Power of repealing, continuing, or new-making those words which do then obtain; 'Tis a sufficient Plea to say—*voluit Usus*—(*Custom gave the Sanction.*)

Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & Norma loquendi.

Which *words*, and much of the *Style*, are so expressly the Characters of *their own Age*, that 'tis no *unusual* or *difficult* thing, to discover the *Age* of a Writing by its *Language*; as is oftentimes successfully perform'd, in detecting *Spurious* Authors. And therefore, we shall not blame them for *that*, or any other the *like* expression, *Psalms* I. v. I.

The Man is blest'd that hath not bent to wicked ~~Read~~ his Ear.
the word *Read*, signifying only *Lecture*, or *Instruction*;

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struction; frequent in *Chawcer*, and continued down to *that* Age, but left off in *Ours*; and therefore though *justly* to be rejected *now*, as not intelligible, yet with no reproach to those who spake intelligibly to their *own* Times.

§. 17. That which is the fundamental *perpetual* Law of expression, is, That things be *naturally* represented; which they *then* are, when as in Picture, the *Original*, or *first* Transcript, is as the *Life*: the first Requisite of which, is *Verity*; and the next, *Decency*. Now, though in every thing Natural, there is an *innate* Decency; and therefore what is *truly* and *properly* deliver'd, is also, as being conform to the thing it self, *Decent*; yet there is a *farther* Measure of Decency; which, though it have its *Foundation* in the *things* themselves, yet the taking it out *thence*, is much owing to *us*.

§. 18. For we being seated as amidst a world of *Beings*, do behold them, not only as they are *Simple* in themselves, but as they have *divers* *Respects*, and *Habitudes* to *each other*, according as they are differently *plac'd*, and *orderd*; which *divers* *ordering* them, makes them appear to *us* (as Objects plac'd in differing Lights) full of admirable, and indefinite *Varieties*: Each *Mode* of *considering* the *Subject*, (as 'tis call'd) varying it; and by changing its *Situation*, giving it a *new* *Colour*, and *new* *Relations* and *Alliances* to *other* things. And hence, as

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we observe how things are proportion'd to, and do *bear* to each other, *so* we speak them, *borrowing* the Names *proper* to *some* things, and their Accidents, &c. and transferring them to *others*; yet not *rudely*, and *abusively* inforcing them, but as complying with their own inclinations, we wed together the Beautiful, and proportion'd Varieties. And this is the great and inexhausted Promptuary of those words, and expressions, which are call'd *Tropical*, in the decent managery, and cultivating of *which*, consists the greater part of the so much controverted Dominion, and Province of *Wit*.

§. 19. As *single* Words are thus regulated, so are they when they are woven together into *Propositions* and *Sentences*; which are to move within the *same* Bounds, as of *Truth*, so of *Decency*; the measure of which, (chiefly) is the adapting the Style and Character of those Enuntiations to the Subject treated of, and according to the Mode after which 'tis treated; with respect also to those Circumstances of Time, and Place, of the Persons *speaking*, and of those to whom the Address is made, &c. So as (to instance only in what we shall have occasion *here* to *note*) those *Vulgar* Forms of Expression, as the Common *Sayings*, and *By-words* of the People, be not applied to Subjects *grand*, and far above that level;

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level: For though possibly there may be *Truth* in such expressions, yet there will certainly want *Decency*; and by default of observing a fit and proportion'd *distance*, the Address will appear altogether *Rude* and *Vulgar*.

§. 20. The same Laws of Proportion are to pass through the *whole Discourse*; which being inform'd as by a Soul of *Truth* and *Decency*, becomes *one thing*; true, and proportion'd to the *Subject* it treats of, (and to all, both its *usual* Train of Circumstances, and those often *new* and *surprising* Ones, which emerge upon *occasion*; and are (as some particular *Airs* of a Countenance, or glances of an Eye, are by Painters) heedfully to be watch'd, caught up and arrested as they fly) and throughout to it self.

And by *these* Laws, if we examine the *Version*, we shall not injure it.

§. 21. We are to remember then, that the *Psalms* are *Forms* of our *Addresses* of Prayer and Praise to *God*: *Of whom*, and *to whom*, nothing ought to be spoken, but with the *highest* Veneration; what is *common* here, is also (as) *unclean*; and in Offering up these *Sacrifices* of Prayer, and Praise, we are to observe what the *Universal Laws* of *Sacrifice* require, to chuse them (at least as far as we are able) without blemish.

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§. 22. Not to distinguish betwixt *Persons* and *Things*, but to speak of them *alike*, were untrue, and indecent in *any* writing, whether Verse or Prose. As,

Psalm. 72. 1. —with his *Son* that *Princely Thing*.
So Psalm 135. 11. He *slew* also the *Kingdoms* all.

How monstrous, and beyond all Truth, is that Similitude?

Psalm 58. 6.

The *Tusks* which in their great Jaw-bones like *Lions* *whelps* hang out.

How false and ridiculous is that expression!

Psalm 35. 14. (Sack.

When they were sick, I mourn'd therefore, and clad my self in
And how too abundantly *true*, is this other?

Psalm 115. 6.

And they have Ears joyn'd to their Heads.

Psalm 127. 2.

How is that excellent *borrow'd* expression—*eat-
ing the Bread of Sorrows*, lost, in being made (as)
true and proper.

Feeding full hardly with *Brown-bread*.

How rude are the following Ones? and taken
out from amidst the *Manners* and the *Language*
of the *Street*!

Psalm 33. 21.

Our Soul in God hath *Joy* and *Game* —

Psalm 35. 26.

There! There! this *Gear* goeth trim.

Psalm 49. 14.

When as from House to Pit they pass with *too* and *wellaway*.

Psalm 55. 16.

(dwell.

For mischief reigneth in their *hall*, and *Parlour* where they
With

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With the same folly and rudeness, they speak
of *God Himself*.

Psalm 60. 6.

The Lord did speak from his own Place, that was his joyful

Psalm 64. 9.

(Tale.

And praise his witty Works.

Psalm 77. 8.

What is his goodness clean decay'd for ever and a day?

Psalm 78. 38.

Yea many a time he turn'd his Wrath, and did himself advise.

In their *immediate* Addresses to him, they use
the same boldness, and irreverence; as in the fol-
lowing Petitions.

Psalm 31. 9.

—My Womb for wo doth ake.

Psalm 74. 12.

Why dost thou draw thy Hand aback, and hide it in thy Lap?

O pluck it forth, and be not slack to give thy foes a rap.

Psalm 35. 23.

But Lord thou see'st what ways they take, cease not this

Beast to mend,

Be not far off, nor me forsake, as Men that fail their Friend.

And their Praises are as indecent as their Prayers.

Psalm 139. 6.

Too wonderful above my reach, Lord! is thy cunning Skill.

Psalm 18. 13.

Lord! at thy wrath and threatening, and at thy chiding Hear.

Psalm 35. 10.

(Thee!

O Lord! though they do seem full gay, what man is like to

But what follows, being neither Prayer, nor
Praise, I shall leave the Reader to name.

Psalm 20. 3.

And so receive right thankfully thy burnt Offerings each one.

Psalm 22. 9.

But Lord! out of my Mothers Womb, I came by thy request.

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§. 22. However we may in Charity believe, that these Men *meant* not so *falsly*, and unworthily as they *spake*; yet whosoever shall think to repeat after them, may do well to consider, that God is in *Heaven*, and himself on *Earth*; and therefore to take care that such Expressions as these, be not *any* of those *few words* he utters; but that he first well weigh the *Gift* he brings, before he *lay* it on the *Altar*; that so he be not *hasty* to offer up the *Sacrifice* of *Fools*.

§. 23. For, can any sober, devout Soul imagine, that being to celebrate (for instance) the *Power* of the Almighty, in rendring Vengeance upon his Enemies, he does worthily express the *Indignation* of an *offended God*, by calling it—*his chiding Chear*?—To say, he made *bare* his *Holy Arm*—and gave his *Foes* a *rap*? And then to give him thanks in the Blasphemy of a *Ballad*, for vindicating, not the *Right*, but the *malice* of the informer?—

Psalm 9. 4.

(grudge;

Thou hast revenged all my wrong, my grief, and all my
Thou dost with Justice hear my Cause, most like a righteous
Judge.

Which is somewhat like that expression, ps. 33. 5
To Justice, Equity, and Right, he hath a great good-will.

Can *that*, or any *other* Soul imagine, that such Expressions as *these* bear any proportion to the *Majesty* of the Judge, the *Glory* of the Vengeance, or the *fearful Praise*!

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§. 24. I have forbore to make *any such* Reflections on them, as they are *too* very much *obnoxious* to; since it cannot be done without too great a *Levity*, and a *rallery* unfit to be affix'd to those Expressions, which, how *indecent* soever they be, are yet *interwoven* with things *sacred*. Nor had I took notice of *so many* (though an *inconsiderable* number in respect of what are left *behind*) had it not been even *necessary*, that by giving the most *ordinary Reader* some particular view of the *deformities* he dotes on, he might no longer oblige those Persons, who have so *often*, and so highly *resented* them, to indulge the use of them to his *ignorance* and *humour*; that so at length, as the *Buyers* and the *Sellers* were scourg'd out of the Temple; so the *Language* which they *trade in*, and which so much *abounds here*, may be *driven out* too. Which may the more easily be effected, since those *Exchangers*, and their *Wares*, did not more *unlawfully* intrude themselves into the Temple, than *these* have done; And though these seem more excusable, as having (which we will most *readily*, and *charitably* grant them) far *different*, and most *contrary* intentions, yet we cannot possibly justify *them*, or *any other*, who shall speak *dishonourably* of God, and mean *well*.

§. 25. It has been said, that such Psalms as

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these, are not usually Sung ; but the Clark *refusing them*, takes *others*. If this excuse were admitted, and that there were really any considerable number of Psalms *remaining*, after such were *excluded*, which without *Scandal* to a Pious Soul it might chearfully offer up to its God ; yet (without taking notice of the *acknowledg'd* dishonour done to these *Hymns*, by reducing them to so condemn'd a state, that they must unavoidably *fall* to the Judgment of a poor Parish-Clark, when ever the *great work* of *refusing* shall be submitted to *his Arbitrement*) how can we patiently bear the injuries and losses we *our selves* sustain, when so *confess'd* a number of Psalms shall be ravish'd from us ; and be retain'd amongst the rest, only to fill up a *useless* number ?

§. 26. Having thus avoided that *low* and *vicious* plainness which destroys the very *Being* of *Verse* ; and cast out those impious *indecencies* which *prophane* the Honour of the *Hymn* (in farther abhorrence of which *latter*, we have refus'd such words, which having *once* born an *innocent* Sense, our *Manners* have *debauch'd*) we have in order to our design for *Perspicuity*, forbore to make use of *any* words which may be above the capacity of the *Meanest* ; having therefore coin'd no *new* ones, nor taken in *any* which have not for a *sufficient* time been naturaliz'd.

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raliz'd. Nor can I imagin that *such* a plainness of words which aims at *Perspicuity*, the end of *all Speech*, can depress a Style; or that *unusual* words, with *difficulty*, and perhaps *obscurity*, can advance it; greatness of *Expression*, being like greatness of *Mind*, free, generous, and condescending; that swelling and Tumor of words, of a dark and reserv'd Sense, is as Pride; vainly great, and unprofitable; the Language of *Pedants*, and *Critiques*; and of those *Sons of Art*, who speak on purpose not to be understood.

§. 27. As care has been taken to avoid obscurity in *Words*; so the like care has been, to clear that obscurity which seems to be in the *Sense*, from the great and unexpected *Transitions*; which seem to *us*, who are unacquainted with such admirable sallies, *abrupt*, and *incoherent*; but are in *themselves* extreamly Noble; and the Evidences and Remains of those powerful Emotions, which proceed from *Rapture*, and *Extase*: When the same Spirit animated both the *Prophet* and the *Poet*; who thus doubly inspir'd—*velox mente nova*—despis'd the *safeties* of our low timorous flights; taking *new pathless* ways of *his own*; through, beyond, and above which, how abrupt and dangerous soever they seem'd, and how lessening their heights were, and disappearing to *us* that Spirit securely bare him. Which *Transition*,

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sitions, though they seem *clō'd*, and *viewless*, have yet really *sign'd*, and describ'd their way; and the Connexions which seem to have been made, flow *naturally* out of the Text; and are not *Additions*, but *Emanations*.

§. 28. And such liberty of *Connexion*, is no more than what is usually taken in the *litteral Prose-version* of the Psalms; where (to instance only in our *English Version*) those *additional* words, with which the Interpreters found it necessary to *conjoyn* the words of the Text, which otherwise would have seem'd loose, and incoherent, are printed in a *different Character*; yet were before such their *actual* emergency, always in *Power*, and *understood* in the Text: Which *Additions*, being most justifiable in the very *Text*, and Canon of *Scripture*, cannot be condemned in a *Paraphrase*, or *Comment*; which has the *same* design of manifesting the Syntax, and coordination of the *Sense*, as the *litteral Version* has of the *Words*.

§. 29. The same care has been taken to keep *close* to the Text, that its own proper *vigour* be not lost in too *wide* a *Paraphrase*; as when *Spirits* are too much *diluted*; Or, as when the *Beams* of the Sun, which have been *so united* and contracted as to *Burn*, being too far releas'd, lose their *Fires*, and are again *dissolv'd* into *Light*. Wherefore, we have made the *Paraphrase*
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to wait on the *particular Verses* of the Psalms, as they are distinguished in the new Translation of our Church-Bible; guiding it by *them*, as by the *designing Lines* in *Originals*; and as those *Originals* are themselves guided by the *natural Lineaments*, and exact Proportions of the *Life*; that so at any time, the Truth of the *Paraphrase* may be *justified* by the *Text*; as the *Text*, *explain'd* by the *Paraphrase*; when from each to other, there may be a *mutual Recourse*.

§. 30. Nor can I suspect, the *Paraphrase* should go *less* from *such* an Imitation as *this*; for, though it be true, that whoever takes his Measures *wholly* from another Pattern, forfeits his *Liberty*; and under that *restraint*, (as under a state of Captivity) becomes *mean*, and *servile*; not daring to exert his *own Powers* beyond the *bounds* prescrib'd him; and therefore, while he thus continues *true* and *faithful* to the *Copy*, can never aspire to any thing of his *own*, *great*, and exceeding; in consideration of *which*, some have nobly, and successfully adventur'd to make Translations *better things* than they have *usually* been, and to set them *above* their *Originals*: Yet this bravery cannot be admitted in *all Cases*: Since, as it would be too *rash* and *daring*; so it would be *unsuccessful*, when the attempt shall be made upon the *Psalms*; or other Hymns,

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Hymns, penn'd by immediate *Divine Inspiration*: Where doubtless, 'tis not *lawful* for any one, to *take, leave out, or add* what they please; but adhering firmly to the *Original* (as they would do, in copying out *Records, or the Deeds, and Evidences* of their *Lands*) to transcribe the *whole Truth*; to raze out *nothing* but the *Veil*, which (as to *us*) was drawn before it; nor to add *any* thing, but what the *necessary* Circumstances of the transferring them to *other Places, and Persons*, will require, and decently admit; remembring always, that our business is only to *copy out*, and not to *Design*; and that the Copy, being taken from an Original that's *Divine*, (whose Heights are not like *our* Heights) the aims we take, can never be *beneath* us; but that *perfectly to imitate*, is to exceed *our selves*; and that *that* Fancy, and *those* Powers cannot but move with the *greatest freedom*, which are limited by no *other Bounds*, but *such as are transcendent*.

§. 31. What measures the *Hebrews* had for their *Verse*, is unknown to *us*; and possibly were they known, *our* words might as *ill* comply with *them*, as with the Hexameters and Pentameters of the *Greeks* and *Latins*. Wherefore, in putting the Psalms into Verse, we are oblig'd only to make choice of *such* Modes as are most conducing to the *End* we design, and
beseeming

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beseeming the *Dignity* of the *Subject* we treat of. I have therefore rejected the Verse of *seven Feet*, (so frequent in our common Version) not only as being worn out of *use*, and therefore as being *indecent* to *us*, who have exploded it; but also as being *so*, really in *it self*. For if the *whole* length of *seven Feet* be accounted as *one Verse*, the Verse is then *too long*; but if that Verse be divided into *two unequal Parts*, of *four*, and *three Feet*, (as is usual) *those pieces* will be *too short*; and (as that eminent Person, the late Reverend Bishop of *Chichester* acknowledged) of *all other Measures*, the *least graceful*: Who yet, to his extream disadvantage, took that *very Measure*; who, otherwise, had he given himself the liberty of chusing *such* as *his own Judgment* could have *better directed* him to, there had been no need of any other Version but his.

§. 32. As *that form of Verse* is indecent for its *Measure*, whether *whole or divided*: So others, both for the *Measures of their Verse*, and the *Time of their Feet*; which makes their motions more *light and trifling* than the former. Thus that *heavenly*, and most *seraphick Psalm* the Hundred and fourth, is made to beat the *Time* of a *Northern Fig*; a *Time*, so *indecent* for the Majesty of *that Hymn*, that though the *Language* were most *decent*, (as it is most *otherwise*) the *Measure* only would condemn it.

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§. 33. I have made choice of the Verses of *four* or of *five* feet (One only Psalm excepted) each following Verse giving the Rhime to the preceding; as seeming to me, more *indifferent* to be either *Read* or *Sung*, (as the Psalms are left to the *choice*, or *abilities* of the Performer) than those of *shorter*, and *unequal lengths*; or where the Rhime is *alternate*, or of greater distance. Divers of which Modes (as the short alternate) seem too light and airy to be *Read*; being (as all *Lyriques* are)—*socianda chordis*—design'd *only* to be *Sung*; Nor can I think that any Person, how well-affected soever to that Version, did *ever* make his Addresses to God (or would believe so falsely as to imagin that it were *decent* to do so) in *those Forms* (otherwise than when he allow'd himself to *sing* them) which are left by *Sternhold*, and *Hopkins*. Whereas the Verse of *five* Feet, or that of *four*, may be solemnly repeated by *speaking*; as we might instance, not only in our *English Epick*, from whence Tragedy borrows its Mode, speaking in no other than in *such measur'd Language*, (the Verse of five Feet:) But also in one of our Churches most *solemn Offices*; where the Hymn *Veni Creator*, is *Verse*; and that not *sung*, but *spoken*; and alter'd from that of *seven* Feet to that of *four*: And we cannot doubt, but the taking *such Measures* as are fittest to be *spoken*,
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may be useful, not only for *those Persons* who are naturally *unapt* for *singing*, but for *all* (whatever the Subject of the Address be) and that ~~the~~ the *Pœnitentials*, and others of *like nature*, may be as *servently* pour'd forth in the *Closet*, in the voice of *weeping*, as they may be *Sung*; —*cum versa est in luctum Cythara, & Organum in vocem flentium.*

§. 34. But this is not to prefer the repeating them by *speaking*, before that of *singing*; nor (generally) to *equal* it; for, our *affections* being *heavy* and *dull*, the utmost assistances are requisite to be call'd in, to *excite* them; and to *help our infirmities*. Wherefore, the *Psalms* were not only compos'd in *Verse*, (the most exalted *Language*) but a *farther* height was added to them in the *Address*; and the *grand* ~~and~~, the *dark Parable*, and the *deep Saying* being open'd upon the *Harp*, was thence inspir'd *anew*; and rais'd yet higher on *another Wing*.

§. 35. And'twas from the *aforesaid Consideration*, *viz.* the *dulness* of our *Affections*, and the *weakness* of our *Nature*, (too apt to be *tyr'd*, by any *long intention*) which induc'd our *Church* to give so great a *Variety* to our *Service*: making the particular *Prayers*, short, like *Ejaculations*; intermingling *Responds*, *Readings*, *Psalms*, and *Hymns*: whose excellent design, if
it

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it were prosecuted; and that those Psalms, and Hymns, were performed in that *natural* way, which is most proper for them, by *singing*; (which our Church *recommends*, though ~~she~~ *permits* them to be *said* as well as sung) and that after some *better* manner than is *usual*; as the design'd *Variety* would be *greater*; so would *our intentions* be more *unbent*, and consequently our Devotions more *quickned*. For, as any Member, labouring in that posture which they call *Tonique*, (as an Arm working at its *full extent* over the Head) will not be able, *long*, with any *strength* to continue *so* working, but being releas'd from that posture, it will presently be *eas'd*, and refresh'd for a *new* labour: So the Soul being serv'd by the Organs of the *Body*, (whose weight *presses down* the Spirit) if those Organs be *too long* intent upon any *one* Operation, they, as being corporeal, will certainly *tire*; and the Strengths of the *Soul* will seem to be abated and enfeebled as those of its Organs are: But if the Soul *vary* its *thought*, the Organs will receive a *new Schematism*; and be *dispos'd* and conceiv'd into another Form, according to the Idea and Impress of that *new* thought: and the *Souls vigour*, which seem'd tyr'd by the weariness of the *Organs*, will return; and be quickned by that acceptable *Variety* which refreshes the Organs, by which it self necessarily operates.

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§. 36. In order to this Mode of performing them by *singing*, I have refus'd *such* words as are *improper* for Song; for as there are *some* words proper for *Verse* which are not for *Prose*, and contrary: So there are *others*, though proper enough for *Verse*, or *Prose*, yet are not so for *Song*; such are the finals in (n) where the (e) is quiescent; as *darken*, *fasten*, *golden*; and sometimes in the *middle* of a word, as *oftentimes*, *Even-song*, &c. where, if the (e) be *not sounded* (as it ought not to be) the stress of the Syllable resting upon the (n,) whose sound passes through the Nose, the Tone so *beld*, will be very *indecent*; but if, to avoid that indecency, the (e) be *sounded*, as when the Syllable *ten* in *fasten* shall be pronounc'd as in the word *tender*; and the Syllable *ken* in *darken*, as in the word *ken* (to discover) and that of *den*, in *golden*, as in the word *Den* (*antrum*) *such* a Pronunciation being *different* from the common one, will be *ridiculous*

§. 37. As the Verses of *four*, or *five* Feet seem'd fitter to be *read* than those other of *shorter* and *unequal* lengths, &c. as being not so *light* and *airy*; so, for the *same* reason, they are more proper to be set for *Church-Musick*; since the Measures which are Originally in the *Verse*, have an influence on the Measures of the *Air*.

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§. 38. For, as when a firm Body is compass'd with a *soft fluid* One, that firm Body is as a *Mould* to that *other*; and impresses its *own* Form and Signature in the *Bounds* it gives it: So the *Ditty*, appearing as in a *Vest* of *Air*, gives that *Air* its *own* Measures and Proportions: So that not only the *length* of each *Verse* is set forth in an *equal* length and Measure of *Air*; determin'd by some *longer Note*, or *Rest*, or *Portion* of a *Strain*; which ends, where the Rhime ends; or, as in the present Case, where the divided parts of four and three Feet do end; whether *with*, or *without* Rhime, (which are always clos'd with a *Sembrief* or whole *Time*); But also the *Time* of the *Feet* of the *Verse*, does very often necessitate the *Time* of the *Air*, and appear in it. As to instance in the 104 *Psalms*; the Measure of whose Feet is *Triple*; and will oblige any one, who shall give it an *Air*, to make the *Time* of that *Air* *Triple*. But that *Triple*, being not so solemn as that of the *Iambique* (the Measure of our *English Verse*) when at the *Sins* (or depressing of the Hand, or Foot, in keeping Time) *One only* Syllable is repeated, of a *double* quantity to that Syllable repeated at the *Asis*, or *Elevation*: But that of the *Tribrach*, (where two Syllables pass at the (*Sins*) and the *Iambique*, alternately; the *Verse* compos'd of that dancing Measure, will be too moving; and the

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the *Air* set to it, too light for *any Subject* which is in Dignity, *equal* to, or *above* the Heroique.

§. 39. Wherefore, since the Measures of the *Verses*, and of their *Feet*, have an influence on the *Airs* set to those *Verses*; and contrariwise, that the *Tunes* so set, will impress their own receiv'd Measures on any *other* words which shall be form'd by them: we have rather chosen, in stead of conforming our *Verses* to those obsolete Measures, for the *Tune's* sake; to take *other* Measures on purpose to avoid them; lest they should betray the Words to the Old levity: and to take such others, as were not like to introduce any new one; not excepting against many *other* Forms which *divers* have happily taken, as the excellent *Pindaric* (though unfit for a Parochial Congregation, because every *Verse* is particularly to be set) nor any *other* which moving more temperately, are more commensurate to the *Subject* which they express; and more inservient to the *End* for which they were design'd.

§. 40. And the due respect to these, is the equal concern both of *Verse*, and *Musique*; being grounded upon that great and *Universal* Law of proportion'd Decency; which, like the *Platonick* Soul of the World, being diffus'd through the whole *Body* of Nature (*magna se*

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Corpore miscens) is thence copied out by *all* our Modes of *Imitation*; and particularly by that of *Verse* and *Musique*. Which conforms it self to the *Nature* of those *Subjects*, which the *Verses* or the *Airs* describe; and the *End* they tend to. For *Motion*, which is as the *Soul* both of *Verse* and *Musique*, represents, by the different proportion it bears to the *different* *Subjects*, which the *Verse* or the *Musique* express, the difference which *those Subjects* bear to *each other*: the *Motion* being as the *Movement*; as the *Port*, and *Min* of *Persons*, ought to be as their *Worth* and *Dignity*; and therefore to be express'd after the *Rate* themselves move. Thus the *step* of the *Hero*, was not equal'd by those of the *Child Ascanius*; who follow'd him—*non passibus æquis*—and the *grand* and *slow* recurses of the *deeper* *Tones*, are impossible to be adjusted, by the *swift narrow* *Purlings*, and *Undulations* of the *higher*. And this *great Law* of *Decency* is, as to *Verse*, the ground of that *Rule* (whose converse also holds, and regulates all, both true, and *Poetick* *Subjects*, and their *Measures*.)

Versibus exponi tragicis, res Comica non vult.

And, as to *Song*, it obliges the *Musician*, to make the *Air* and *Time* of the *Musique*, proportion'd to the *Nature* and *Air* of the *Subject*; which is what they call *humouring* it. So that what's
given

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given to a Comick Subject, must be a brisk Comick Air; and what sings the Heroique, must be high and Heroique. And therefore, since the Subject of Church-Musique is the highest, and most transcendent, its excellency cannot consist in being *light* and *airy*; but in being *Solemn*, *Grave*, and *Majestick*. The Musique, as the Verse, being to be proportion'd, as to the great Subject and the End, so to the *sublime Affections* which ought to be excited, and carried up towards it. So that as far as *Earth*, and the *Affections* to *Earth*, are distant from *Heaven*, and the *Affections* tending *thither*: So far ought we to sever those *Airs*, which tend to Gayety, and to Rapture.

§. 41. It would be too far a Digression to shew, how Musique in *general* excites *such* Motions in *our Spirits* as it excites in *Air*; how they *both* tremble, and vibrate *alike*; and how, as the Vibrations of *particular* Chords do *particularly* vary, and modifie the Air, and the modified Air trembles *on*, as a continued Body, and conveys the Impress to the *proportion'd distant* Chord, and moves *it*, as it *self* was *first* mov'd, by the impulse of the Elater: So *particular* *Airs* in Musique, impress their *particular* Sallyes, and the various Movements, and Contextures of those Sallyes, upon the *Common Air*; which, being *so* impress'd, strikes *our Sense*, as it *self* is strook;

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and either finding the *same cognate* Motions in *our Spirits* (such is the *one Harmony* of floating Spirits and Tones) cherishes, and advances them; or strongly beating on them, *impresses* them. It will be enough, *here*, to say, that *particular Airs*, excite *particular Affections*; and (without digressing so largely, as were requisite to shew the *Reason*) to confirm it with that one *known Old Example*, of those Young Men, *quieted* by the *Dorick Harmony*, whom the *Phrygian* had *enrag'd*: (as if those *Passions* had been *first* in the *Musique*, and afterwards in the *Men*) and thence, farther, to infer, that since *particular Airs* excite *particular Affections*, we ought to take care, that the *Church-Musique* be such as the *Church-Affection* ought to be: *such*, as by which the Mind may be compos'd, and withdrawn within it *self*, from attending the Objects *here below*, to be fix'd on *Heaven only*, and the things *above*; That the *Musique* be not compos'd, nor at any time perform'd, for it *self*; (as when (possibly) the *Air*, or the *Composition* being graceful, *One only Verse* of a Psalm or Hymn is usually Sung, by those, who pretend to be *lovers of Musique*; limitting their *Devotions* by the *length* of the *Tune*; airy alike, and alike passing into nothing) but in order only to *those Ends* for which it serves; that so, the Mind following only after *those*, and being abstracted from things *sensible* to those *unseen*, it may be ravish'd *above* 'em, and find *another Harmony* within its *self*, beyond that of *Musique*; when, (as *Preluding* to its *Separation*) she quits all her Interest in the *Affections here*, and their *inquiet tumultuary Joys*, and begins to taste some *earnest* of her *future State*, in the *first Heaven* of an *inward Peace* and *Tranquillity*.

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§. 42. And it were to be wished, that *all they* who truly mind their *own* Peace, and the Peace of *Jerusalem* too, would *joyn* the *Quire*: That all, who profess, and call themselves Christians, would renounce all those Lusts and Affections, from whence, *all*, both our *inward* and *outward* Enmities, our Wars, Strifes, and Contentions come; and Sacrificing them to the *private* Peace of each Mans *Bosom*, and the *General* Peace and Honour of the *Christian Name*, would unite, as *One*, in Offering up their *joynt* Praises to their *Common Father*, and the God of their *Common Salvation*; That *each* would *invite* his *Brother*, (there's no Schisme in Praise) in our *Prophets own* Words, O Praise the Lord with *Me*! and let us magnifie his Name *together*.

§. 43. And doubtless the Psalms may be look'd upon, not only in those Forms of *Thanksgiving*, but in *all other* the numerous Modes of Address, as a *Universal Character* of *Devotion*; in which, *all* the *Pious* of *all* the *differing Perswasions*, and *Languages* in Religion, may *consent*; and speaking *all* in that *one known Tongue*, may both rightly understand *each other*, and be understood *themselves*, and (which 'tis probable *some* are not) even *by themselves*. It were utterly needless, to shew, how the Psalms, throughout *all the Ages* of Christianity, have been an *express* part of the *Forms* of their *Devotion*; the Great Author *himself*, and Finisher of our Faith, repeated on the Cross the 22. Psalm, if not *intirely* (as the Tradition holds) yet the *first Verse* of it *word for word*: His Disciples *oft* Sung them *with Him*; and his Apostles *after*; and the same has been the *undoubted Practice* of the Christians throughout *all Ages*.

§. 44. From *these*, and the like Considerations, some *Peaceably-minded*, and *well-dispos'd Modern* Ones, have

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labour'd, by extracting *particular Collects*, out of *every Psalm*, to compose *such Forms* of Devotion, as *all* the Societies of Christians may *joyn in* without *dissenting*, or *giving*, or *taking Offence* : Which Endeavour, as it can never be sufficiently *commend- ed* ; so it may seem as *possible*, that the *same end* may be prosecuted, and as happily attain'd, by rendring the *intire* Psalms themselves plain and intelligible to the meanest Capacities, after the *like* Forms in which they were *first Written*, and according to the ancient *Modes* of their *performance*, as by any *Collect* that may be taken from them.

§. 45. And how happy might the Consequence be of either ! When, as the wild *Confusions* of our *differing* Opinions, have withdrawn us into *barbarous* misunderstandings, and into Actions, which would *dishonour* a very *Heathen* : So a *Union* in our *Devotions* might beget a Union of *Hearts*, and *Affections* ; and make us *all* speak the *same* Language of Charity ; contrary to whose *Gospel*, whatever *fair*, and speciously *adorn'd*, but miserably *adulterated* Truth, the Tongue of *Men* or *Angels* shall utter, will discover its *falsehood* by that *very Doctrine* ; that Religion which obliges us to *dissolve* the Bond of *Charity*, the *End* of Religion, and to dispence with *all*, or *any* the *known* Practique Duties, and Obligations to *God* and *Man*, by *Perjuries*, *Rebellions*, *Murthers* ; by all the *close* holy Cheats, and Conspiracies against the *Life* or *Fame* of others ; and by all the *open* Violences and Ravages whatever, in order to the propagating our *vain Imaginations*, and the setting up the *Idols* of our *own Opinions*, being certainly, for those very Practises, false, and diabolical ; and to be countenac'd only, and profess'd, by those unhappily

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happily *misguided* Wretches, and their *Politique* Leaders, who, under the *pretended* Ensigns of the Lord of Hosts, do fight the Battels of the *Ambitious*.

§. 46. And when by *these*, or by what *other* blessed means, we shall have broken down all the *narrow* envious *Enclosures* which have hedg'd us out from each other, *within* the Churches of our own *Interests*, the Fold will not only be *One*, but 'twill be *Universal* too : For, when we shall be at *leisure* from *disputing*, and *fighting* with each other, to convince those who are *without* ; and when, by beholding our true Gospel-temper, the *honest Conversation* ; the *Brotherly love* ; the *like-mindedness* ; the *forbearing* and *forgiving one another* for *Christ's sake* ; the Infidel shall be able to *understand* what we mean by Christianity : When, he shall be no more perplex'd *which* Party, *undoubtedly*, to be *sav'd* with ; and with *which*, *inevitably* to *perish* ; which now (out of the *seeming* insuperable difficulties of taking the *right*, and the numerous odds against him, that he takes the *wrong* ; since he sees *each* dissenting Party condemning, and being condemn'd, by *all* the *other Churches*, *Militant against* it) makes him fearful to chuse *any* ; and rather *quietly* to take his Lot among the *Heathen*, than amidst so much Rage, and Zeal, and Malice, of Parties, and Opinions, to run the desperate *hazard*, and *adventure* of Christianity : We may hope, that the *promis'd* fulness of the *Gentiles* (which *delay*, *our selves* are in so vast a Measure *guilty* of) may be mercifully compleated ; when, in our Prophets own Language, *All the Ends of the Earth shall remember themselves*, and be turn'd *unto the Lord* ; and *All the Kinreds of the Nations shall Worship before Him*. When *they*, who already *offer* at the Songs of *Sion*

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in that *strange Land*, without the Pale of the Church, (for the Jew, and the Mahometan praise them in their Synagogues, and Mosques, ~~first~~ as admitted by this *Key of David*, enter into his Gates with *(these)* Thanksgivings, and into his Courts with *(these)* Praises. When all the World shall Worship Thee, O God! sing of Thee, and praise thy Power : And, as thou shalt have made thy ways known upon *Earth*, thy saving Health among *all Nations* ; shalt have brought them out of *Darkness*, into thy *Marvelous Light* ; and fill'd *all* the Earth with thy *Glory* : So *all Nations* shall flow in unto Thee ; *All the Earth* shall be fill'd with thy *Praise* ; and shall make the *Returns* of thy *Glory*, as *Universal* as the *Influence*.

Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes ! Laudate eum Omnes Populi !

Quoniam confirmata est super Nos Misericordia Eius ; & veritas Domini manet in Aeternum.

Hallelujah !

A Collection of sundry of the Contents
of the *Psalms*, dispos'd under several
Heads : Whence, as from a *Promptu-
ary*, we may readily draw forth such
Instructions, Comforts, and Assistan-
ces, as may be proper to Our parti-
cular Concerns, in the manifold
Emergencies of Life ; as also Patterns
and Forms of *Address*, in our Devoti-
ons of *Prayer* and *Praise*.

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Ps. 62. v. 9. Ps. 73. v. 25. Ps. 84. v. 11.

Who are the Godly, and the Righteous. Their Acti-
ons. Their present, and their future State of
Bliss. Ps. 1. Ps. 15. Ps. 18. v. 20. Ps. 24. v. 3.
Ps. 25. v. 9. Ps. 26. Ps. 31. v. 19. Ps. 32. Ps. 41.
Ps. 92. v. 12. See more of their Happiness as they
are under God's Protection, and are the Care of
his Providence.

The Hope of the Godly of a Resurrection to Eternal
Life. Ps. 16. v. 9. Ps. 17. v. 15. Ps. 27. v. 13.
Ps. 49. v. 14.

Their Happiness in Praising God, Ps. 92. in his Tem-
ple. Ps. 26. v. 8. Ps. 27. v. 4. Ps. 31. v. 19. Ps. 36.
v. 7. Ps. 65. v. 4. Ps. 84. Ps. 89. v. 15.

Their

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The

Advice to the

READER

For the more easy singing of
these Psalms.

OUT of a due Regard to those, who though they think not so ill of this Version of the Psalms, as they do of that of Sternhold and Hopkins; yet because of the difficulty they apprehend to be in singing them by reason of the difference of the Measures, and consequently of the Tunes set to them, make use of the Other, not out of Choice, but as out of Necessity: I think myself oblig'd to represent to them how easily that imaginary difficulty may be remov'd; and, that All the Psalms, four onely excepted (the VIII, the XI the XLVI and the CXXXVI) may be sung to Two Tunes onely; of which, One of them is already known, and usually sung in Churches; the Other onely is new; which comprehending onely four Verses, any Person who has but an ordinary Ear, and has heard it some few times sung, may as easily learn so short an Air, as those old Tunes now used were at first learnt, by the

(c)
greater

Advice to the R E A D E R.

greater Number of People, when they also were new.

All that is requisite to this, is onely^{to} cast the Verse of the Psalms into One kind of Stanza; and the Stanza of four Verses being the shortest to take That. This is so easy to be apprehended that 'tis needless to tell any One that those Psalms whose Stanza is already of four Verses must continue so: Those of eight must be divided into two Stanzas: And where the Stanza is six, the Verse of that must be divided into Couples, two of which make a Stanza.

This being done, All the Psalms whose Verses are four Feet will be sung to the known Tune of the Psalm; and All the Psalms whose Verses are five Feet, to the Tune of the XXIV, XXXII, XLIX, LXVI, LXVII, XCI, XCVI, or CXXXIII Psalm: so great a variety of Tunes of that Measure being given, that any One may take what he shall best fancy, or can most easily learn.

As by this means all they who are able to sing but One new Tune, may by that One onely Tune sing any Psalm whose Verses are five Feet, (which is the onely Measure which is new.) So they who are able to sing All the Tunes may receive a greater Benefit, For having regard to the Subject of the Psalm and to the Affections to be rais'd in themselves in making the Address; They may choose what Tune they find most proper for that Performance: since (having respect onely to the length of the Verse) any Tune will sing any Psalm.

Advice to the READER.

If it happen that at the End of any Psalm some Verses are wanting to compleat the Stanza, a Gloria of the Number of Verses required, will supply that defect. So likewise if any Portion of a Psalm be chosen out (as is usual before or after sermons, and in the Private Devotions of Families) If it happen that by reason of some transition in the Psalm to another Subject, the Portion of the Psalm so chosen be ended before the Stanza be finish'd, a Gloria will likewise compleat it. So that by this means we may begin and end in any Part of any Psalm we shall think convenient and proper for the Occasion we choose it for.

Another Benefit may be this: If we shall at any time select any particular Verses out of divers Psalms proper for our Concerns in our Private Devotions, after that Mode which the Church has observ'd in those Hymns which are used in stead of the Venite upon the Thirtieth of January, and the Twenty Ninth of May; and in those Forms of Thanksgiving appointed to be used at Sea after a dangerous Tempest, or for victory or deliverance from the Enemy (of which kind the Author of the Whole Duty of Man has collected divers under the Title of Pious Ejaculations taken out of the Book of Psalms) If, having made such a Collection, we shall transcribe those Verses out of the Paraphrase, we shall have form'd a Hymn proper for our own Occasions, which may easily be sung to one onely, or to any of the Tunes, after the manner we have directed.

Advice to the READER.

Wherever a Word is thus noted (") as Israë!, that Syllable upon which the two Points, are is to be divided, and sung two Notes, as being to be accounted two Syllables,

THE

The FIRST BOOK of the

PSALMS,

Paraphras'd in Verse.

Psalm I.

[*Beatus vir qui non abiit.*]

- ¹ **B**lessings Crown his fair Soul, who does not stray,
 Led by *false* Counsels, in the *Sinners* way :
 Who has not fate in the Proud *Scorners* Seat,
 Who *mock* at Piety, and God *forget*.
² But in *Gods* Law hath plac'd his *whole* delight,
 And makes that Law his study Day and Night.
³ He's like the fruitful Tree, whose spreading Root
 Fed by the flowing Stream, yields *timely* Fruit.

- His Leaves are crown'd with an *Eternal* Spring,
 And God his Deeds to a *Bless'd* end shall bring.
⁴ But (O) How *different* is the *Sinners* Lot !
 Like Chaff, the scorn o'th' Winds, wav'd and forgot.
⁵ Wherefore in Judgment *Sinners* shall not stand,
 From the Just banish'd, and their *promis'd* Land :

6 For God the ways does of the Righteous know,
But Sinners Paths lead to Eternal Wo.

Psalm II.

[*Quare fremuerunt Gentes?*]

- 1 **W**Hy do *confed'rate* Nations rise,
Designing *mighty* Vanities?
- 2 'Gainst God, and 'gainst his Christ conspire,
And 'gainst his Thunder, throw *vain* Fire?
- 3 Let's gain our Liberties, say they,
And cast their *Cords* of *Law* away.
- 4 He sees in Heav'n, He sees their Pride,
And does their feeble Threats deride;
- 5 And with the Terror of his Frown,
And Potent Anger, hurles them down.
- 6 Despight of these, my King have I
On *Sion* plac'd, secure, and High.
- 7 I now will publish the *Decree*
Which *thou thy self* reveal'dst to Me;
Thou art my Son! *This day* begot;
- 8 Ask of Me, and thy boundless Lot
Shall be th' Extents of Earth, and Sea;
All Nations shall thy Subjects be.
- 9 Broke like a Potters Vessel, all
Shall to thy Powerful Scepter fall.
- 10 Now therefore, O ye Kings! Be wise,
And Judges! Learn what Prudence is:

- 11 Serve ye this Lord with awful Fear,
With Joy and Reverence draw near.
 - 12 Embrace the Son, and embrace Blifs ;
And pay your Homage with a Kifs.
Shun not his Rule, lest He in Wrath
Permit you stray from the right Path ;
For if his Wrath on ^{you} he pour,
O where's *another* Saviour !
-

Psalm III.

[*Domine quam multiplicati !*]

- 1 **H**OW, O my God ! do they increase,
Who seek to rob me of my Peace !
- 2 They say, my Soul's forsook by Thee,
And that Thou hast no help for me.
- 3 But *Thou* my Shield art, *Thou* my Praise,
Thou my dejected Head dost raise ;
- 4 When troubled, unto thee I cry,
Thou hear'st, and help descends from High.
- 5 In Peace I'll lay me down and sleep,
And rise : *Who* hurts *whom* thou dost keep ?
- 6 Thus guarded, though Ten thousand were
About me set, I would not fear ;
- 7 Rise Lord ! and Shield me from their Power,
And break the Jaw that would devour.
- 8 O blefs thy People, who alone
Canst blefs us with Salvation.

psalm IV.

[Cum invocarem exaudivit.]

¹ **O** Thou! who dost the Prayers attend,
Which from the Pure in Heart ascend;
Who *me* inclos'd with misery,
Didst from its Straits and Pressures free;
As thou art *wont* an Ear to give,
Now hear! And when thou hear'st, relieve!

² How long, vain Men! will ye defame
Mine Honour, and blaspheme my Name?
How long will you delight in Lies,
And cheat your selves with Vanities?
³ Know, the Lord *Those*, and *only Those*,
Who *love* and *fear his Name*, hath chose.

When *I* (Lord, I thee *love* and *fear*!)
Make my Petition, thou dost hear.
⁴ Stand then in awe, and fear to Sin,
Examine what does dwell *within*;
Your selves unto *your selves* impart,
And search the *Closet* of your *Heart*.

⁵ Trust not in *outward* Sacrifice,
Nor Cleansings which from *Offerings* rise;
Bring *other Fires*, *more Pure*, *more Bless'd*,
Chast thoughts, and th' Incense of the Breast:
And *then* in God put your *whole* trust;
For such He will accept as *just*.

- 6 The busie men o'th' World enquire
 For *Good*, *who'll* shew it us? And *where*?
 O let *our Souls* enjoy *thy sight*,
 The endless *Treasures* of *thy Light*.
- 7 Let Souls *forgetful* of their *Birth*,
 Fix their *low hopes* on Joys of *Earth*,
 Upon their *Corn*, and *Oyl*, and *Wine*;
 Our *Wealth's Immortal*, all-Divine.
- 8 Soul *take thine ease*, lye down and rest,
 Thou hast *enough*, of *God* possess'd:
 Under the shade of the *most High*
 Enjoy a *safe* Tranquillity.

Psalm V.

[*Verba mea auribus percipe.*]

- 1 **R**egard my *Words*, my God and King!
 2 Behold the fervent *thoughts* I bring.
 Hear, O my God! *either* Address,
 Both what I *can*, and *can't express*.
- 3 To *thee* before the day is born
 My Prayers ascend, *chaste* as the *Morn*;
 4 Chaste as the Morn they rise, for thou
 Wilt *no Impurity* allow.

- Sin can *no more* dwell in *thy sight*,
 Than Darknefs in the face of *Light*;
 5 Nor in thy Presence shall remain
 The *Foolish* Person, or the *Vain*.
- 6 Who thirst for *Blood*, the *Men* of *Prey*,
 And they who kill the *guileful* way;

The *smooth deceiver* too shall fall,
And from thy *Presence* perish all.

7 But I with humble confidence
That thou with frailty's wilt dispense,
In reverence and holy fear,
Will to thy Sacred House draw near.

8 Lord, lead me in thy Righteousness,
Because of these mine Enemies;
Guard and make plain thy Servants way
From the close Ambushes they lay.

9 For in their Mouth no truth's contain'd,
With Guile their very Souls are stain'd;
Their Throat, like Monsters that devour,
Is as a gaping Sepulcher;
Whilst their fair, smooth, dissembling *Tongue*
Speaks *kindly*, and does no Man *wrong*.

10 Destroy them, Lord! and let them all
By their own faithless Counsels fall.

 P'th' midst of their Impiety
 Cast out these Rebels against *thee*.

11 But let all those who trust in thee,

12 Rejoyce and sing incessantly;
For those who love thee, thou wilt blest,
And 'gainst their pow'rful Enemies,
Thy *mighty* favour, as a *shield*,
Will *cover* them, and safety yield,

Psalm VI.

[*Domine ne in furore.*]

1 **S**Pare, Lord ! nor while thy Wrath does burn,
Punish my Guilty Soul ; O turn !

2 Have *Mercy*, Lord ! In *Mercy* speak !

3 Pity the frailties of the weak.

O heal me ! for my *Bones* are vex'd,
But my griev'd *Soul* far *more* perplex'd.
How long, my God ! my God ! How long
Wilt thou my killing griefs prolong ?

4 O turn ! and me to favour take,
And save me, for thy Mercies sake.

5 For none of thee remembrance have
In the *Oblivion* of the Grave ;
Or *who* with Praise will honour thee
I'th Land where all things cover'd lye ?

6 Lord, I am weary of my Groans,
My languishing extended Moans :

Night yields no rest, my floating Bed
With springs of Tears is watered.

7 Sorrow has thrown a *veil* on me,
And *hid* me in *deformity* ;
My Eyes grow *dim*, *griefs* early Age
Hastes through my pains, and my Foes rage.

8 Away, Servants of Sin, away !
He hears ! God hear me now I Pray.

- 9 My humble plaints, my fervent moan,
Admitted are before his Throne ;
10 My Foes shall perish, they shall all
Flee back, and in confusion fall.

Psalm VII.

[*Domine Deus Meus !*]

- 1 MY God ! I put my trust in thee,
O save me from mine Enemy ;
2 Lest he my Soul in pieces tear,
As a Wild Beast, when *no* help's near.
3 To thee (just Judge !) I do appeal,
4 If I for *Good* have rendered *ill* ;
If, 'bove revenge, I did not *free*
My *base* and *causeless* Enemy ;
5 Then let mine Enemy pursue,
O're-take, and my *false* Soul subdue ;
My *bated* Life seize as his *Prey*,
And in the *Dust* mine *Honour* lay.
6 Rise, Lord ! in thy just Wrath arise
Against my raging Enemies ;
Rise for me in my Righteous Cause,
And Judge them by thy stablish'd Laws.
7 So shall the poor Oppress'd to thee,
The God of their known refuge, flee ;
When they th' *Examples* thou shalt make
Of *Vengeance* see ; rise for *their* sake.
8 And let thy Sentence pass'd on me,
Regard my Soul's Integrity ;

- 9 Thus, *ever* let the *Sinner Bleed*,
And *ever* be the *Righteous freed*.

For thou behold'st the *inward* Parts,
The Candor, or the Stains of *Hearts* ;

- 10 My help from *thee alone* is sent,
Who dost preserve the Innocent.
11 God is a Righteous Judge, most strong,
But Patient, and from vengeance, long ;
And God, (How does his vengeance stay !)
God is provoked every day.
12 But if Man *will not* turn, then know,
13 He takes his Sword, He bends his Bow,
His Shafts against their *Face* presents,
And all Death's dreadful Instruments.
14 Th' ungodly's wicked to *no end*,
He's *big* with Sin, but brings forth *Wind* ;
15 Contrives, and digs a subtle Pit,
And falls into the *midst* of it,
16 His Engines do *recoil*, and all
Their fury on *himself* does fall ;
The mischief which *himself* has bred,
Shall crush his *own* condemned Head.
17 And now, thus freed, My God I'll bless,
According to his Righteousness ;
And my just Praises shall advance
The God of my Deliverance.

Pfalm

PsalM VIII.

[Domine Deus noster.]

- 1 **H**OW, *through the World* is thy loud Name proclaim'd,
 And 'bove the Heav'ns thy boundless Glory fam'd,
 O our Great Maker ! Our Great Governour !
- 2 Thy Glorious Name *Sucklings* and *Infants* praise,
 Who from their silence dost *Convictions* raise,
 To Charm *Blasphemers*, and assert thy Power.
- 3 When th' *Heav'ns* I view, and those fair Orbs of *Light*,
 The *Moon*, and *Stars* distinguishing the Night ;
 Which by thy Power and Wisdom stablish'd are ;
 I then reflect on *Man* ; Lord ! what is *He* ?
- 4 What is the *Son of Man*, that *He* should be
 So great a part of the *Almighty's* Care ?
- 5 Thou next those *Winged Ministers* of Light,
 This *Second Order*, *Man*, less High, less Bright,
 In *Glory* and in *Magnitude* dost Crown,
- 6 And over all thy Works *Him Prince* hast set ;
 And having all things put beneath his Feet,
 Hast given to him the sole Dominion.
- 7 All Cattel of the *Pastures* and the *Fields*,
 8 *Fishes* and *Birds*, those *floating Regions* yield,
 Of *Sea* and *Air*, are Subjects of his Power.
- 9 *Through* all the World be thy loud Name proclaim'd,
 And 'bove the Heav'ns thy boundless Glory fam'd,
 O our Great Maker ! Our Great Governour !

Psalm IX.

[Confitebor tibi Domine.]

- 1 **W**ith my *whole* Heart, O Lord ! I *thee*
 And thy *Great Deeds* will magnifie.
 2 Thy Name I'll blefs, O thou most High !
 And all my Song shall be of thee.
 3 My fearful Enemy Retreats,
 Thy *Presence* only him defeats :
 4 Thou dost my *Right*, and *just Cause* own,
 For Justice waits upon thy Throne.
 5 Thou hast subdu'd mine Enemies,
 And blotted out their memories :
 6 O thou great *Troubler* of the *World*,
 Who round it hast Destruction hurl'd ;
 Both *thou* and *thy Destruction's* gone,
 As the raz'd Cities thou hast won ;
 Buried *alike*, to after Times,
 Are *they*, and *thy* Victorious Crimes.
 7 But *God* lives *ever* ; at whose Seat
 Stand the Oppressed, and the Great :
 8 And *He* shall judge the Worlds great Cause
 According to his Righteous Laws :
 9 For He th' Oppressed will relieve,
 And flying to his Arms, receive.
 10 Who know thee, Lord, will trust in thee,
 Thou ne'r fail'st those who to thee flee.

11 Wherefore,

- 11 Wherefore, the God of *Sion's* Name
 To all the *suffering World* proclaim ;
 12 For *He* the Poor's Complaint will hear,
 When th' price of Blood he does require.
 13 Save me, O Lord ! and hear my cry,
 14 Oppressed by mine Enemy ;
 Who from the Gates of *Death* canst raise,
 Raise *me*, that I may sing thy Praise.

- I joy in thy Salvation ;
 15 For *lo* ! Mine Enemies are sunk down ;
 Into the Pit *themselves* have made,
 Their *own* deceitful Foot's betray'd ;
 They fetter'd and entangled lye
 In their *own Nets* of Politie.
 16 How *manifest* Gods Judgments are !
 The Sinner's caught in his *own* Snare.
 17 And now, in endless Chains of Night,
 Th' Oppressor's lye, who God forget ;
 18 And *Peace* is the meek Sufferers lot,
 Whose Patience is not still forgot.
 19 Rise, Lord ! in Judgment rise ! Shall *frail*
 Proud Mortals over *thee* prevail ?
 20 Compass'd with *Terrors*, rise, and then
 They'll know themselves to be but Men.

Psalm X.

[*Ut quid Domine recessisti ?*]

- 1 **W**Hy, *O my help* ! art thou so *far* ? and why
 Dost thou *withdraw* thy self, when Peril's nigh ?
 2 The

- 2 The Poor's expos'd to th' *Lust* of Tyranny,
O let *all Guile* by its *own* Malice dye.
- 3 Th' Oppressor his *own will* sets up, does *blefs*
What *God abhors*, Rapine and Avarice.
- 4 Swoln big with Pride, he does his God contemn,
And from his Thoughts and Counsels banish *him*.
- 5 His ways are always *grievous*; high, and far,
6 The distant Prospect of thy Judgments are:
Wherefore he scorns his Enemies, Tush! says he,
What Arm can hurt? *What Power* ruine me?
- 7 His false dissembling Lips are full of Lies,
And his lewd Tongue repleat with Vanities;
8 He lies in wait, on Spoil and Murder bent,
And drinks the Blood o'th' beguil'd Innocent.
- 9 Close like a Lyon in his Den he lyes,
That he the Poor and Simple may surprize;
His subtle Nets, contriv'd to catch the Poor,
He closely spreads; and caught, he does devour.
- 10 T' entice the Poor, he *humbly* does fall down,
Taught th' Arts of Holiness and Ambition;
11 *God* does not see, (saies he) he takes *no care*
How the Affairs of Mortals *hurried* are.
- 12 Just God, arise! Behold the Oppressed's state,
The *Poor*, and thine *own Honour*, vindicate;
13 How long shall the successful thee blaspheme,
And say, thou seest not the Oppress'd, nor him?

14 Lord!

- 14 Lord ! Thou *dost* see it, thy just wakeful Eye
Sees, that it may *reward* Impiety.
Wherefore the Poor commits himself to *thee* ;
Who else the *Father* of *Relicts* can be ?
- 15 Break the malicious, and the ungodly's Power,
Break it, till there be *none left* to devour.
- 16 For *ever* (Righteous King !) abides *thy* Throne,
The mighty-cruel, and th' Oppressor's gone.
- 17 Thou hear'st the Cryes of the poor *destitute*,
Thou *dost* *prepare*, and thou *dost* *grant* their Suit :
- 18 To help th' Oppressed and the *Fatherless*,
That them the Man of Earth *no more* oppress.

Psalm XI.

[*In Domino confido.*]

- 1 **A**ND cannot *God* defend ?
The God on whose Protection I rely,
Cannot *be* succour lend ?
But, like a Bird, to th' *Hills* for *safety* I must fly ?
- 2 His Bow th' ungodly bends,
And his keen deadly Arrows does prepare,
And secretly intends
To pierce th' exposed Heart of those who Righteous
(are.
- 3 Say not ! He'll overthrow
All the Foundations, the Defences *all*,
What *now* can th' Righteous do ;
The Righteous now must *fly*, or must defenceless fall.
For

For know, in *Heav'n* God is,
And in his Temple is his *Second* Seat ;
Thence his *still wakeful* Eyes
Look down, and try the *Poor* ; look down, and try the
Great.

5 The Actions of the *Just*
He sees, and does their *guileless* ways *approve* ;
But who obey their *Lust*,
His Soul *abhors*, and from his *Presence* does *remove*.

6 And now, behold their Doom !
Upon the Sinner Snares and Storms fall down,
Brimstone and Fire shall come ,
This is their *just*, their *Everlasting* Portion :

7 But God *loves Righteousness*,
He is its *spring*, and therefore loves th' *upright* ;
He the pure Soul will *bless*,
He *them* beholds ; and they, his *everlasting Light*.

Psalm XII.

[*Salvum me fac Domine.*]

¹ **H**Elp, Lord ! How *great's* the Solitude
Of Vertue, when not *One Man's* good ?
Truth has forfok the *Race* of Men,
Thrust out, and made an *Alien*.
² Each with his Neighbour deals in Lies,
The Pest of all Societies ;
Their *Lips* speak *fair*, but their false *Hearts*
Dissemble, and know *other Arts*.

3. The

- 3 The *treacherous Lip*, that thrives by *wrong*,
 God shall root out, and the *false Tongue* ;
 4 That *Tongue* which, wanting *other Powers*,
 Prevails by *Lies*, and *so* devours :
 Then boasts its Conquest ; *Who is he*
 Binds me to truth ? Lord over *me* ?
 5 And now, for the Oppressed's Moans,
 Their languishing, despairing Groans,

- I will arise, (says God) and free
 The Poor, ensnar'd by subtlety ;
 6 Thy Words (O God !) are true, more try'd
 Than Silver, sev'n times Purified ;
 7 Rise then, and blast the *lying Tongue*,
 And save *thine* from dissembled wrong ;
 8 Whilst falsehood walks on *every side*,
 Where *safely* can *Truth's Servants* 'bide ?

Psalm XIII.

[*Ufq; quo Domine ?*]

- 1 **H**ow long, O Lord ! Lord ! canst thou yet,
 And wilt thou ever me forget ?
How long withdraw thy *Face* away,
 Whose Splendor lets in *all* my day ?
 2 *How long* shall be my Counsels vex'd,
 What to embrace ; or shun, perplex'd ?

- How long* shall my glad Enemy
 Insult, and triumph over me ?
 3 O Lord, consider ! My God, hear !
 O let thy Dawn of Light appear !

- Let thy Soul-quick'ning Beams of Light
 Wake my ~~dead~~ Soul, heavy with Night.
 4 Lest my Foes boast, if I'm *cast down*,
 I by *their* power am overthrown.
 5 But to *thy Mercies*, Lord ! I fly,
 And chearfully on *them* rely.
 6 Be glad, my Soul ! God's help is *nigh* ;
 O bless the Name of the most High.

psalm XIV.

[*Dixit Insipiens.*]

- 1 **T**He Fool, in's Heart, doth *God deny* ;
 Hence, his *secure* Impiety
 Levels the bounds of wrong and right,
 And owns *no Power* above *Might* ;
 Thus none of these does Good, not One ;
 What Lust alone directs, is done.
 2 From Heav'n, the God of Heav'n look'd down,
 And thence survey'd Earth's Region ;
 To see if *any* understood,
 Sought God, and their own endless good :
 3 But *all* were lost, *all* went astray,
All had forfok Life's blessed way.
 4 Have they *no* knowledge ? is *that Light*,
 The *God eclips'd* in *Man*, lost quite ?
 Have *Men* of *Prey* their *Nature* fled ?
 Eating up *Men*, as they eat *Bread* ?
 5 A sudden *fear* shall *pierce* their *Heart*,
 A *Horror* from an *unseen* Dart ;

C

6 When

Let

- 6 When they, who thus mock and devour,
 Shall find a *God* among the *Poor*.
 7 And O ! that thy Salvation
 Were from thy Holy Mount sent down ;
 That *all* thy *Israel* might rejoyce,
 Joyn'd in *One* Freedom, and *One* Voice.

Psalm XV.

[*Domine quis habitabit ?*]

- 1 **L**ord ! *who* among the *Bless'd* shall dwell ?
 Or, *who* rest on thy *Holy Hill* ?
 2 *He* who a *guileless* Life does lead,
 3 And in the Paths of *Justice* tread ;
 In whose firm Soul *Truth* sets her *Throne* ;
 Whose Lip's *above* detraction.

Who to his Neighbour does no wrong
 In *Act*, nor wounds him with his Tongue ;
 4 Counts those Men *vile*, where *vice* he finds ;
 But pays *due* Honour to *Great Minds*.
Stedfast his *promise* is ; and He,
All lost, keeps his *Fidelity*.

 5 *Who* the distressed, and the Poor,
 Does not by *Usury* devour ;
 Knows the *high price* of *Innocence*,
 And, spight of *Bribes*, gives it *defence*.
 His great Soul, *here*, finds *early* rest,
 And shall be *added* to the *Bless'd*.

Psalm XVI.

[*Conſerva me Domine !*]

- 1 **O** My ſole refuge ! unto thee I flee,
Preſerve me, Lord ! for all my truſt's in thee ;
- 2 But, O my Soul ! what *Tribute* ſhall we raiſe ?
What can we render God, but barren Praise ?
O Living ! O Eternal Spring of Good !
What-e're we have, flows from thy boundleſs Flood ;
Nor can, as a ſupply, return to thee,
Conſummate in thine own Felicity.
- 3 To *Thoſe* alone our Good extends, who be
Great in their *Vertue*, and their *Poverty* :
All my delight is on thy Saints on Earth,
Who, in their Actions, do confeſs their Birth.
- 4 But who truſt *other Gods*, are not *preſerv'd*,
Their hopes are falſe ; falſe as the God they ſerv'd.
Their piercing ſorrows ſhall be multiply'd,
By their all-powerleſs God, not to be freed.
- Their guilty Sacrifice I'll not offer up,*
Nor the Drink-Offerings of th' inhumane Cup ;
Their hated Gods ſhall not my Lips prophane ;
Nor will I ſwear by their accuſed Name :
- 5 *Thou, Lord ! My Worſhip art, and Portion ;*
- 6 My Lot is faln where thy Great Name is known ;
Where, I, the Cup of Bleſſing take ; and where,
Maintain'd by thee, all fertile Pleaſures are.

- 7 But, leſt I grow *remiſs* through happineſs,
 I bleſs thee, Lord ! Afflictions me *chafiſe* ;

- 8 But *so* chastise, as that I *firmly* stand,
 Sustain'd by *thee*, *still* set at my *Right Hand*.
 9 Wherefore, my Soul exults; and my glad Tongue
 My Glory boasts, in its triumphant Song.
 And full of hope, my flesh put off, shall rest;
 10 Hell can't de~~stroy~~^{steal} the Soul, thou hast releas'd.

Nor wilt thou e're forsake thy *Holy One*,
 Or suffer him to *see Corruption*.

- 11 The *Path*, thou'lt shew me, which to *Life* does lead,
 And thither thou my happy steps wilt guide;
 Where, in thy glorious presence, Joys shall flow,
 Joys boundless, which nor term, nor measure know.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm XVII.

[*Exaudi Domine Justitiam.*]

- 1 **O** Righteous Judge! to my just complaints attend,
 And crys, which from no *feigned* Lips ascend
 2 From thine *own Presence* let my Sentence come,
 Who *canst not* but pronounce an *equal* Doom.
 3 Thou try'dst my Heart, conceal'd not from *thy* sight
 By *darkness*, or its own *dissembling* Night.
 And thou know'st, Lord! my *steadfast* purpose is,
 Nor in my Thoughts, or Words, e're to transgress.
 4 My Actions I have guided by *thy Laws*,
 Not by th' example o'th' *destroyer's* ways;
 5 O hold thou up my goings in *thy way*!
 That my foot slip not, that I never stray.

6 When

- 6 When e're I call'd to thee, O *present*, Lord !
 Thou heard'st ; that *wonted* favour *now* afford ;
- 7 O Saviour of *all Them* who trust in thee,
 The wonders of thy Love *now* shew to *me* !
- 8 Preserve me as the Apple of thine Eye,
 And let thy Wings *vast* Shadow cover me !
- 9 Cover me *safely*, from their threatning Power,
 Who compass me as ready to devour.
- 10 *Mighty* in Power, their Tongue does *proudly* threat ;
 Not *petty* wrongs, but what are dar'd by th' Great.
- 11 They've watch'd my steps, intently fix'd their Eyes,
 And closely couch, as ready to *surprize*.
- 12 As the fierce Lyon *lurks* to seize his Prey,
Low, and *obscur'd* and *quiet* to betray.
- 13 *Rise* ! disappoint them, Lord ! and cast them down !
- 14 No *other* Power can save me, but *thine own*.
 From thine *own* Sword, by thine Almighty Hand,
 Save ! and the fury of these Men withstand ;
 These Men o'th' *World*, who have the *Portion here*,
 Whose full enjoyments equal their desire.
- Their Issue's numerous, and when they dye
 They leave their Wealth to their Posterity.
- 15 But I'll behold the Glories of thy Face
 In Righteousness, and when I've run my Race,
 And, in the Morn of my Eternal Day,
 Ascending, drop'd the *Mantle* of my Clay,
 Shall wake up with thy *likeness*, I shall rest
 For ever satisfi'd, for ever bless'd.

Psalm XVIII.

[*Diligam te Domine !*]

- 1 **O** My dear God ! How *can* I but love *thee*
 2 My certain help in *all* Adversity ?
Thou art my Rock ; *Thou* my munitd Tow'r ;
 Thou art my God, and thou my Saviour ;
 Thou art my shield ; my hope on *thee* is laid,
 Thou art my *only*, Thou my *numerous* aid.
 3 O thou most worthy Praise ! I Honour *thee* ;
 For thou wilt guard me from mine Enemy.
 4 Death's dreadful terrors did encompass me,
 And Floods of Cruel Men did terrifie,
 5 Hell and the Grave seem'd ope, unthought of Death
 Watch'd, to have caught my faint departing Breath
 6 Amidst the horror of this Agony
 To God, my *last* and *only* hope, I cry,
 He hears from Heav'n, and my unfeigned Mone
 Ascends, and finds access unto his Throne.
 7 His Wrath against my Foes wax'd hot ; Earth shook
 The Mountains from their firm Foundations broke ;
 8 He Floods of Smoke from his dread Presence sends,
 9 And rowling Flames ; Heav'n bows, and God descends
 10 He rode upon the Winged Cherubim ;
 Their, and the Winds swift Wings did carry Him ;
 11 *Darkness* fate round about, a Night of Clouds
 Enclos'd Him, and impenetrable Floods.
 12 But his bright Presence rends the *heavy* veil,
 Shoots flames of Lightning, and revengeful Hail,
 13 Heav'n

- 13 Heav'n *gives upon* its Foes ; Thunder and Hail
Fall *thick*, and *lowd* ; and the *great Arms* prevail.
- 14 They flye ; *part* are beat down by th' *Hails cold* wound,
And those that *scape*, the raging *Flames* confound.
- 15 The secret Springs o'th' Floods, at thy *great War*,
And th' Worlds low Foundations, op'ned are.
- 16 Midst *all this horror*, God remembred *me* ;
Sent *down* ; and sunk I'th' Floods, sav'd me from high ;
- 17 Sav'd me *himself* from my strong Enemy,
For their great Powers too mighty were for *me* :
- 18 But, nor their *Powers* prevail, nor close *surprize*,
He, as their *Power*, so *brake* their *subtleties* ;
- 19 Then led me to a place of *liberty*,
Because He had a *favour* unto me.
- 20 For He my *Righteous dealing* did regard,
And cleanness of my *guileless Hands* reward,
- 21 Because *Gods ways* I never did forsake,
Nor wicked Men my foul Examples make ;
- 22 The measure of my Deeds, his *Laws* I made ;
And my *Religion to them* ne're betray'd.
- 32 By *them* I form'd my Soul ; *new Nature* took ;
Was uncorrupt ; and *all my self* forsook.
- 24 Wherefore, *thy recompence*, O God ! to me
As *my just dealing* was, and *Purity* ;
- 25 For th' *Holy*, crown'd by thee, *Bless'd Saints* shall shine,
The *perfect* shall be *God-like*, *All-Divine* ;
- 26 The *Pure* shall see the *Glories* of thy *Face*,
But the *perverse*, thy Frowns, to *Death* shall chace :
- 27 For thou, the Proud, shalt *bring down* from on *Hi b*,
And *raise* thy People in *Adversity*.
- 28 And *me* thou shalt exalt ; a Beam of Light
Shot through my Soul, shall chace away its Night.

- 30 By *thee*, I shall an Army break, and scale
 Their City's proud defence, and leap its Wall.
Thy way, O God! is a *just, perfect way*;
 Thy Word is try'd, as by Fire's last Assay:
 Those, who rely on thee, thou dost sustain,
 For *none*, who trust in God, trust *Him* in vain.
- 31 Tell, O ye *Gods*! Or ye who *serve* them, tell!
 Is any God, like th' God of *Israel*?
 Confess your *vain weak Powers*! And yield, at length,
 Th' are, as *your selves*, but *Images* of strength.
- 32 By *Him*, I'm arm'd, and girded unto War,
 And own'd by *Him* my Enterprizes are,
- 33 Swift as a Harts, He makes *my Feet*, and I
 Beyond, and above Danger, mount on High.
- 34 He *strength* does give, and to that strength adds *A*
 Does *force*, and skill to *govern* it, impart.
- 35 *Arms* me with *safety*; with *Salvation, Shields*;
His Hand, sustains; *Protection*, Courage yields.
- 36 Makes *plain* my way, and from false *Ambush* clears;
 Secures me both from Dangers, and from Fears.
- 37 Thus guarded, I mine Enemies pursue;
 O're-take, assail, and their faint Troops subdue.
- 38 Wounded, and Slain they fall; fall, *not to rise*;
 But at my Feet, the *calm Insulter* lyes.
- 39 But *this* I do, arm'd by *thy Power Divine*,
 'Tis not *my Arm* has vanquish'd 'em, but *thine*;
 Thy *fear* astonish'd 'em when amaz'd, they fled;
 When I destroy'd, and gave 'em to the Dead.
- 40 Lost to *all help*, from their *own Gods* they fly,
 And cry to *thee*, but thou reject'st their cry.

- 42 Small, as the Dust, I scatter'd them ; and they
Mix'd with the Earth, made but one Bed of Clay.
- 43 Thou charm'st th' *unquiet Peoples* Murmuring,
 And dost the *Gentiles* to my Scepter bring ;
- 44 Nations *unknown, me serve ; brought in by Fame,*
- 45 And *without Arms, fall only to my Name.*
 They quit their strongest Holds, and to me fly ;
 Fly *humbly*, fear turns into Flattery.
- 46 God lives ! My powerful Avenger lives !
- 47 Bless'd *ever !* who me Strength and Conquest gives ;
- 48 From all my Foes sends me deliverance,
 And 'bove *them* and their *Malice* does advance.
- 49 High, 'mongst the *Gentiles*, thy great Name I'll raise ;
 And sing abroad, *my Triumph, and thy Praise ;*
- 50 Of thine abundant favour, sure, and long,
 To *David*, and his *Seed*, shall be my Song.

Psalm XIX.

[Cæli enarrant gloriam.]

- 1 **T**He Heav'ns declare a *God*, th' extended Skie
 Tell, that their *Maker* was not *less* than He ;
- 2 Day, *without voice*, tells day ; and Night tells Night ;
 Twisting Time's *winding Chain*, of *Shade* and *Light*.
- 3 *What Land's unknown to Night ? or shuts out Day ?*
 Which *part* the World, and run *divided* way ?
- 4 *Who* hears not th' *springing voice* of chearful *Light* ?
 Or the *soft whispers* of the charming *Night* ?
 In them the gilded Tent o'th' glorious Sun
 Is plac'd, the Fountain of *Light's* motion.
- 5 He, like a joyful Bridegroom, bright and gay,
 Does ope his Chamber, and *lets forth* the Day.

And

And, as a Champion, with known vigorous force,
 Advances to run o're his wonted Course;
 6 *Whole Heav'n's* th' extent of his vast motion,
 Gives *East* and *West* to us, Himself takes *none*,
 His *brooding* heat inspires cold Clay with *Breath*,
 His *Ebbs* and *Floods* of Light, give *Life* and *Death*.

7 *Such* are thy *Laws* to *him*; but nobler far
 Thou giv'st to *Man*; by *those Souls* guided are;
Souls, taught by thy most perfect *Law*, to thee
 Convert, and wed rejected Purity.
 Thy *Promises*, to th' Simple, *Wisdom* give;
 8 Thy *Statutes*, faint, oppressed Hearts relieve.

Thy pure *Commands* give light unto our Eyes;
 9 Thy awful *fear* our stain'd Souls purifies;
 It lasts for ever, as thy *Judgments* do,
 Thy *Judgments*, mighty Lord! *Righteous* and *True*.
 10 Can *Gold*, much *Gold*, can much *refined Gold*
Any proportion, with *these Treasures*, hold?

Can Honey, dropping from the Virgin-Comb,
 With *these transcendent Gusts* in tryal come?
 11 By these high *Tastes*, our ravish'd *Souls* are fed,
Taught Heav'n; and for reward, are *thither* led.
 12 But O, Man's frailty! O false *Error's* Guile!
 13 How oft he does offend thee, *who* can tell?

From *secret* faults, and from *Presumptuous Sin*,
 O cleanse my stained Soul, and make me clean!
 And so shall I be clad in Innocence,
 And be preserved from the *Great Offence*.
 14 The thoughts, my Heart; the Words my Lips do pour,
 Accept, my God! my Strength! my Saviour.

Psalm XX.

[*Exaudi te Dominus.*]

- 1 **I**N thy great day of trouble, God thee hear !
The Name of *Jacob's God* for thee appear !
- 2 Send thee *strong succours* from the *Sanctuary*,
And *Sion* be thy *great Auxiliary*.
- 3 Remember, and accept thy *Sacrifice* ;
- 4 And the loud *Incense* from thy *Prayers* does rise.
- 5 We'll, in the Name of God, our *Ensigns* rear ;
And triumph in thy *safety* : God thee hear !
- 6 And thou *wilt* hear ; *wilt* thine *Anointed Shield* ;
And strength from *Heav'n*, and thy *Right Hand*, wilt
- 7 Their many *Chariots*, some, and *Horses* boast, (yield,
Our Number, only is the *Lord of Hosts*.
- 8 Our *Foes* are *fallen*, brought down, and put to flight ;
By the *same Power* we rise, and stand upright.
- 9 Save Lord ! O King of *Heav'n* hear us, and save !
And grant the mighty *succour* that we crave.

Psalm XXI.

[*Domine in virtute tua.*]

- 1 **L**Ost to *all help*, in *thine*, O God ! *alone*
The King shall joy, and thy *Salvation* ;
- 2 Thou gav'st all he could *wish* ; and th' *easy task*
Performed by him, only was *to ask*.

- 3 Thy Goodness did his *utmost hopes prevent,*
Unlook'd-for Blessings, and a Crown it sent.
- 4 He beg'd the *Gift,* the *Measure* was from thee
He asked *Life,* thou gav'st *Eternity.*
- 5 Though Great in *Glory*; Great in's honour'd *Crown,*
His *Greatest Honour's thy Salvation.*
- 6 All *Humane Grandeur, ends*; beholding thee
He shall enjoy *termless Felicity.*
- 7 O Great Reward of his great Trust in thee!
It gives his *Throne,* and *him,* stability.
- 8 Thine Enemies shall feel thy mighty Power,
9 Whom, as a Fire, thine Anger shall devour.
- 10 God shall consume them; their abandon'd Place
No more shall *them* remember, nor their *Race.*
- 11 For they close treacherous designs have lain
Against thy Peace, but they have laid in *vain.*
- 12 Wherefore, their Troops, thou shalt victorious chase
And shalt direct thine Arrows 'gainst their Face.
- 13 In thine own strength, Great God! exalted be;
Thy Power we'll praise in Songs of Victory.

Psalm XXII.

[*Deus, Deus Meus! quam dereliquisti?*]

- 1 **M**Y God! My God! *why* hast thou me forfook?
Why, of my woful Moans, no knowledge took?
- 2 I, Day by Day; and Night by Night, do cry;
Nor Day, nor Night release my misery.
- 3 O Holy God! O Praise of *Israel!*
- 4 Our *Fathers* of thy mighty Deeds do tell;

How

How *they* did cry to thee, and thou didst *hear*
 5 How *they* did *trust*, and *they* deliver'd were :

6 But *I'm* a Worm, trod down, and overborn
 By *all* ; and made their Fable and their Scorn.

7 With all the gestures of Indignity
 They prosecute, and advance my misery.

8 This is One of Gods *Holy Ones*, say they,
 One who a mighty trust in God did lay ;
 If God do love him, God perhaps may save him,
 And if he will deliver him, shall have him.

9 O my dear God ! O my experienc'd Hope !

10 Who didst to me the Gate of Life set ope ;
 To whom, when hanging on my Mothers Breast,
 My helpless Soul its Infant-vows address'd ;
 My *first*, and (now) *last* refuge ! thou, on whom
 I have been wholly cast on from the Womb,

11 O be not far ! my God ! my God ! draw nigh ;
 For *all Help's fled*, and leaves the *Danger* by.

12 Monsters surround me, *Heards* of ravenous *Men* ;
 Fat Bulls from *Basan*, Lyons from their Den,

13 They gape, and roar, as ready to devour,
 Fearful to *me*, to their *chang'd selves*, much more.

14 I'm pour'd like Water forth, my pains relax
 My feeble joynts, my Heart's like melted Wax.

15 My strength's breath'd forth, my parch'd Tongue
 (stark and dry
 Cleaves to my Mouth, and the cold Grave draws nigh.

16 And yet they cease not, but like Dogs surround
 The anguish'd Prey, and with fresh Counsels wound ;

17 They

- 17 They *pierce* my *Hands* and *Feet* ; my *fleshless* *Bones*
 Expos'd to view, may be told every One.
 And now, unsatisfi'd with Cruelties,
 They *stare*, and *gaze*, and *glut* their greedy *Eyes*,
 And view, in *me*, what *hate* and *rage* can do ;
 In *me*, the source and spectacle of Wo.
- 18 They *part* my *Garments*, which as spoils they got ;
 My *Vesture's* Owner is design'd by *Lor*.
- 19 In this last Agony, draw nigh, O Lord !
 Thy help, who *alone* canst help, my God afford !
- 20 O save my Soul from Death ! My Darling save !
 Nor Lyons Mouth, nor Dogs be made its Grave.
- 21 O save me, Lord ! Thou, who amidst the Horns
 Hast heard me of the numerous Unicorns.
- 22 Then, freed from Death, I shall, triumphant, tell
 Thy glorious Name to all thy *Israel*.
- 23 O ye who fear the Lord, the Lord's Name bless !
- 24 For he does not forsake Souls in distress ;
 Nor hides, as unconcern'd, his Face away,
 But hears, and turns, and rescues when they pray.
- 25 In sight of *all* I'll pay my Vows ; we'll raise
 One common Cloud of Incense to thy Praise.
- 26 O Praise the Lord ! the Poor shall *eat* and *live*,
 Live ever, He shall *Bread Eternal* give.
- 27 Man shall remember *whence* he fell, and all
 The World return, and to their Maker fall :
- 28 And God *alone* shall Monarch be, for his
 Kingdom, the *Universal World* is.
- 29 *All* from the *Throne* unto the *Dust*, shall fall
 Before his Presence, for th'are equal all ;

All from their Maker took *one common Breath,*
 To *Life* none rais'd *himself*, nor can from *Death*.
 30 Posterity shall serve him, and their Race,
 31 For ever serve him, beyond Time and Place.

Gloria of Four Verses.

Psalm XXIII.

Dominus regit.

1 **H**ow can I want, whose *Shepherd* is my *God*?
 His mighty *Scepter* deigns to be a *Rod*;
 2 Calm Streams, cool Shades, my high Refreshments be,
 My Soul has, Heav'n's own rest, *Tranquillity*.
 3 How can I wander? *He*, when e're I stray,
 Seeks his *lost Sheep*, and turns me into th' way;
 4 How can I fear? *Death's* dark veil cannot *fright*,
 His glorious *Presence* does dispel the Night.
 5 My Table thou shalt spread spight of my Foe;
 Balm shall annoint my Head, my Cup shall flow,
 6 All my time *here*, thy favour rests on me,
 And shall, O my dear God! Eternally.

Psalm XXIV.

[*Domini est Terra.*]

1 **T**he Earth is Gods, and all that is therein;
 All things, all Creatures, and the Sons of Men;
 2 He

- 2 He its Foundations on the floating Bed
O'th' Floods has fet, and firm established.
- 3 Who shall ascend into the Holy Hill
Of God, and in his sacred Presence dwell ?
- 4 Whose *Hands* and *Heart* are *clean* ; who hates what
Whom nor *Deceit* nor *Perjury* does stain. (vain
- 5 He shall receive the *Blessing* from *above*,
And th' Righteous God his doings will approve ;
- 6 He's of the *Race* o'th' *Blessed* ; such as He
Shall constitute *Heaven's* *Glorious Colony*.
- 7 Lift up your Heads ye Gates ! and op'ned be
Ye everlasting Doors ! to the *most High* !
- 8 Who's the *most High* ? thus *Great* in Majesty ?
The *God of Battel* is the Lord *most High*.
- 9 Lift up your Heads ye Gates ! and op'ned be
Ye everlasting Doors, to the *most High* !
- 10 Who's the *most High* ? thus *Great* in Majesty ?
The *Lord of Hosts*, he is the Lord *most High*.

Psalm XXV.

[*Ad te Domine levavi.*]

- 1 **T**O thee, in whom I all my trust repose,
2 I lift my Soul ; O guard me from my Foes !
3 And let not *me*, let *none* be put to shame
Who flee unto the *refuge* of *thy Name*.
But put to shame my *causeless* Enemies,
And blast their cruel, hateful purposes.

- 4 Shew me *thy Paths*, O thou unerring Guide!
 5 And in those Paths my straying footsteps lead.
 For *thou* art God of my Salvation,
 On *thee* all day I wait, on *thee* alone.
- 6 Remember, Lord! thy *ancient, tender* Love;
 Which has been ever, as thy years above.
- 7 But of my *Sins*, blot out the memory,
 Think on thy *Mercies*, Lord! *then* think on *me*.
- 8 Our God is good; *full of compassion*;
 And will to Sinners his bless'd ways make known.
- 9 He will instruct the *lowly* and the *meek*,
 And they *shall learn* his ways, who his ways *seek*.
- 10 To those who *keep* his Covenant, his Paths be
All Mercies, all Eternal Verity.
- 11 Exalt thy *Name*, for mercy *infinite*;
 By pard'ning, Lord! my sin, *because* 'tis great.
- 12 The Pious Man, who does his God revere,
 God will direct; and guide him lest he erre.
- 13 His *high contented* Soul shall dwell at *ease*;
 And his Posterity the Land possess.
- 14 God will reveal to him his *mysteries*,
 Those Heav'nly secrets which make *truly wise*;
 Will shew him his *Eternal Covenant*,
 And seal unto his Soul Heav'ns *mighty Grant*.
- 15 Mine Eyes, O Lord! do wait, still wait on *thee*,
 For thou *alone* my entangled Feet canst free.
- 16 O turn unto me, Lord! pity my state!
 For I'm in misery, and desolate.
- 17 The troubles of my Heart are *still* enlarg'd,
 With growing Burthens more and more o'recharg'd.
- D
- 18 Lord

- 18 Lord help ! Lord bring me out of my distress,
And all my pain, and all my sins release.
- 19 Behold, O Lord ! *who* are mine Enemies ;
And how their *Numbers, Malice, Rage, encrease.*
- 20 O keep my Soul ' and do not me expose,
Who trust in *thee*, to th' triumph of my Foes.
- 21 I wait on thee, O let my Souls defence
Be *still, Integrity* and Innocence.
- 22 O give thine *Israel* rest ! and set it free
From *all* its troubles ; own'd, and redeem'd, by the

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XXVI.

[*Judica me Domine.*]

- 1 **T**O thy Tribunal, Righteous God ! I fly,
For I have walk'd in my Integrity ;
And *wholly* do on thy Protection trust,
Who, from the Sinner, dost discern the Just.
- 2 All the Recesses of my Soul, to thee
Are fully ope ; try, and examine me !
- 3 Goodness, and Truth, to me the measures be
Of Action, measures which I take from thee.
- 4 The false *Dissemblers*, who Truth's Candor stain,
I flee ; and the Contagion of the *vain*.
- 5 I shun th' Assemblies, and the black Consults
Of the *unjust*, nor mix with their Results ;

- 6 And having wash'd my Hands in Innocence,
Thine Altar I'll approach with reverence.
- 7 There, I, in Songs, thy great Deeds will proclaim,
And celebrate the Triumphs of thy Name.
- 8 What transports in my Soul thy House does raise!
The House where thou *Inhabitest*, our praise.
- 9 Judge not, nor rank my Soul with that lost Sense
Of Men, who trade in Blood and Violence.
- 10 Who all the Laws of Equity proscribe;
Prize Gold; and sell their *Virtue* for a *Bribe*.
- 11 My Soul abhors their ways, bless'd Innocence
Be thou my choice! and thou, Lord! my Defence.
- 12 My Paths are Right; thine Honour I'll proclaim,
Great God! and in thy House will praise thy Name.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XXVII.

[*Dominus illuminatio mea.*]

- 1 **S**ince *God's* my safety; *God* my strength and light;
What Man, what *Powers of Darkness* can me fright?
- 2 My Foes drew nigh as if they would devour,
With great *assurance*, and *United Power*;
But, as by *chance*, (th' unseen Path who can tell?)
Approaching me, they all *stumbled* and *fell*.
- 3 Should an *Host* charge me, in *his* Strength, I dare
Oppose my *single Breast* against a *War*.

- 4 *One* onely thing I would of God desire,
One onely thing, may I *still* *This* require !
 That in his House I may spend all my Days,
 T'admire his Beauty, and to sing his Praise.
- 5 There, to the Worlds vain fears and hopes unknown
 He'll hide, and set me on a Rock of Stone :
- 6 Whence my advanced Head, secure, looks down,
 Upon my Foes ; great, and above their Frown.

There, O my God ! to thee I'll offer *Praise*,
 The service of thy Temple, and my Days ;

- 7 Hear and have mercy, mercy Lord ! on me,
 And do not my unfeign'd Requests deny.
- 8 My Soul, O God ! as in an Extasie,
 Receiv'd these Words—Seek thou my Face ! from the
 Thy Face, O God ! I seek ; what *other* Bliss
 Can I pursue ? *This* the *transcendent* is.

- 9 Reveal thy Glories ! What can I *more* desire ?
 Grant thy *Command* ! Give, what thou dost *require* !
 Hide not thy Face ! Turn, Lord ! and grant my suit,
 And help, as thou art wont, the destitute.

- 10 Lost to my *Parents* care, and left *alone*,
 I was *God's* care ; He was my *Portion*.
- 11 Lord ! lead me in thy just, thine upright way,
 For my Foes wait t' entrap me if I stray.

- 12 O leave me not to *them* ! They Witnesses
 Suborn, and stain my Innocence with lies.

- 13 I should have sunk, and fainted utterly,
 But that I stedfastly expect to see
 Thy Goodness, Lord ! in Life's Eternal Land,
 Where *all* shall have their Portions from thy *Hand*.

- 14 With fortitude, and patience, wait *that* time !
Dare to be *virtuous* ! and leave *all* to him.

Psalm XXVIII.

[*Ad te Domine clamabo.*]

- 1 **O** Thou my strength ! to thee I cry,
 Hear, Lord ! for if thou dost deny,
 They, who descend into the Grave,
 Cannot more Night, and Darkneſs have.
- 2 Towards thy Houſe my Hands I rear,
 And to thy Mercy's Seat, O hear !
- 3 O Number not my Soul with thoſe
 Deceitful Ones, who *Truth* oppoſe ;
 Who, *ſeeming* Friends, their Neighbour wrong
 By the fair *treach'ry* of their Tongue :
- 4 Pay them according to their guile
 And *malice* of their borrow'd ſmile.
- Let them be carri'd *ſmoothly* on,
 And *flatter'd* to deſtruction.
- 5 For they *thy works* regarded not,
 Nor th' *Righteous judgments* thou haſt wrought !
 Therefore they ſhall be overthrown,
 And, *not to be rebuilt*, caſt down.
- 6 Bleſſ'd be the Lord, who hath me heard ;
 And doth my humble ſuit regard.
- 7 *God* is my Strength, *God* is my Shield,
I *truſt*, and he does *ſuccour* yield.

Wherefore my Soul new heat inspires ;
Fill'd with Divine and Heav'nly fires.

- His praises shall inform my Tongue,
And God *alone* shall be my Song.
8 He his Anointed will defend,
And his effectual Powers lend ;
9 Lord ! save thine own Inheritance ;
Here, and for ever them advance.

Psalm XXIX:

[*Afferte Domino filii Dei.*]

- 1 **B**Ring, O ye mighty ! Bring your Sacrifice !
Bring Rams ; and let the chearful Incense rise
Confess *God's Power* ; *yield*, and confess your own,
The honour of *all Power* give *him* alone,
2 His Honour in his Sanctuary confess ;
And him, I'th' *Beauty* praise of Holiness.
3 His voice breaks ope the Fountains of the Clouds,
He Thunders, and pours forth descending Flouds,
4 With *his* voice Power dwells and Majesty ;
5 Rent by his voice, low the proud Cedars lye ;
6 Like trembling Calves, they shake when they are blown
And the ~~Woods~~ too, *Sirion* and *Lebanon*.
7 His Glorious voice, the *Breath* of *Flames* express,
8 Shakes th' *Wilderness* ; shakes *Kadesh* *Wilderness* ;
9 Makes Hinds bring forth their young, and through the
Of the thick Bushes, darts its *trembling* Light. (Night
10 His

Hills

- 10 His Temple speaks his praise ; He, on his Throne
 High, o're the Floods, Rules *ever*, Rules *alone*.
 11 He shall *protect*, He shall his People *blefs*,
 Blefs with a *present*, and *Eternal* Peace.

Psalm XXX.

[*Exaltabo te Domine !*]

- 1 **G**reat God ! Thou hast exalted me
 In triumph 'bove mine Enemy ;
 2 And me, with pain and sickness griev'd,
 Thy Goodness has with Health reliev'd ;
 3 Brought down to th' Grave, and low as Death
 Thou caught'st back my descending Breath.
 4 Sing, O ye Saints ! to His Name raise
 Eternal Monuments of Praise.
 5 For in a Moment his Wrath's past,
 But his Joys live, and Favours last ;
 If heaviness endure a Night,
 Joy wakes, and springs up with the Light.
 6 In my Prosperity I said,
 7 (By weak Prosperity betray'd)
 I am so strong, so great, so high,
 No chance can ever ruine me :
 Thou saw'st the folly of my Pride,
 And didst thy blessed Presence hide.
 How soon did then my Glories fade !
 Drop down, and sink into a shade !

- 8 I *then* sought my *neglected* Lord,
And humbly my Petition pour'd.
9 What profit, O my only Good!
Is there in thy poor Creatures Blood?

Can *Dust* praise thee? Can Thanks return
From the dark silence of the Urn?

- 10 Hear, Lord! Lord help! Have mercy, Lord!
11 He hears, He helps, mercy affords;
Thou hast to joy my sorrow turn'd,
And comforted the Soul that mourn'd.

My Sackcloth thou hast torn away,
And me, with gladness, dost array;

- 12 All Saints shall in thy Praise conspire,
And fill one Universal Quire:
And I, Great God! will sing to thee
Eternal praise, Eternally.

Psalm XXXI.

[*In te Domine speravi.*]

- 1 I **I**N thee, my God! I trust *alone*,
Put me not to Confusion!
But, Lord! as is my *trust* in thee,
So *thy* Protection be to me.
2 Bow down thine Ear unto my cry,
And make haste to deliver me.

Be thou my Rock! Be thou my Fort!
To whom I ever may resort.

3 For, Lord ! as my *sole* Rock and Fort,
To thee alone I do resort.
O guide my wandring steps ! And lead
Me in the Paths that I should tread.

4 Free my unwary Soul, betray'd
Into the Net which they have laid ;
5 O may the Captive, loos'd from th' snare,
Be made its great Redeemer's care !
Receive, into thine Arms *now* thrown,
My Spirit ! and protect thine own.

6 Vain, lying helps, I have abhorr'd,
My only trust has been the Lord ;
7 And I th' success I joy ; for he
8 Consider'd mine Adversity :
And hid in sorrows, *knew* my Soul ;
Rais'd it, and wounded, made it whole.

He took me from mine Enemy,
And gave me to my Liberty.

9 Thy *wonted* mercies, Lord ! extend ;
And give my present troubles end ;
Grief, a deep shade casts o're mine Eyes,
And clouds my Soul with heaviness.

10 Age hastes, and takes in *other* years,
11 And into *Time* computes my *Cares* ;
O're-power'd by mine Enemies,
My strength does fail, and Vigour dyes ;
My *Neighbours* too are Enemies,
And *false* to my *Adversities*.

Shun,

- Shun, as a *Pest*, my *misery*;
 And *me*, and my *Sick* Fortunes flee.
- 12 I'm clean forgot, as one that's dead;
 All my *deserts* are buried.
 As a broke Vessel, I'm refus'd,
 They took me, only *to be us'd*.
- 13 Yet still I'm *living* to their *hate*,
 That treads upon my *lowest* state;
 That to *new* Counsels does them bring,
 How to *remove* the *useless* thing.
- 14 But, O my God! *Thou* art my aid!
 On thee I *all* my hope have laid.
- 15 My time is in *thy Hand*, O save!
 O save me from th' untimely Grave!
 And from my cruel Enemy,
 And bitter Persecutors free.
- 16 O let *One* Beam, *One* Ray, from *thee*
 Break through my Clouds of misery!
- 17 Lord! Let me not be put to shame,
 For I have call'd upon thy Name.
 Put *Sinners* to Confusion,
 Into Eternal silence thrown.
- 18 Let the false Lip its Portion have,
 Shut up for ever in the Grave.
- Which does maliciously traduce
 The Innocence o'th' Righteous.
- 19 O the vast Treasures of thy Love
 For those who fear thee stor'd *above*!
 Thy *present* Bounties too, giv'n *here*,
 Do to the Sons of Men appear.

20 Them, by thy *Presence*, thou shalt hide,
And they shall in *thy House* abide;
Where, in a *Blessed, long* recess,
Far from the *World*, they'll rest in *peace*;
In *Peace*, under th' *Eternal Shade*
Which thy vast pow'rful *Wing* has made.

No malice *there*; no strife of *Tongue*;
No entrance for condemned wrong;
None, who insultingly deride,
The *Proud* are banish'd thence, and *Pride*.

21 And *now*, I, of thy glorious *Name*,
The *present* Honour must proclaim.

And the great mercy to me shown
In a strong, well-munited *Town*:

22 Where, chac'd, I was ev'n nigh despair,
Rash, in my uncollected fear;
But, though astonish'd and dismay'd,
Thou heard'st me, when to thee I pray'd.

23 O Love the Lord, all ye his *Saints*!
He saves the faithful, hears their *plaints*;
But gives the *Proud*, who Right condemn,
A vengeance, worthy him, and them.

24 Be strong! Trust Him! *His* strength is *thine*;
He'll guard thee with an *Arm Divine*,

Psalm XXXII.

[Beati quorum remissa.]

1 **H**OW Bless'd ! how happy is that Man, whose Sin
 God covers ; and his stain'd Soul makes clean
 2 Thrice happy he, whose Sins are all forgot,
guileless And in whose ~~heart~~ Soul is found no spot.

3 Whilst I, the loathsom Poyson of my Sin
 Conceal'd within my Breast, and held it in,
 It festred, and consum'd my raging Bones,
 My tedious hours were counted by my Groines.

4 Thy Hand lay heavy on me, Night and Day ;
 My strength, like Summer's moisture, breath'd away
 5 Then I return'd to God, then I confess'd,
 Then I made known to him how I transgress'd.

And he, O miracle of Love ! He heard ;
 Pardon, as my Confession, swift appear'd.

6 For this, the Pious unto thee shall pray
 In a due time ; Pray, while 'tis call'd to Day ;

'Twill be too late, when Life, or Time, shall be
 Swallow'd I'th' Ocean of Eternity.

7 Thus reconcil'd to God, I boldly flee
 To him ; he hides me, and he sets me free ;

My Sighs are fled, Joys only now advance ;
 With Songs I'm compass'd of Deliverance.

- 8 I will (saies He) direct thy future way,
My careful Eye shall watch thee lest thou stray.
- 9 Know thy *self* then ! Be not like Horſe and Mule,
Reason muſt thee ; *them* *Bit* and *Bridle* rule.
Set up the *Man* ! Dethrone the *Beaſt* *within*,
Th' *Uſurping* Beaſt ; Remember ye are Men !
- 10 Remember too, the wages that attend
Vertue, and Vice ; the *bleſs'd* or *dreadful* End ;
What *raging* *Flames* ſhall round th' *unjuſt* be thrown,
What *lambent* Glories ſhall the *Righteous* Crown.
- 11 Rejoyce ye Righteous ! lift up your chearful voice ;
Be Righteous *ſtill* ! And ye ſhall *ſtill* rejoyce.

Gloria of two Verſes.

Psalm XXXIII.

[*Exultate Juſti in Domino.*]

- 1 **T**O God, ye juſt Ones ! your glad voyces raiſe ;
The Juſt becomes the *deveny* of praiſe.
- 2 With Harp, and Lute, and Ten-string'd Inſtrument,
Let th' Voice, and Harmony of Souls conſent.
- 3 Sing a *new* Song ! apt Words, and Notes prepare ;
To the *great* Ditty, joyn the *equal* Ayre.
- 4 Gods Word is true ; his Works eſtabliſh'd be ;
- 5 He Juſtice loves ; Judgment, and Equity ;
His *Goodneſs*, through the World diffuſ'd, does know
No *Ebbe* ; no *other* motion, but to *flow*.

6 His

6 His Word, the Heaven's, out of the empty shade
Of Nothing, call'd forth ; and the Heaven's were made

Their noble Host *march'd up* in bright array
Of diff'ring Glories, *leading in* Night and Day.

7 The Floods, together gather'd on a heap,
Rowl'd down into the Treasures of the Deep.

8 O Earth, thy Maker honour ! O let all
Thy People, with due fear, before him fall.

9 He *spake*, and it was *done* ; by his Command
Nature's great Laws firm and unmov'd do stand ;

10 *Princes* Decrees, and what the *People* speak
He blasts, and then their giddy selves do break ;

11 But *Gods* Decrees, *His* Counsels, and *His* Laws,
Stand *ever* ; Stand *Eternal* as their *Cause*.

12 O happy People ! O their unknown Bliss
Who call *him*, *God* ; and *he* does call *them*, *His* ;

13 For he, upon the Sons of Men looks down,

14 And to him, all their hopes and fears are known :

15 He all the close Intrigues does understand
O'th' Heart he *made*, that Heart's *still* in *his* Hand.

16 In *vain* a King trusts in his numerous Host ;
In *vain* the strong Man in his *strength* doth boast,
In *vain* is safety sought from *Humane* force,

17 Or from the *strength*, or *swiftness* of a *Horse* ;

18 But they who trust in *him*, trust not in *vain*,
He sees their wants ; sees that he may *sustain*.

19 Whom *Hosts*, nor *Strength*, nor any *Pow'r* of *Earth*
Can *save*, *God* saves ; and feeds in time of *Dearth*.

- 20 To him *alone* in all distress we flye,
 21 And, full of joy, on our great Choice rely ;
 22 O Thou ! on whom we trust, and trust *alone*,
 With mercy, our long hopes, and patience Crown.

Psalm XXXIV.

[*Benedicam Dominum.*]

- O Thou ! whose mercies do me ever bless,
 Shall *they* still flow, and shall my Praises cease ?
 2 Th' *afflicted Soul* shall hear, and join with me,
 3 And we, *together*, will him magnifie.
 4 I humbly sought the Lord, and he did hear ;
 And he deliver'd me from all my fear.
 5 Th' *afflicted* turn'd to him their *mournful Eyes*,
 And on their Face a *dawn* of Joy did rise.
- 6 See how the *Poor*, who fear him, cry ! and see
 How God does *pity* ! How he sets them free !
 7 He who fears God, God does *protect* that Man,
 Gives him an *Angel* for his *Guardian*.
 8 O taste and see how gracious the Lord is !
 Who trust in him, with him, have all of Bliss.
 9 O fear the Lord, ye Holy Ones ! for he
 Will all your *fit desires* and wants supply.
- 10 Lyons their *Prey* may want, and *bloody food*,
 But who fear God, shall *nothing* want that's *Good*.
 11 Attend ye Children, and to me draw near !
 I will instruct you in th' Almighty's fear.
 12 With Blessings crown'd, wouldst thou thy Life prolong,
 13 Seal the *false Lip* ; charm the *deceitful Tongue* ;

14 *Shun*

- 14 *Shun Ill ; do good ; seek calm beloved Peace ;
Peace the way to, Peace the glad end of Bliss.*
- 15 *Such God will bless ; their steps his careful Eyes
Will watch, and guard ; his Ears receive their Cries*
- 16 *But 'gainst th' unrighteous Soul he sets his Face ;
Blasts their false Glories, and plucks up their Race.*
- 17 *The Righteous cry, and God their Prayer hears,
He sends relief, and wipes away their Tears.*
- 18 *The Sighs of contrite Hearts ascend on high,
Mercy descends, and God himself draws nigh.*
- 19 *Though great the troubles of the Righteous are,
Their God delivers them, for they're his care ;*
- 20 *He, as intrusted, safely keeps each Bone,
And firm, and whole, restores them every One.*
- 21 *But Vengeance shall the Guilty Wretch o'retake,
Who, th' Object of his hate th' upright does make.*
- 22 *All those, who trust in God, their God relieves,
And to their captiv'd Souls Redemption gives.*

Psalm XXXV.

[*Judica Domine Nocentes.*]

- 1 **L**ord ! aid thy Servant in distress ; and those
Who my weak strength o'repow'r, *thy self oppose*
- 2 Thy mighty Arms put on ; thy Spear and Shield
- 3 Bring forth, and stop the Torrent of the Field.
*Turn the Pursuer back ! Tell ! who alone
Canst tell, my Soul, I'm thy Salvation.*
- 4 Let those who chace my Soul be overthrown,
Turn'd back, and fall into Confusion.

- 5 Let them, like Chaff, loose and disorder'd be ;
And 'fore a wrathful Angel's fury flee.
- 6 Let their Retreat be *dark* and *slippery* ;
And a *commanded* Angel, Enemy.
- 7 For they, *without a cause*, have laid a Net
For my too credulous Soul, and dig'd a Pit.
Let a swift Vengeance seize him unaware,
Caught in his *own* malicious, wanton Snare.
- 9 My Soul's and Body's Powers, God shall bless ;
Both, freed ; both his Salvation shall confess.
- 10 Who, Lord ! is like to *thee*, who *sav'st* the Poor,
The helpless Poor, *from him* that does devour ?
- 11 False Witness rise, and *stain* my Innocence ;
Stain *without* Crime ; blot with *their true* Offence.
- 12 And, to my Souls yet further wounding, they
For Good, I did to *them* ; *me*, Ill repay.
- 13 I dealt not *so* with *them* ; For I, when *they*
Were Sick, with Sackcloth cloath'd, did *fast* and *pray* ;
And, since my Pray'r cast off, in *vain* did mourn,
My Dove into my Bosom shall return.
- 14 For, Brother, Friend, or dearest Mother, none
Than I for *them*, more tender Grief have shown.
- 15 But *they*, in *mine* Adversity were glad ;
Not singly, but a Publick Triumph made.
- All flow together, the very Abjects flout,
One Joy th' unworthy Great, mix'd with the Rout.
- 16 Their *scorns*, my Soul *afresh* wound, and destroy,
The tender'st of my *Suff'rings* was *their joy*.
- 17 How long shall *they* afflict ? How long thou see ?
Lord ! wilt thou but *look on* my misery ?

O from the cruel pains which me invade
Save ! and more cruel Men ; Men Lyons made.

- 18 So, in the great Assembly, thy great Name
I'll praise, and my deliv'rance loud proclaim.
19 Let not my treach'rous causeless Enemy
Insult, O Lord ! and triumph over me :
20 Whose fair Discourse, and Treaties, are a snare,
Made smooth, to take the Souls that guileless are.
21 And having gain'd their end, they falsely cry
Out on the Wretch ! we saw it with our Eye.

22 This thou hast seen, O Lord ! O God, draw near !
23 'Gainst them, and for my Soul, Just God, appear !
24 Wake, Lord ! while thou look'st on, O Truth's De-
Shall *Malice* triumph over *Innocence* ? (fence!
25 Shall they, great in *success*, cry, *He's devour'd* ?
There ! There ! the Holy Man is overpowr'd.
26 Shame and Confusion cover them ! Let all
Who me oppress, with foul dishonour fall.

27 Then shall all they who favour the upright,
When thou regard'st the *Righteous*, take delight :
All shall thee bless, call *happy*, who thee trust,
Who *pleas'd* art i'th' *Prosperity* o'th' *Just*.
28 Thy Justice, Righteous God ! my ravish'd Tongue,
And Truth, shall celebrate all my Day long.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XXXVI.

[*Dixit Injustus ut delinquat.*]

- 1 **M**Y Heart's convinc'd, that *he who follows sin*
Dethrones his God, and Atheist is within.
- 2 Yet the smooth Hypocrite walks fairly on,
 And cheats his Soul, till his dark Crimes be known.
- 3 His words are feign'd; *all subtile, all pretence;*
The Serpent in him kills the Innocence.
- 4 He plots his sins, when lesser Cares are fled;
 Results o'th' Night, and Counsels of the Bed.
 He starts at nought; but, to attain his will,
 Unravels all the Bonds of Good and Ill.
- 5 High, as the Heav'ns; and 'bove the Heav'ns High,
 Thy mercy is, O Lord! and Verity.
- 6 Thy Justice does as the firm Mountains rise;
 And thy great Judgments deep are as th' Abyss;
 On *all thy Works* thy boundless Mercies flow,
 The *Beasts*, them, with thy *Creature Man* do know;
- 7 But Man, whom, after those, thy *last Hand* made,
 Under thy Wing does find *another Shade.*
- 8 He, in thy House receiv'd, its fulness tastes,
 Drinks Joys, and Pleasures that for ever last.
- 9 The *Joy's* with them Immortal *Life* do bring;
 For there's both *Joy's* and *Life's* Eternal Spring.
 Where Souls with a *new flame, more high, more bright,*
 Shall quick'ned be, strook from thy Font of Light.

- 10 O let those Bounties ever, ever flow,
To th' Pure in Heart, who still thirst thee to know;
11 Let not the foot of Pride tread my Life down;
Nor let me be by wicked Hands o're-thrown.
12 See how themselves are ruin'd! ruin'd, all!
All wicked doers, ne're to rise, shall fall.

psalm XXXVII.

[Noli amulari:]

- 1 **L** Et not th' *Opinion* of th' ungodly's State
Move thy *firm* Soul; nor *envy* thou his Fate.
2 For, like the Grass cut down, or gather'd Flowr,
Vengeance shall *him*, and his vain *Pride* devour.
3 Do good, and *trust in God*; dwell in the Land,
And thou shalt feed o'th' Bounties of his Hand.
4 Delight in God; thou shalt in *him* possess
Thy *whole desire*; true, and all *Happiness*.
5 Commit thy ways to *him*, and the success
Shall shew, how *all* succeeds, where God does bless.
6 He shall *clear up* thy wrong'd Integrity,
It shall *acquit*, and it shall *honour* thee.
7 Wait *still* on God; on him thy hope repose:
8 Vex not to see the wicked prosperous.
With *Patience* arm'd, bear thine own *Los*, and *theirs*,
Immov'd, or by *their* hopes, or *thine own* fears.
9 God shall th' unjust cut off, and dispossess,
The Just shall *live*; live the great Heirs of Bliss.

10 Wait!

- 10 Wait! Thou shalt see th' unjust *soon* run the Race
Of his *swift* Glories, and forsake his Place.
- 11 But the *Meek* Spirit shall the Earth possess,
Refresh'd among the *blessed Shades* of Peace.
- 12 The Sinner plots, and threatens the Just to slay,
- 13 God laughs, he cannot hurt *beyond* his Day.
- 14 The Sword, which 'gainst the Poor, th' unjust have
(drawn,
- 15 And the bent Bow, are bent and drawn in *vain*.
Through his *own* Heart, shall pierce the fatal stroke,
And his prepar'd, and threatening Bow be broke.
- 16 A little, the *contented Poor Man* has
Does the vast *Treasures* of th' *unjust* surpass.
- 17 Th' ungodly's strength of Wealth shall weak'ned be,
But God sustains th' upright in Poverty.
- 18 God has accounted the upright Mans Age,
And makes perpetual his Heritage.
- 19 In Perillous times he shall be safely led
Through Dangers, and in time of Dearth, be fed.
- 20 The Sinner, like the Fat of Lambs, consumes,
And vanishes like the ascending Fumes.
- 21 Th' unjust pays not again what he does owe,
The Good Man lends, is great, and can *bestow*.
- 22 The Good shall dwell i'th' Land, and shall be *Bless'd*,
The Sinner shall be curs'd, and dispossess'd.
- 23 God does direct a Good Man in his way,
Himself shall be his *Conduct*, can he stray?
- 24 Though he *should* fall, yet he *shall* rise again;
For though *he's* weak, *God's* strong, who does sustain.

25 Through my whole Life, to Age from Childhood led,
I ne'r saw th' upright left, or *his*, beg Bread.

26 The Just is ever merciful and lends,
And the great Recompence to his Seed descends.

27 Choose the *beloved* Good, and Evil flee,
And thou, unmov'd, shalt dwell Eternally.

28 For Goodness is th' *Almighty's* Love, and he
Keeps that fair Soul that weds Integrity.

The Sinners Branch, cut off, shall wither'd lye,
29 The Just shall flourish, flourish ne'r to dye.

30 The great Souls of the Just great thoughts compriz
Wisdom and Judgment are their exercise.

31 The Law of God does in their Heart abide,
Guided by that, their sure steps ne'r can slide.

32 The Impious Man still Persecutes the good ;
Nothing can satiate but the Precious *Blood*.

33 God from his cruel Arms takes him away,
And *himself* rescues the *condemned* Prey.

34 Hope *still* in God ! *still* keep his Righteous way ;
And thou shalt see the wicked snatch'd away.

35 I've seen th' Oppressour great, and flourishing,
Fresh as the Lawrel clad in its *own* Spring,

36 And I went *by*, and lo ! the *Scene* was *gone*,
And all his Glories wither'd into *none*.

37 But the upright, the pure, the innocent Breast,
Wrapp'd in the blessed Shades of Peace shall rest.

38 The Sinners shall together Perish, *all* ;
For th' *End* of the Transgressour is to *fall*.

- 39 God does the Righteous keep ; from him alone
Comes strength in trouble, comes Salvation.
40 He shall stand by them ; He, protect and save ;
Such rescue, all who trust in God, shall have.

Psalm XXXVIII.

[Domine ne in furore.]

- 1 **O** Do not in thine *Anger* me reprove,
Nor punish in thy *Wrath*, great God of Love!
2 Thy dreadful Arrows in me *fixed* stand,
And I am *so*rely pressed by thy Hand.
3 My Body finds no rest ; my Soul within
Is pierc'd with *deeper* Arrows of my *sin*.
4 My sins, like raging Seas, high, and o'regrown,
Swell o're my Head, and their weight sinks me down.
5 My Sores corrupted are, fowl, and unsound ;
And I abhor the folly of my wound.
6 I am so much bow'd down, so overborn
By misery, that all the Day I mourn.
7 My Loins diseased are, no Part is sound ;
And all my tortur'd Body's but one Wound:
8 My strength is gone ; vanquish'd, and over-powr'd
With pains, not to be told, but groan'd and roar'd.
9 I am unable to express my Moans,
But Lord ! Thou knowst the *Language* of these Groans,
10 What begs this *panting Heart* ? these *gasping Cryes* ?
Cast up to thee, these *longing, dying Eyes* ?

- 11 All, but *thou* Lord ! forsake me ; *Friends* are gone ;
They, or *desert*, or unconcern'd look on.
- 12 But *my Foes* leave me not ; *they* seek yet more
T' afflict, and add *their Malice* to my Sore.
- 13 But I, with Patience arm'd, immov'd do lye,
14 As Deaf, and Dumb ; nor *hear*, nor *make reply*.
- 15 For I my Cause *wholly* refer to *thee*,
O thou my trust ! *Thou* answer shalt for me.
- 16 O let me not the triumph be of those
Who *watch* my steps, and each *small* lapse expose.
- 17 I'm prone to slide ; but as my *Error* is,
So is my *sorrow*, and my *heaviness*.
- 18 For I to thee my wandrings will confess,
And my *chang'd* Soul, from Guilt shall find release ;
- 19 But my Foes malice is *inveterate*,
No *change* of mine alters *their* lasting hate.
- 20 Their unjust Souls, do Good, with Ill, requite ;
And hate me, cause in Good I take delight.
- 21 *Thou*, Lord ! my *Refuge* art ; and I thy Care ;
Forsake me not, O God ! nor be thou far.
- 22 In thee I've *all* my help and safety plac'd,
Help, O my God ! and let that help make *haste*.

Gloria of two Verses. .

psalm XXXIX.

[*Dixi custodiam vias.*]

- 1 **W**Hile the ungodly were in sight, though they
Provok'd me, I took heed unto my way :
- 2 And lest I should offend, I silence kept ;
Bridled my Tongue ; and all my Passions slept.
- 3 I heard ; but it was pain and grief to me
To hear, and not what's Just, and Good, reply.
My Passions calm'd, a nobler fire did burn ;
Slighting the World, and them, to God I turn.
- 4 O thou ! to whom our space of Life's defin'd,
Number my Days, and let me know mine End !
That I may learn how long I chain'd must be
To Life, and Care, and when I shall be free.
- 5 How, like a Span, to th' Heaven's unbounded space,
- 6 Is unto thee, the moment of my Days !
How vain's th' Affair of Life ! the Scenick Stage
Of Greatness ! and the Nothing of our Age !
- Man, like a Shadow hastes ; while passing, fled ;
Busie in vain ; in vain disquieted.
He gathers Wealth, his fruitless heaps still rise ;
Leaves all, unknown to whom, leaves all, and dyes.
- 7 And now, Lord ! what's my hope ? what can it be ?
What can I still enjoy, but only thee ?
- 8 Free me from sin, which separates from thee,
And let me not to Fools a Triumph be.

- 9 I bare their follies, and made *no* excuse ;
 For *I* had sinn'd, and thou hadst let *them* loose ;
- 10 Take *them*, and all thy *other* Plagues away,
 Too heavy thy consuming Hand does lay.
- 11 *How vain is Man !* when thou dost Man *chastise*
 His *Beauty fades* ; fades, and *before him dyes* :
 So, Garments by consuming Moths are gnawn ;
 And Man's unravell'd, So : *How vain is Man !*
- 12 Lord, hear my Prayer ! Let thy gracious Ears
 Admit my fervent Sighs, and grant my Tears.
 My Soul's *already* on its Wing, for *here*
 I'm but a *Stranger*, as my *Fathers* were.
- 13 I beg not *Life* ; some little *strength*, before
 I go from hence, and shall be seen no more.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XL.

[*Expectans Expectavi.*]

- 1 **M**Y Soul with patience did on God attend,
 He heard, and to my stedfast Pray'r inclin'd.
- 2 Sunk in a dreadful Pit, *far* from the *Day*,
 He drew me forth ; struggling i'th' Mire and Clay:
- And on a *safe* high Rock advanc'd my Head,
Safe, for *himself* my goings ordered.
- 3 Sing, O my ravish'd Soul ! warm'd with *new fire*,
 For God *himself* does his *own praise* inspire.

Behold

Behold, ye long afflicted ones ! Draw near !

Trust in *my God* ; see *me*, and learn *his fear*.

4 Trust not th' false strength, nor falser promises
O'th' *great*, he's blest'd *alone* wh' on *God* relies.

5 Great God ! Great are the wonders thou hast done ;
And thy great Thoughts to *us*, compriz'd by none.
Our Praise is *dumb*, and cannot them express ;
For *who* can *Number* what is *Numberless* ?

6 Thou art not, Lord ! appeas'd with *Sacrifice*,
In vain the *Guiltless*, for the *Guilty* dies ;

7 Behold, then, O my God ! said I, I come
To do thy will, *my self*, and bear thy Doom.

I'th' Volumn of thy Book 'tis writ of *me*,
I must thy Law and Justice satisfie.

8 My *Heart's* the *Transcript* of thy Law ; thy Will,
O Righteous God ! I'm *ready* to fulfil.

9 I have not, Lord ! thy Righteousness conceal'd,
But thy great Goodness, and thy Truth reveal'd.

10 Thy Mercies have not in my thankless Breast
Been hid, but loudly unto *all* confess'd.

11 O let those mercies *ever* follow me !

Thy Truth, and Love, *still* my Safe-Conduct be.

12 For Cares do sink me down, Cares numberless,
Which only than my Sins vast heap, are less.

13 Lord, save me ! for th' united force prevails ;
Haste, Lord ! my fainting Heart, o're-nubred, fails.

14 Shame and Confusion cover them, who joyn
Together, for my Soul's Destruction.

15 Let

- 15 Let them be desolate, and cloath'd with shame,
Who do, insultingly, traduce my Name;
16 But who seek thee, let them be glad in thee;
Still freed, still their Redeemer magnifie.
17 Lord, I am Poor, Poor and in misery;
But thou, O powerful God, hast care of me.
Thou art my Saviour, I thy rescu'd Prey;
O my Redeemer, make no long delay.

psalm XLI.

[*Beatus vir qui intelligit.*]

- 1 **W** *Ho* helps the *Poor*, the woful, and distress'd,
God will help *him*, and free him when *(press'd)*
2 Death shall not snatch him from the Earth, till he
Be *satisfied* with Life, and *would be free*;
No force, nor malice of his Enemies
Him, from his mighty Guardian shall surprize.
3 When languishing upon his Bed he lies,
God will sustain him, comfort, and give ease.
Himself will in his Sickness make his Bed,
Compose his Mind, raise his declining Head.
4 Lord! I have sinn'd, sin has transfix'd my Soul,
O wash the Wound, bind it, and make it whole.
5 My Foes speak out; when, say they, shall he *die*?
Dye, *all*? He and his blasted *Memory*?
6 If any *Visit* me, 'tis to *ensnare*,
7 And, as a *Spy*, betray me unaware.

His talk is vain, his free *demeanour*, loose
And airy, but his dark intents are close.

For whate're of my *innocent concerns*
Perversly and *maliciously* he learns,
When he comes forth, he *tells*; and then, they all
Together *whisper* to *traduce* my fall.

8 A foul Disease sticks close to him, say they;
And will the loathed Wretch bear loath'd away.

9 These were not Enemies *Profess'd*, alone,
But mine own *near familiar* Friend made *One*.
He, whom I *fed*, whom I did *trust*, did prove
False to his Faith, and Traytor to my Love.

10 Lord! raise again thy Servant, that I may
Their Guile, and smooth Hypocrisie repay.

11 And, Lord! thou *wilt* me raise; thy love I know
By *this*, that I'm not triumph'd by my Foe.
For, the Integrity they would disgrace
Thou hast upheld, and set me'fore thy Face.

13 Thy Name be bless'd by all the Sons of Men
Throughout all Ages, and beyond. *Amen*.

F I N I S.

And now, my dear friends, let us
 turn to the first of these

And now, my dear friends, let us
 turn to the first of these
 And now, my dear friends, let us
 turn to the first of these

And now, my dear friends, let us
 turn to the first of these
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THE A. M. VII

The SECOND BOOK of the
P S A L M S,
 PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm XLII

[*Quemadmodum desiderat Cervus.*]

¹ **N**OT the chas'd *Hart* more longs for the cool *(Flood,*
 Than my faint Soul for *thee*, my only good!
² My Soul's *athirst* for God, the *living* God,
 Who 'twixt the Cherubims makes his aboad:

When shall my longing Soul be satisf'd?
 My famish'd Eyes, *when* with thy Presence fed!
³ Tears *feed*, and Tears *consume* me; while my Foes
 Deride my Miseries, and upbraid my Woes.

They will not me a *quiet* grief allow;
 But cry, where's God? where's thy dear Refuge now!
⁴ How bitter is my solitary moan!
 Condemn'd to *grieve*, condemn'd to *grieve alone*.

How

How am I alter'd ! Ah ! *How* chang'd from *me*,
 Who to *thy House* led the glad company :
 When the triumphant and exulting Throng
 Sung on the glorious *Day*, the glorious *Song* ?

5 *Why*, O my Soul ! dost thou thus grieve ? And why
 Desert thy self, and unlearn Constancy ?
 O trust in God ! He will again thee raise,
 Who holds thee now, and is th' afflicted's Praise.

6 But, O my God ! How can I but lament,
 Forc'd beyond *Jordan*, and to *Hermon's Tent* ?
 Yet, there I'll think on thee, and *Hermon's Hill*
 Shall learn the Praises which thy *Sion* fill.

7 As *Wave* to *Wave*, and *Deep* to *Deep* does call,
 By th' roaring Cataracts impetuous fall ;
 So *Wo* to *Wo*, and Grief to Grief succeeds :
 Each fruitful Ill a second greater breeds :

All have gone o're my Head ; on me alone,
 Thou the whole Tempest of thy Wrath pour'dst down ;
 8 Yet in the midst of Wrath his mercy shone,
 And all his loving kindness was not gone ;

Each day discover'd it, it sprang as *Light* ;
 Less certain the *Morn* rose, and rose less bright.
 Night bless'd him for the Day, and praise return'd ;
 My Song gave Praise ; whilst thus my Prayer mourn'd.

9 God of my Strength ! God of my Life ! O why
 Hast thou forgot me ? why thus heavily,
 As of my God deserted, do I go ?
 Oppressed and derided by my Foe.

- 10 Swords can *less* wound ; and Spears *less* pierce my Heart,
Than do the *quick* and killing words they dart :
Whilst my insulting Foes continually,
Where's thy *dear God* ? where's thy *sure refuge* ? cry.
- 11 *Why*, O my Soul ! dost thou thus *grieve* ? And *why*
Desert thy self, and unlearn Constancy ?
O trust in God ! He will *again* thee raise,
Who holds thee now ; and is th' afflicted's Praise.

Psalm XLIII.

[*Judica me Deus !*]

- 1 **M**Y God ! appear for *me*, and my just Cause,
Against the Men who violate thy Laws ;
Those who the plain and simple circumvent,
Th' *unjust*, the *treach'rous*, and the *fraudulent*.
- 2 For I from *none* can have redress, but *thee* ;
From none but *thee*, who now hast *banish'd* me ;
O *why* am I cast out ; *Why*, Lord ! am I
Thrown to the *Mercies* of mine *Enemy* ?
- 3 Send from *above*, and save ! O send thy Light
And thy *Truth* forth, and chase away my *Night* ;
That they may lead me to thy *Holy Hill*,
And to the *House* where thou my God dost *dwell* ;
- 4 That to thine Altar I may come ; and bring
Unto my God, my *banish'd* Offering ;
Take up my Harp agen, and, new inspir'd,
May mix *Thanksgivings* with the *Altars Fire* ;

- 5 *Why*, O my Soul ! dost thou *thus* grieve ? And why
Desert thy self, and *unlearn* Constancy ?
O trust in God ! He will *again* thee raise ;
Who holds thee *now*, and is th' afflicted's Praise.

Psalm XLIV.

[*Deus auribus nostris.*]

- 1 **W**Hat wonders, mighty God ! have we been told
Thou didst ; and none but *thou* couldst do, of *Old*
2 How thou didst plant our Fathers in this Land ;
And its own People cast out, by thy Hand ;
3 For 'twas *thy* Hand ; *thy* Pow'rful Arm alone,
Not their *own* Sword, got them Possession ;

But *thy* Almighty Favour, and the bright
Beams of *thy* countenance, and their conquering *Light*.

- 4 O our *same* God ! Our *same* Almighty King !
To thine oppressed *Jacob* succour, bring ;
5 For, by *thee* aided, we shall *soon* put down
Our Foes, and tread them to *Confusion*.

- 6 For I'll not trust my *Bow* ; 'tis not my *Sword*
Can help, or my *weak* Arm relief afford ;
7 But it is *thou*, O Lord of Hosts ! *alone*
Who savest *us*, and throw'st our *Enemies* down :
8 Thus, Lord, we boast of thee, *all* the *day* long,
And still as Victors, triumph in our *Song*.

- 9 But *now* thou dost not with our Armies go ;
But hast *abandon'd* us unto the *Foe* ;

- 10 The *strength of Israel* is departed; we
11 Flee from a once *despised* Enemy.
They *spoil* us, and like Sheep, we *scatter'd* fly,
'Midst our *Foes scatter'd*, and like Sheep we dye.
- 12 As *cheap* and *useless* Souls w'are *giv'n* away;
And thou takest *nothing* for the *worthless* Prey.
13 W'are *scorn'd* by those about us; who *all* tell,
14 Scoffing, the *Fable* of thy *Israel*.
15 I'm *amaz'd* quite; cover'd with *shame* and *scorn*,
By *Miseries* and *vile Reproaches* torn.
- 16 Pursu'd by th' *fury* of th' *Avengers* Sword,
And *foul* *Blasphemers* deeper *piercing words*;
17 And though *all* this be come upon us, *yet*,
Yet, O our God! we *do not thee* forget;
Nor have we the *Eternal* *Covenant* brake
Which *thee* our God, thy *People*, *us*, did make.
- 18 Our *Heart's* not *turned back*, *nor* do we *stray*
In *Paths forbid*, from thy *commanded* way,
19 Not though w'are *chac'd* into the *fearful* *Den*
Of *Dragons*, *Places* yet *untrod* by *Men*:
Though, *languishing*, we draw our *gasping* *Breath*
Within the *Region* of the *Shade* of *Death*.
- 20 *Had* we for *other* *Gods* *deserted* thee,
21 And to a *strange* *Name* bow'd, should'st not thou see?
To whose *clear* *sight*, *plain* and *distinct* are brought
The *subtlest* *Webs*, and *nicest* *Chains* of *thought*.
22 But 'tis for *thee* our God, w'are put to *shame*;
We bear th' *Offence* and *Scandal* of thy *Name*:

- For thy sake w[']are oppress'd ; for *thee* we flee ;
 For thee w[']are hated, and for thee we dye :
 23 Rise, Lord ! O rise ! why dost thou, *as asleep*,
 Forget us ? Wilt thou *no more* thy *Israel* keep ?
 24 Why dost thou hide thy Face ? O turn ! look down !
 See, Lord ! thy Peoples last Oppression.
- 25 *Groveling*, we creep upon the Earth ; bow'd down
Low as the Dust, and *level'd* with the *Ground*.
 26 Lord, rise ! Lord, help ! and pity on us take,
 Great God of Mercy ! for thy Mercy's sake.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XLV.

[*Erectavit cor meum.*]

- 1 **F**ull of the mighty Subject that I sing,
 My Heart breaths forth the Glories of my King,
 My flowing thoughts move swifter than my Pen,
 2 O Bless'd ! O fairest of the Sons of Men !
- Graces sit on thy Lips, from Heaven showr'd down,
 Round thy fair Soul, by Beauties Author thrown ;
 3 Gird on thy conquering Sword, O mighty One !
 Bright, as thine Honour ; Brave, as thy Renown.
- 4 Tell the false World where *true Honour* is,
 5 It dwells with *Truth*, *Meekness*, and *Righteousness*.
 Be ever prosp'rous in pursuit of *these*,
 Ride on ! and may just Heaven its *own* Arms bless.

A glorious terrour from about thee hurl'd
 Shall scatter, shall confound th' Apostate World.
 6 How *firm's* thy Throne ! firm as thy *Righteousness*,
 O King ! O God ! whose Scepter *Justice* is.

7 *Justice* has been thy *Love*, and *Wrong* thy hate ;
 Wherefore 'bove *others*, God has rais'd *thy* state ;
 God is made *thine* ; and on thy conquering Head
 He has the Oyl of his own gladness shed.

8 Tears of rich Gums refresh thee with their smells,
 Pour'd on thy Garments from their Ivory Cells ;
 9 Daughters of Kings thy fair Attendants be,
 And *Princesses* adorn thy Family.

But more adorn'd, more fair than these, did stand
 Thy *Queen* ; on thine and Beauties own right Hand ;
 Clad in a Vest of Gold, with Colours wrought,
 The Tribute to her Beauty *Ophir* brought.

10 Hear, Daughter ! Hear, O Fairest ! now remove
 Thy *old* affections, and *new* plant thy Love ;
 11 So shall the King rejoice ; call thee, *his own* ;
 For he's thy *Lord*, he is thy *God* alone.

12 To thee the *Tyrians* shall their *Purple* bring ;
 And all the *Rich* present their *Offering* ;
 13 Daughter of Heaven ! O Beauty, *All-Divine* !
 Thou art *all fair* ; *all Glorious*, *within* :

And though th' art clad with *all* me precious hold,
 Art gives thy Garments Texture ; Nature, Gold ;
 Yet, than thy *Soul*, that Gold is *less* refin'd,
 Ev'n thine *own Beauties* yield unto thy *Mind*.

- 14 Thou thus adorn'd, shalt to the King be given
 The *Royal Consort*, and the *Spoûse* of *Heaven* ;
 A glorious train of Virgins wait on thee ;
 And the Chaste, Fair, with thee presented be.
- 15 With Joy, presented ; and receiv'd with thee,
 They the most Beautiful Palace Beautifie,
- 16 Thou, stead of *Parents*, shalt be bless'd with *Son's* ;
 A Race of Princes for all Regions.
- 17 Throughout all Ages I'll extend thy Fame ;
 And, beyond Time fix thy Eternal Name.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XLVI.

[*Deus noster Refugium.*]

- 1 **O** Present still! O still protecting Lord!
 Who help to thy *distressed* dost afford,
- 2 What can us fright? should the fix'd *Laws* o'th' world
 Be broke, and Mountains into Seas be hurl'd ;
- 3 Though Hills, through Tempests rock, Seas overgrow;
 O're *Immense* Cliffs the vaster Billows flow ;
- 4 'Midst its own Calm, *Sion* the Storm derides,
Sion, the *Holy Place*, where God resides.
- 5 God's in the *midst* of her, How can she move,
 Sustained by the Powerful Arm above?
 The Lord of Hosts, his *Sions strength* shall be ;
 Himself shall help, shall help her speedily.
- 6 The *Heathen* move ; and mighty *Kingdoms* threat,
 Earth's shook by the wild *Tempests* of the Great.

But

But God appears, utters his Voice, and they,
And their tempestuous greatness, melt away.

7 Fear not any *mortal* Powers,
Who can hurt, when God is ours?

8 See now, what *wonders* this our God hath wrought,
What desolations on the Mighty brought.

9 He through the *bleeding* Earth makes Wars to cease,
And sheds the soft, the dewy Balm of *Peace*.

He breaks the Bow; confounds the mortal *Spear*,
And drives the furious Chariot to the fire:

10 *Know* then that I am God! know and be still;
Great 'mongst the Heathen, and my *Israel*.

11 Fear not any mortal Powers,
Who can hurt, when God is ours?

Psalm XLVII.

[*Omnes Gentes Plaudite.*]

1 **R**ejoyce, O thou *redeemed* World! Sing
Triumphant Praise to thy Triumphant King;

2 For God is King, *He* bears Dominion
O're all the *Kings* and *Gods* of Earth, alone.

3 He hath subdu'd the Nations under us,

4 *Us*, whom for his lov'd Heritage he chose.

5 God, with the Trumpets sound, ascends on high;
With joyful noise, and Songs of Victory.

6 To our ascended God, O Praises sing!

O Praises sing to our Triumphant King:

7 For *God* o're all the rescu'd Earth is King,
Praises with *Skill* and *Understanding* sing.

8 *God* rules the Nations, *God*, upon his Seat
Exalted, ever sits; *Holy* and *Great*;

9 Princes submit their Scepters to *his* Rod,
All made *One Israel*, under *Abrahams* God:
Who else can save? what new Almighty Power?
And who can hurt, when *God's* our Saviour?

Psalm XLVIII.

[*Magnus Dominus.*]

1 **G**reat God! thou'rt greatly to be praised *still*
In thine own Temple, on thine Holy Hill.
2 *Sion* Earth's joy, which, to th' *North* side is seen
O' th' Great King's City, and whose God's within;
3 *Sion's* known God, who guards her Palaces;
Still known to *her*, now to her *Enemies*:

4 For lo! the Kings of Earth's Confederate Pow'r,
Together came Asssembled to devour;
5 But their bold Troops soon met confusion;
Together *gather'd*, and *together* gone.
Amazement seiz'd 'em at thy Terrours sent,
Disarm'd by a Divine astonishment.

6 Fear, like a Womans fear in Travel, came
And they fell, as the *fearful* fall, with shame;
7 Fell, broke, as Ships, dash'd by the furious shocks
O' th' *Eastern* Wind, in pieces 'gainst the Rocks.

8 Such, Mighty God ! thy marvels were of *Old*
By our deliver'd, wondring Fathers told ;

Which *now* thou hast renew'd, and, what they tell,
To our slow Faiths confirm't the Miracle :
And this great Truth confirm'st, That thou wilt still,
O God of Hosts ! Protect thy holy Hill.

9 Our Souls, thus full o'th' Mercies thou hast wrought,
Within thy House thus speak the flowing Thought.

10 Be thou for ever prais'd ! and be thy Fame
To th' end of ^{the} Earth extended as thy Name.
And justly, Lord ! all Honour's due to thee,
Whose Hand divides Justice and Equity ;

11 Let *Sion* praise thy Judgments, shewn for them,
And all the Daughters of *Jerusalem*,

12 Walk about *Sion* ; view the Glorious Mount ;

13 Its Towers, Palaces, and Bulworks count :
And tell from *whom* all her firm Glories rise,
To our Sons Sons, and their Posterities.
For, Lord ! Thou'rt God of us, and of our Seed,
Our present, *now*, and our *Eternal* Guide.

psalm XLIX.

[*Audite hæc omnes.*]

1 **H**ear, O ye Sons of Men ! *who-e're* you are ;
2 **H**igh, Low, Rich, Poor, secure or full of care,
One with another ; for all *equal* be
In the *great* Doom pass'd on *Mortality*.

- 3 To *understanding* I'll incline my Heart,
And the great Depths of *Wisdom* will impart.
4 My Harp, inspir'd, to the loud Song shall rise;
And strike an Ayr, *high* as the Mysteries.
5 Why should I, anxious, fear *Adversity*?
6 Or quit my strength, when *Death* it self draws nigh?
7 All dye; nor can those *Mighty Ones*, who boast
8 Their Pow'r, or Wealth, *Redeem a Brother*, lost;

Unseal th' *Eternal* Grave; or, unto Death
Pay down th' unknown, th' unvalued price of *Breath*;

- 9 Prolong life's Race, that it extended be,
Beyond the Confines of Mortality.
10 The Wise man dies too, as the Fool, and leaves
His *painful* Wealth to *Strangers*; leaves, not gives:
11 And yet they think, though their *own* House of Clay
Dissolve, their *Dwelling-place* shall ever stay;

And to preserve the *Shadow* of a Fame,
Give to their Lands their own *departed* Name.

- 12 But worthless Man with his *vain Honour* dies;
Dies, as the ignoble *Beast* that perishes.
13 This yet's their folly *still*; ~~this~~ their lost way,
And their Posterity praise *All* they say.
14 Like slaughter'd Sheep, thrown in the Grave, they lye,
And Death devours *Them* and their *Memory*.

How far shall the bright Glories of th' *Upright*,
In the Great *Morn* of Life's *Eternal* Light,
Out-shine these *Meteors*! whose wan, sickly Ray,
Shall set in Night, and vanish at their Day.

But

- 15 But God shall raise my Soul from the dark Night
O'th' Grave into the Regions of *Light*.
- 16 Be not thou mov'd at th' Rich and Glorious,
Who does advance the Grandeur of his House :
- 17 For Man, as naked *born*, so naked *dies* ;
And in the Dust, cold and *inglorious* lies ;
Pomp mixes not with *Clay*, he's rest of *All*,
And his stript *Glories* have *their* Funeral.
- 18 Yet while he liv'd, he dream't he happy was ;
But with his breath the guilded Dream did pass :
Do well unto thy *self*, and cultivate
Thy *Mind* ; such Good's *thine Own*, and above Fate ;
- For Men, who see it, will record thy Fame ;
And with thy proper *Worth* adorn thy *Name* :
- 19 But worthless Souls pass on to endless Night,
With their Fore-Fathers, and shall ne're see Light.
- 20 The Honour'd without Understanding *dies* ;
And dies, as the dull *Beast* that perishes.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm L.

[*Deus Deorum Dominus.*]

- 1 THE Lord, the God of *Men* and *Gods*, is come,
2 And summons all the World to their Doom ;
He on his Glorious Mount appears, and calls
The Earth, from the Sun's *rise*, to where it *falls*.

Our

- 3 Our God will come, and his great Day of Doom;
 With Storms and Glories circled, God will come.
 4 He calls the Earth to witness and admire
 His Judgment; calls Heaven, and its conscious Fires.
 5 Gather my Saints together to me, those
 With whom, to make a Covenant, I have chose:
 6 And now, *Hear*, O ye Heavens! *Hear*, and *confess*
 (For God is Judge himself) his *Righteousness*.
 7 Hear, *Israel*! Hear, my People! thy self be
 The Witness, how thy God shall deal with thee:
 8 I'll not reprove thee for the *Offerings*
 Thou didst *less frequent* to mine Altar bring.
 9 I will not take a *Goat* out of thy Fold;
 Or other Creature which thy Pastures hold:
 10 *All* Beasts are mine which the wild Forrest fills;
 And Cattel on a thousand thousand Hills:
 11 Each Wing I know, o're the steep Mountain flies;
 Each Beast, which in his closest Covert lies.
 12 If I *could* hunger, I'd not tell it *Thee*;
 The World, and all it holds, belongs to *Me*.
 13 Think'st thou I eat Bulls Flesh? That for me dies
 The Off'ring? And I live by Sacrifice?
 14 Bring to mine Altar *Thanks* and *Praise*, make good
 Thy *Vows*, and thou may'st Offer *without* Blood:
 15 And call upon me in the perillous days
 Of trouble; *I* will hear, and *Thou* shalt praise.
 16 To th' wicked then God said, How dar'st thou Preach
 17 My Laws, and live, *false* to the Truths *they* teach.

Why

- Why dost thou *vainly boast* my Covenant,
 Who having nought perform'd, cancell'st my Grant?
 18 When thou hast seen a Thief thou didst *consent*,
 And follow'dst when the close Adulterer went.
- 19 Thou hast accustom'd thy opprobrious Tongue
 To *Falshood, Treachery*, black *Reproach* and *Wrong*:
 20 Thou violat'st the spotless *tender Fame* (Name.
 O' th' vertuous, and wound'st thine own Brothers
- 21 And whilst my kind long-suffering *slept* for thee,
 Thy Blasphemy rose *higher* and aim'd at *Me*.
 But I'll thy sins order before thine Eyes,
 Beyond th' *Evasions* of thine own Replies.
- 22 O ye who God forget, consider *this*!
Before I pluck you *hence*, and none release.
- 23 Who offers *Thanks*, does offer *Sacrifice*,
 Praise ascends *higher*, and above Incense flies:

And that cleans'd, grateful Soul, which lives upright,
 I'll free from death, and place in endless Light.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm LI.

[*Miserere mei Deus secundum, &c.*

- 1 **O** Thou whose boundless Mercies ever flow,
 And, as thy self, nor Term, nor Measure know,
 Let my transfix'd, anguish'd soul, now prove
 The inexhausted Bounties of thy Love.

Bathe

- 2 Bathe me in that pure Spring flows for th' unsound;
 Whose vertuous *Streams* can cleanse & heal my *Wound*;
 3 My loathsome *Wound*; which (Lord) I here expose,
 And my abominated Crimes disclose.

The horror of their Guilt me terrifies
 In gastly Forms, still waking to mine Eyes.
 4 Against thee (holy God) 'gainst thee alone
 I've sinn'd, and in thy fight this Evil done :

And, if thou should'st condemn me, must confess
 My *Doom* were just, and just thy *Righteousness*.
 5 I th' *Dawn* of life, before I saw the Sun,
 The Seeds of Ill stain'd my Conception.

6 And though in my laps'd Soul, immers'd, does shine
 Thy Wisdom, and a Ray of Light Divine;
 Yet my frail Soul, false to that Heav'nly Fire,
 Weds the base Lusts and Follies of Desire.

With thy Blood
 7 Hyssop cleanse my stains, and I shall grow
 More Pure, more White, than is the falling Snow.
 8 Make me to hear the long-departed Voice
 Of Gladness, that the broke bones may rejoice.

9 From mine Offences turn away thy Face,
 And all the deep and leprous Prints erase.
 10 Renew my mind, estrang'd to false desires,
 And kindle in it its faln primitive Fires.

11 From thy bless'd Presence, cast me not away ;
 But guide me with thy Spirit lest I stray ;
 12 The Joys of thy Salvation restore,
 And stablish me, that I may fall no more.

- 13 Then the Transgressors, who, like me did *stray*,
Like me, shall turn again into the way ;
14 From the deep stains and the loud Cries of Blood,
Wash me i'th' living Font's Immortal Flood.

Then shall my ravish'd Tongue *aloud* confess
Thy Mercies and amazing Righteousness.

- 15 Then shall my Lips an *higher* Anthem raise,
When thou thy *self* inspir'st the *mighty* Praise.

- 16 Could *Sacrifice* appease thee, I had soon
The certain *Price* of all my sins *paid down* ;
But Pardon comes not at so vile a rate ;
Now *Blood*, nor *Incense*, can sins Expiate.

- 17 A *Bleeding* Heart ; Souls chang'd to *new* desires,
Which *put out* Earthly ; *kindle* Heav'nly Fires ;
Are th' only Pure accepted Sacrifice ;
A contrite Heart, O God ! thou'lt not despise.

- 19 Look on thy *Sion*, Lord ! Build up the Wall
Of thy *Jerusalem*, broke down by all ;
We'll then, with Blood and common *Sacrifice*,
Bring the *true* Sacrifice of *Righteousness*.

Psalm LII.

[*Quid gloriaris in Malitia ?*]

(Power ?

- 1 **W**Hy, Potent Wretch ! boasts thou a wicked
As if 'twere great and glorious to devour ?
Know, *Goodness* the *Almighty's* Honour is,
Which shall *blast* thee, and thine *Oppress'd* release.

2 Thy

Psalm LIV.

[*Deus in Nomine tuo.*]

- 1 **S**Ave me, O Lord! save by and for thy Name,
 And the wild rage of the Oppressor tame;
 2 Hear, Lord! for they who o're me Tyrannise
 3 Are Strangers to thy Name, and *thee* despise:
 4 But lo! from Heaven my God appears for me;
 Sets *me*, and those who do assist me, free:
 5 Renders Confusion to my Foes; who all
 To his unconquer'd Truth just Triumphs fall.
 6 Accept, O God, who still my Succour art,
 The Off'ring of a voluntary Heart:
 I will thy holy Name for ever blefs,
 So Great, so Good, so all my happiness:
 7 For I from all my Miseries am free,
 And see thy Glory on mine Enemy.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LV.

[*Exaudi Deus orationem.*]

- 1 **L**Ord, hear my Prayer! Hear my fervent Cry!
 Look on me, Lord! oppress'd with Misery.

- 2 Mingled with sighs, hear my Petition,
 And *bear* those *sighs*, and the deep frequent Groan;
 3 With Malice arm'd, and Rage, my Enemy
 Pursues me, and with Violent Cries draws nigh.
 4 My Heart within me is disquieted,
 And Death's black Cloud stoops hov'ring o're my Head
 5 Horror and dreadful Fears astonish me,
 My melted strength's dissolv'd i'th' Agony :
 6 O had I VVings, as has a Dove, how then
 VVould I soon fly from the faln Race of Men !
 7 And to some quiet VVildernefs fly hence,
 Born with the Doves VVing, and Doves Innocence
 8 There would I rest, far from the Cries of wrong,
 In its vast Calm lost to th' spent Storms o'th' Tongue:
 9 Cleave the Malicious Tongues, and cut them out;
 For strife and wrong the City dwells throughout:
 10 I'th' midst of which, whilst these their VValls ^{surround}
 Th' Oppressors wrongs, th' Oppressed's Tears abound;
 11 Falshood dwells in their Streets, and in their Hearts
 Deceit bears Rule, and all its Curious Arts.
 12 'Twas no known Enemy dishonour'd me,
 I could have born th' expected Injury ;
 And from a Foe, who had himself declar'd,
 I had withdrawn my self, if unprepar'd ;
 13 But thou, my Friend ! Could I from thee fear harms ?
 Embracing me, hast crush'd me in thine Arms.
 14 One Counsel steer'd us, our Souls were knit as One,
 In Friendship's, and our God's Religion.

15 Let them be snatch'd away by sudden Death!
 And the Grave seize **their** unexpired Breath.
 For they themselves abandon to all Ill,
 Mischiefs, and they as in one Household dwell:
 16 But as for me, I to my God will flee
 For Refuge, and my God will rescue me.

17 At Evening, Morn, and Noon, I'll seek to thee,
 VVho wilt not shut out my continual Cry;
 18 'Tis He, who when i'th' Field a numerous Pow'r
 Beset me, or subdu'd, or brought them o're;
 19 Th' Eternal Rightful Judge heard my Appeal,
 And Vengeance 'gainst th' obdurate did reveal.

VVho being never waken'd by distress,
 Fear'd not the Lord; undone by happiness:
 20 VVho, faithless, his most Sacred Covenant brake,
 And a feign'd Peace, did VVars chief Engine make:
 21 His Lips dropp'd Balm, whilst his Heart Poyson meant,
 VVith healing Dews the killing Venom went.

Smoother than Oyl, flow'd out his Charming Words,
 But when believed, they were very Swords.
 22 O cast thy Burthen on the Lord! remit
 All unto him, and he shall care for it.
 He shall himself sustain the Righteous,
 VVhom, resting on his Pow'r, no Pow'r o're-throws:

But his Just Arm shall hurle th' Oppressor down,
 Down into the Pit of Destruction,
 The false and Bloody Man his Days shall never
 Fulfill; But I, trusting in God, live ever.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LVI.

[*Miserere mei Deus quoniam.*]

1 **L**ord, snatch me from the greedy Jaws of those
 2 Who are devouring me, the Contentious;
 From their beloved strife who never cease,
 But with new *Quarrels* daily rend my Peace.

Mine Enemies combine to swallow me,
 Pressing with Number and Sedulity;

3 This frights me, but when my Fears present are,
 I view my hopes, and the two strengths compare.

4 My hopes on thy help rest, of which thy Word,
 O thou my Praise ! th' assurance does afford.
 And what can any Arm of Flesh do now ?
 My Trust's *above* ; Injustice is *below*.

5 They falsely wrest my Words, and represent
 Another Sense, from what my clear thoughts meant;
 All their contrivances for mischiefs be,
 And their whole business is to ruine me.

6 For this they meet, weave curious Plots and dark,
 And my unwary Soul's plain footsteps mark.

7 O Righteous Judge ! shall safe Oppression thrive ?
 Thou shalt it down precipitately drive.

8 Record my Sufferings, and when wrong'd I mourn,
 Pour mine appealing Tears into thine Urne :

9 Thou art my Refuge, when on thee I call,
 O my known Aid ! mine Enemies must fall.

10 Thy

- 10 Thy Wor'ds my Trust ; thy promis'd Word, my Joy ;
 11 When thou wilt save, what Power can destroy ?
 12 My rescu'd Soul shall pay its Vows to thee,
 And thee, its Great Redeemer, magnifie.
- 13 For, from the Grave thou didst me back recall,
 Heldst my prone steps, put forth and ready to fall ;
 That I, thus rescu'd, might enjoy thy sight
 I'th' Land of th' Living, 'mongst the Sons of Light.

Psalm LVII.

[*Miserere mei Deus Miserere.*]

- 1 **I** Have no other Refuge, Lord ! but thee :
 Have mercy, Lord ! Have mercy, Lord ! on me.
 To the known safety of thy Wing I fly,
 Until the Fury of these Storms pass by.
- 2 On thee alone I all my hope have laid,
 O never-failing ! O sufficient Aid !
- 3 Thou, from the black reproachful Calumny
 Devours my Fame, shalt save me from on High.
- Truth shall descend, and vindicate my Cause ;
 And mercy save me from those Lyons Jaws,
- 4 'Mongst whom I dwell ; those Men whom Rage unmans,
 Rage, that lets loose the Beast, and the Man Chains ;
- Whose quick Reproaches pierce like sharpest Swords ;
 And Spears and Arrows are their killing Words.
- 5 Exalt thy self 'bove th' Heav'ns, O thou most High !
 And through all th' Earth diffuse thy Majesty.

6 They have press'd down my Soul, and dig'd a Pit ;
And hid in my plain Path a treach'rous Net :
The Net has caught themselves, and the false Pit
Beguil'd its own Contrivers wary Feet.

7 My Soul's possess'd, O God ! and full of thee,
Breaks into Praise, not to be' held in by me.

8 Glory, awake ! wake Harp ! and Lute ! and tell,
Tell, if you can, what is Ineffable !

And thou, my Soul, wake first ! wake all my Pow'rs !
Prevent the Morn, and give the Day more Hours !

9 Sing his loud Praise among the Nations !
Extend it wide as his Dominions !

10 Extend it 'bove the Clouds, 'bove th' Heav'ns extend ;
Mercy and Truth reach thither, where's no End.

11 Exalt thy self 'bove th' Heav'ns, O thou most High !
And through all th' Earth, diffuse thy Majesty.

Psalm LVIII.

[*Si vere utiq; Judicium.*]

1 **D**Oes Justice on your Judgment Seats reside ?
2 And Righteousness your awful Senates guide,
O Sons of Men ? O Sons of Men, *alone* !
From your great Parents Image *laps'd* and *gone*.

Your false Hearts favour Violence and Might ;
3 Contemn bare Truth, and poor and friendless Right
Born Truth's deserters and Right's Enemies,
Ye weave a Life full of deceit and Lies.

4 Poyson

- 4 Poyson from you, does as from *Serpents* flow,
 5 Like Poyson subtle, and destroying too.
 As the deaf Adder, so *you* stop *your* Ear,
 Kill on, and will not any Charmer hear.
- 6 Break, Lord! the Teeth of this degenerate Race
 Of Men, young Lions; and curse them from their Place.
 7 Like Water *pour'd* out, *be* they still melting down,
 Be empti'd quite, and drank up by the Ground.
- When they their cruel Arrows shall prepare,
 Cut the vain Shafts, and break 'em in the Air.
 8 Let them consume like Snails, and turn to slime,
 And like Abortives, fall before their time.
- 9 Swifter then Flames, can Heat, or Tempests flye,
 Rapt by thy Anger's Whirl-wind, let them dye:
 Be they with sense of Guilt and Wrath perplex'd;
 As a raw Wound by a rough Hand is vex'd.
- 10 The Just in Triumph shall the Vengeance see,
 And all the World convinc'd acknowledge thee:
 Doubtless (they'll say) there is a God above,
 Condemns th' Unjust, and does the Just approve.

psalm LIX.

[Eripe me de Inimicis.]

- 1 **S**Ave me O God! from those who 'gainst me rise,
 2 **S**From my Blood-thirsty, Cruel Enemies.
 3 They lye in wait to take my life; set on,
 Not by *my* sins, O Lord! but by *their* Own:

G 4

4 Their

- 4 Their Malice arms them, without mine Offence;
Behold, O Lord! and guard mine Innocence.
5 Lord of all Earthly, and all Heav'nly Pow'rs,
Visit the Heathen! Judge their Cause and Ours:

And punish those who causelessly transgress,
And sin out of malicious Wickedness.

- 6 As hating Light, and Enemies of Day,
They rowze at Ev'n; Creatures of Night and Prey:

- Snarling like Dogs, the City they invest,
When sleep Chains all, and all, but Malice, rest:
7 Sharp as their VVeapons, are their cursing Words;
They strike with both, and kill with either Sword:

And who shall hear? who shall revenge? they cry;
More high than us is *Israel's* most High?

- 8 But thou, O Lord! dost their vain boasts deride;
And shalt, contemning, crush the Insulters Pride.

- 9 Thou art my strength; I wait, O God! on thee,
My known Defence against mine Enemy.

- 10 Thou shalt prevent me, Lord! and let me see
Thy Vengeance, swifter than my wishes, flee.

- 11 Slay them not utterly, O God! lest we
Forget th' Almighty's signal Victory:
But be they through the VWorld, th' Examples known
Of Divine Vengeance, and Protection.

- 12 Let their own Curses blast them! and the Lies
Entangle them, which their own Lips devise;

- 13 Consume, consume them, that they may not Be;
That *Jacob*, and the VWorld may confess thee.

- 14 And now let them return at night, and grin,
And again compass despis'd *Sion* in :
15 Lost Wretches ! let them wandering seek for Bread,
And grudge and pine, because unsatisfi'd.
16 My ravish'd Tongue shall sing aloud thy Pow'r ;
17 Rise e're the Morning, and awake the Hours :
O my sole Refuge ! who hast set me free
In the great Day of my Calamity.

Psalm LX.

[*Deus repulisti nos.*]

- 1 O Just, O most offended God ! whose Hand
2 Has scatter'd us abroad, and mov'd the Land :
O turn ! O heal us ! and again make One
Thy wasted and divided Region.
3 Thou to thy People heavy things hast shown,
Made us drink off a deadly Potion :
4 But for thy Truth's sake thou hast now display'd
Thy Banner, and sent those who fear thee, Aid.
5 That thy Beloved, who thy help do crave,
May be delivered ; O hear, and save !
6 And thou wilt save, wilt the torn Remnant bless ;
For thou hast sworn, sworn in thy Holiness,

I will in Triumph *Sichem's* Land divide,
And give to mine *Succoth's* rich Valley's Pride :
7 Mine is *Manasses* ; mine fair *Gilead's* Fields ;
Ephraim's my Guard ; *Judah* my Scepter wields.

Moab

- 8 *Moab* shall serve, *Edom* I down will tread,
And the bold *Philistims* in Triumph lead.
9 Who into *Edoms* Forts secures my way?
And its proud Towers shall in Ruines lay?
- 10 Who, Lord! but thou? who thine Inheritance
Deserting ruind'st, returning shalt advance.
11 O turn to thy distressed Ones again,
Be thou our help, for all Mans help is vain.
- 12 Trod down by thee, our Enemies shall flee,
And we shall rise; Great God! we follow thee.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LXI.

[*Exaudi Deus deprecationem.*]

- 1 **F**rom out the utmost Coasts of Earth, to none
2 But Nature and my straying footsteps known,
O're-whelm'd with grief, I send up unto thee,
VWho fill'st each place, my no-where-distant cry.
O set me on the Rock higher than I!
High above Earth, Mans Land of Misery:
- 3 That Rock in whom alone I trust; whose Power
Has still my shelter been, and still my Tower;
4 Safe in thy House my cover'd Days I'll lead,
And trust that VVing whose shade obscures my Head.
5 For thou hast heard my Prayer, and for those
VVho fear thy Name, an Heritage hast chose.

- 6 Thou to the King a termless Life shalt lend,
Throughout all Ages, and when Ages end.
7 He shall still dwell with thee, let his Guard be
Thy Goodness, and Eternal Verity.
8 So shall I always bless thee, and each Day
Renew'd Thanksgivings humbly vow and pay.

Psalm LXII.

[*Nonne Deo subjecta erit.*]

- 1 **W**Hat e're the Terror or the Danger be,
2 My Soul still waits, still truly waits on thee.
For since my God is my Salvation,
My Guard, my Rock, I ne're can be o'rethrown.
3 How long will you 'gainst him God does sustain
Mischiefs devise, and wicked be, in vain?
Prone unto ruine, ye shall perish all,
Like a broke Hedge, or undermined VVall.
4 VVhom God exalts, their aim is to put down,
And level his advanced Station.
Spreading ill Fames and bold Infectious Lies,
Curse with good words, and with false Hearts they
(bless;
5 What e're their known or close Designs may be,
O thou my Soul! still on thy God rely.
6 For since my God is my Salvation,
My Guard, my Rock, I ne're can be o'rethrown.
7 God is my Refuge, God my Strength alone,
My Glory, and my sole Protection.

- 8 O all ye Sons of Men ! pour forth your Heart
In all Distress to him, He'll help impart.
- 9 Trust not the Poor, the Poor no help can give ;
Nor trust the Great, the Great will it deceive :
Put in the Balance them and Vanity,
And Vanity it self will over-weigh.
- 10 Trust not the Spoils of the Oppressed's Field,
Nor the vast Gains safe Robberies do yield ;
In none of Earths deceitful Treasures trust,
Nor the false Bounties of the Gilded Dust.
- 11 But trust in God. Thine Oracles Divine
Have oft to Mortals told, *All Pow'r is mine ;*
Proclaim'd thy Goodness too, who will dispence
To all our Actions their just Recompence.

Psalm LXIII.

[*Deus Deus meus ad te.*]

- 1 **O** Lord my God ! early I seek to thee,
E're the Day mount, and the chas'd Shadows flee.
My Soul, *so* thirsts, *so*, dying, languishes,
As here, my Body, where no Water is ;
- 2 That I thy Glories may behold agen
Within thy Temple, as I erst have seen.
- 3 For Life's less sweet than th' Joys thy Love does give;
Immortal Joys, which Souls but taste and live.
- 4 My Soul thus fill'd, shall Number o're its Days,
In Off'ring Thanks ; and live a Life of Praise.

O the high tastes of Souls thy Love inspires!
When they, in Praise, reflect th' ^{em}itted Fires.

- 6 Ravish'd upon my Bed I Thee have sought,
VVhen Night and Silence fed the mighty thought.
- 7 My Soul lies down i'th' Covert thou hast made,
Made by that Wing, where safety is the Shade.
- 8 O only Pow'r! whose Arm still rescues me,
My Soul does *still enjoy*, still *thirst* for thee.
- 9 They who pursue my Soul, shall be thrown down,
- 10 Be made the Sword's, and th' wild Beast's Portion.
- 11 The King shall in his God rejoyce; and they
With Praise rewarded be, who him obey;
For their black Mouths who do Untruths devise,
Shall be for ever clos'd; they, and their Lies.

Psalm LXIV.

[*Exaudi Deus Orationem!*]

- 1 **L**ord! save my life from those who 'gainst me rise,
- 2 My treacherous, conspiring Enemies;
- 3 Who whet their Tongues, and Words, as Darts, pre-
The Weapons of malicious, private War. (pare;
- 4 In secret hid, they warily take aim,
- 5 And 'gainst th' upright, level a guilty Fame.
Close, as their Snare, their selves in secret lye,
And, who shall see? who shall reward? they Cry.
- 6 They search for Crimes; what, without Fault, was done,
By wrestling, they interpret into One.

Their

Their thoughts are subtle, curious, and profound;
Pierce deep, as their malicious Hearts do wound.

7 But from th' Almighty's Arm, a sudden Dart,
Unseen, inevitable, strikes through their Heart.

8 Their fault'ring Tongue shall its own lies oppose,
'Maze the Confed'rates, and the Truth disclose.

9 All Men shall see and fear; and understand,
Vengeance came down, dispens'd by Gods own Hand.

10 And all the Just shall magnifie that Pow'r
Appear'd for them, and trust that Saviour.

Psalm LXV.

[*Te decet Hymnus Deus!*]

1 Praise waits thee, Lord! and Silence above Praise;
When Souls, no voice, equal to Thought, can raise:
To thine own Courts, in *Sion*, we will bring
Our humble Vows, and promis'd Offering.

2 O thou who hearest Pray'r! and grant'st the cry
Of the distress'd! All Flesh shall come to thee.

3 Our sins had cover'd us; Their vast account
O'rewhelm'd us, but thy Mercies did surmount.

4 O Bless'd the Man! O happy! thou hast chose,
Whose ravish'd Soul shall in thy Courts repose;
Who, with th' abundant Pleasures shall be fill'd
Thy House affords, and only it can yield.

5 How terrible thy Judgements, Lord! appear,
 When thou sav'st us, and learn'st the World thy fear!
 Hope of all th' Earth! All th' Earth on thee depend;
 And who to th' Terrours of the Deep descend.

6 Girded with Pow'r, who set'st the Mountains fast;
 And their sunk Roots, steep, as their Heights fast
 (plac'd.

7 Who charm'st the Winds; mak'st the wild Seas obey,
 And the Tumultuous People, wild as they.

8 Whose Pow'r in signs and wonders far is shown,
 As Natures Coast, or that of Being's known.
 Whom setting and returning Light does praise,
 And the full Circles of the Nights and Days.

9 Upon the teeming Bosom of the Ground,
 Blessings from thee descend, and Fruits abound.
 Thy Bounties waste not; but their River flows,
 Still full, still pouring forth, and no Ebb knows.

Thus for the Earth thou Blessings dost command;
 And all Flesh waits the Bounties of thy Hand.

10 Thy Rains make soft the Earths relenting Bed,
 Melt down the Mass, and wake the Life o'th' Seed.

11 Thou dost the happy Year with blessings crown,
 And thine abundant Clouds drop Plenty down.

12 Drop on the Pastures of the Wilderness,
 And all the little Hills the Donor blest.

Pastures

Pastures with Flocks abound ; with Corn the Field,
All, blest'd by thee, all, to thee Praises yield.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm LXVI.

[Jubilate Deo omnis terra.]

- 1 **L** Et all the World their diff'rent Voices raise!
And the one only Language speak, of Praise!
- 2 Sing forth his Honour, all ! Each his Part bear,
And in his Glory joyn the distant *Choire*.
- 3 Say all ! How terrible, Great God ! art thou,
To whose acknowledg'd Pow'r thine Enemies bow !
- 4 For all the World shall fall down to thee,
Confess thee, and adore thy Majesty.
- 5 Behold the works of God ! his wonders, done
For Man ; his terrible Salvation.
- 6 He stopp'd the Seas, and the commanded Heap
Stood fast, while the safe Host march'd through the
(Deep.
- 7 His Power fixes the Eternal Laws
Of Nature , firm and potent in their Cause.
He wakes for Man ; th' Obedient does sustain ;
But makes th' attempts of the Rebellious, vain.
- 8 O praise the Lord ! the God alone that's fear'd,
Praise him aloud ; make his just Praise be heard.
- 9 VWho keeps our Soul ; holds back the Fugitive ;
And gently winds it i'th' soft Bonds of Life.

Confirms

- Confirms our strength, sustains it from above;
And gives to our try'd footsteps, *not to move* :
- 10 For thou, O God ! hast us thy People try'd
As Silver, when i'th' Fire 'tis purify'd.
- 11 Thou brought'st our erring steps into the Snare,
And chain'dst us fast to Miseries and Care.
- 12 Our Enemies prevail'd, and trod us down ;
Subjected to a scorn'd Oppression.
- We, through the midst of Fire, and Water, went ;
And all the inhuman Arts of Punishment:
'Midst Fire and Water, and the extreams of Pain,
Thou brought'st us off, and safe restor'dst again:
- 13 Draw now, (my Soul) the withdrawn guilty Scene !
14 Present thy Suff'rings ; Woes ; Despairs, agen !
And what, amidst those Tortures, thou didst Vow ;
Be Just, and in Gods House, pay th' Off'ring, now.
- 15 Prepare the Altar ! kill the Sacrifice !
And in one Cloud, let th' invol'd Incense rise.
- 16 O all who fear the Lord, draw nigh ! and see
What his Almighty Goodness wrought for me.
- 17 In my distress, I to my God did call ;
And did his help, above all help, extol ;
- 18 I cleans'd my Soul ; should I to him address
Polluted Vows, who abhors Wickedness ?

And, O my God ! Thou heard'st me ; didst attend,
And from thy Heav'n a mighty Succour lend:
Bless'd ever be my God who heard my suit,
Drew nigh, rais'd up, and sav'd the Destitute:

Psalm LXVII.

[*Deus Misereatur Nostri !*]

- 1 **B**E merciful, O God ! Chace away Night !
 And blefs us with the Vision of thy Light ;
 2 That unto all the Earth thy way be known,
 Thy Univerfal, glad Salvation.
- 3 O let thy Name and Praise refounded be
 Through all dark Coasts of faln Humanity !
 4 How will the Nations joy, when God does reign !
 When Juftice comes, and Mercy dawns again ?
- 5 O let thy Name and Praise refounded be
 Through all dark Coasts of faln Humanity !
 6 Earth, as renew'd, shall then yield her increafe,
 And God, his own Mankind, all People, blefs.
- 7 O blefs us ! and make thine, All Nations !
 Be thy Redeem'd Ones, All ! and All thy Sons !

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LXVIII.

[*Exurgat Deus.*]

- 1 **O** Juft, O only Pow'rful God, arife !
 And fcatter thofe, dare be thine Enemies.

2 As Smoke, dispersing still, ascends and dies,
Or melted Wax, floating and formless lies ;
3 So perish the Unjust ! Let the Just live !
Live ever, and Immortal Praises give.

4 O sing *Jehovah's* Praise ! sing it aloud,
Who rides upon the Chariot of a Cloud.
5 The Orphan's Father ; Judge o'th' Widows Cause ;
Which he regards from out his holy Place.
6 Who gives an home to th' out-cast Family,
Leads forth the Prisoner from Captivity :

But the Rebellious, false to his Command,
Condemns to th' Labours of a thirsty Land.

7 O God ! when thou thy *self* didst *Israel* lead,
And of *our Host* thou Lord of *Hosts* wert Head,
8 Earth trembled ; and the melting Heav'ns drop'd
Sinai was loos'd from its Foundation. (down,

9 When Drouth had parch'd the Land, thou gav'st it
Renew'dst its spent, and wearied strength again. (rain,
10 For thou, thy Peoples want supply'st ; thy store,
O Lord of Bounty ! furnishes the Poor.
11 Thou gav'st us Victory, and inspir'dst the Song ;
Thus chanted, by the numerous, feeble Throng.

12 " Kings with their Potent Armies fled, and they
" Who sat at home, the weak, possess'd the Prey.
13 " Resume your hopes ! for though ye yet have lain
" In Beds of Clay, ye shall be bright again ;
" As the fair glittering Plume o'th' Dove is bright ;
" Guilded with Beams, and the rich strokes of Light.

- 14 " Thus were ye bright, when God did overthrow
 " Kings for your sakes, bright as is *Salmon's* Snow.
- 15 " Let conquer'd *Basan* boast no more ; God's Hill
 " Exalted *Basan's* Height does far excel.
- 16 " Nor boast your selves, ye other Hills ! what Hill
 " Can equal that where God himself does dwell ?
- 17 Dwell with the *Host* and all the Strength of Heav'n,
 In thousand thousand winged Chariots, driven ?
 I'th' midst of whom, as in his Sanctuary,
 God rests ; prais'd with Eternal Harmony.
- 18 To this great Choire Thou art gone up on high ;
 And with thee, Captive lead'ft, Captivity.
- And hast receiv'd the Donatives of Heav'n,
 V Which thou to men ; to men, thy Foes, hast giv'n.
 That the Rebellious Souls, thou did'st redeem,
 Might dwell with God ; & God might dwell with them.
- 19 O praise the Lord : whose Bounties ever flow,
 V Whose Love no Current has, but to bestow.
- 20 He gives Salvation ; He redeems our Breath :
 Frees from, or gives us Victory in Death.
- 21 But God shall wound his profess'd Enemies,
 Who wilfully persist in wickedness.
- 22 But I'll *mine own*, says God, in Triumph bring,
 As led through th' Sea ; or leading *Basan's* King.
- 23 That thou thy steps may'st wash, i'th' blood o'th' slain ;
 And Dogs, i'th' purple flood, their dip'd tongues stain.
- 24 We thy accustom'd Praises then shall see
 In the Processions of thy Sanctu'ry :
- 25 Where Voices led ; clos'd up, by th' *Instruments*,
Virgins i'th' midst, with waving *Timbrels* went.

- 26 O bleſs the Lord ! each *Iſraelite* bear his part !
And, loudeſt in the Conſort, bring his Heart.
- 27 How great's th' appearance ! There is *Benjamin*,
Who with their little Tribe, their Ruler bring ;
Judah their ſtrength, who ſits upon the Throne ;
Their Counſel, *Nepthali* and *Zabulon*.
- 28 What e're our Numbers be, our ſtrength alone
Is God ; O finiſh what thou haſt begun !
- 29 For thine own Temple's ſake, that Kings may bring
Their Gold ; and more, themſelves, an Offering.
- 30 Confound thoſe Men, who do themſelves deface !
The Bulls and Calves ; the Brutes of humane Race.
- Bring back the Man ! Bring him agen from far ;
But ſcatter thoſe who do delight in War.
- 31 Then ſhall their Princes come from *Egypt's* Land ;
And unto God, the *Ethiop* ſtretch his Hand.
- 32 O all ye Kingdoms of the Earth ! ſing Praise
To him, who was, e're the Beginning was :
- 33 Who rode above the Heav'n of Heav'ns of old ;
Whoſe mighty Voice is in loud Thunder told.
- 34 Sing the Great Pow'r of God ! known in his Love
To *Iſrael*, and in the Clouds above.
- 35 O Lord our God ! Great in thy holy Place !
Thou, with thy Pow'r, us bleſs ; we, Thee, with Praise !

Psalm LXIX.

[*Salvum me fac Deus !*]

- 1 **S**Ave, Lord ! I'm perishing ; the Waves o'reflow
 My Soul, are working still, and mightier grow.
- 2 I stick in the deep Mire's deceitful Bed,
 Still sinking, while the Stream runs o're my Head :
- 3 I'm spent and tyr'd, with my continual cry,
 My Voice is gone, and my hoarse Throat is dry.
- Waiting for God, my longing Eyes grow dim ;
 Yet *still* they wait ; languish and dye tow'rd him.
- 4 They who me falsely prosecute, exceed
 The Number of the Hairs upon my Head :
 Great, and unjust, my Right they overthrow ;
 Compell'd to pay them what I did not owe.
- 5 O God thou see'st my plain simplicity ;
 And my wrong'd Innocence is known to thee :
- 6 O let not those, dear Lord ! who wait on thee,
 Grow faint, and be discouraged for *me* :
 Hide my Example ! that, who seek thy Name
 Be not reproach'd and cover'd with my shame.
- 7 Because for thee, I'm fall'n into disgrace ;
 And thy dishonour's drawn upon my Face.
- 8 Cast out, I am my Brethren's stranger, grown
 An Alien unto my Mothers Son.
- 9 Zeal of thy House consumes me, they who thee
 Dishonour *most*, fall heaviest on *me*.

- 10 If I afflict my Soul, and fast and mourn,
I, and those Services, am made their scorn.
- 11 If clad i'th' Habit of my mind, they jest,
Deride my sackcloth, and the lowly Vest;
- 12 I am the Drunkards Song, those mean Souls hate
Who live in vain, and theirs who sit i'th' Gate.

- 13 Hated and scorn'd by all, to thee I flee
In thine own time, th' extreams of Misery.
O God of Love ! O God of Verity !
That Love, and that thy Truth deliver me.
- 14 Draw me out of the Mire; raise my fallen State;
Sunk i'th' deep Floods, and my Foes deeper Hate.

- 15 Let not the Deep devour me ! the deaf Wave
Swallow me up, nor close me in the Grave.
- 16 Lord, hear ! Lord, save ! O my sole help, draw nigh !
- 17 I'm perishing; Lord hear me speedily !
- 18 Thy self my Witness art; know'st my just Cries,
- 19 Know'st my reproach; and know'st my Enemies.

- 20 Reproach has broke my Heart, o'refill'd with Grief;
None pity'd me; I look'd, but no relief !
- 21 Dying for thirst, for *One*, last drop I call'd,
They gave me Vineger mingled with Gall:
- 22 Let th' *Altar* prove a *Snare* ! All *Good*
Turn Ill ! and as their Malice, be their Food.

- 23 Shut from their Eyes the Day; and with their night,
Horror dwell on them and a lasting Fright:
- 24 Let Vengeance overtake them; let them stand
The fury of a Just, Almighty Hand.
From out their hated Dwellings, pluck their Race,
- 25 And none Succeed to the condemned Place:

- 26 Because whom thou casts down, they more pursue,
Upbraid Afflictions; and thy stroke renew.
27 Let them add sin to sin; fill up the sum
Of their Injustice, and compleat their Doom.
28 Blot them out of that Book, where thou enrol'st
The Living Names of Just and Vertuous Souls.
- 29 But me, poor, and oppress'd with Misery,
Raise, O my God! and set me safe on High:
30 I then will Praise and loud Thanksgivings bring,
Thy most accepted, grateful Offering.
31 For thou with Smoke and Blood, less pleased art,
Than Praise, the Incense of a flaming Heart.
- 32 Thus let your Hearts, ye Poor! seek God and live;
Live, as Immortal as the Praise ye give.
33 God hears the Poor; and him, who here beneath
Has nothing but Captivity and Breath,
When into Praise, he does that Breath convert,
And gives it from th' free Altar of his Heart.
- 34 Ye Heav'ns and Heav'nly Pow'rs! your Maker bless!
Earth! Sea! and all therein, his Name confess!
35 For God will *Sion* save; and *Judah* Build,
And to his People its Possession yield;
To us and to our Seed, and to all them
Who love his Name, and praise and honour him.

Psalm LXX.

[*Deus in adiutorium.*]

- 1 **H**Aste, Lord! make haste my burthen'd Soul to free;
 Press'd down by Malice and Calamity.
 2 Defeat their Counsels and their Pow'rs confound,
 3 Who chase my Soul and its blest'd quiet wound:
 Turn the Reviler back oppress'd with shame,
 Whose fallhood does my Innocence defame.
 4 But the Just Soul that hopes in thee alone,
 That trusts his God, and his Salvation,
 Fill with thy Joy; and dry up ev'ry Tear;
 Let it begin its Hallelujahs here:
 5 But I am Poor, Poor and in Misery,
 O my Redeemer! O my God! draw nigh!

Thou art my Saviour; Thou my only stay,
 Lord help! and do not, Lord! that help delay.

[*Gloria of four Verses.*]

Psalm LXXI.

[*In te Domine speravi.*]

- 1 **O** Thou in whom alone my Soul does trust,
 2 Let me not perish ever! thou art Just:
 3 O be thy promis'd Arm stretch'd out to save
 When lost and helpless, I thy help do crave.

- 4 O save me from th' inhumane Cruelties
Of Men unman'd ; th' unjust and merciless !
- 5 For thou hast been my early hope ; and thou
My only Refuge, from my Youth, till now.
- 6 Thou took'st me from the Womb, to life didst raise,
And to this Hour sustain'st ; O still my Praise !
- 7 My Suff'rings are become a Prodigy,
Strange and unheard, yet still I trust in thee.
- 8 Save me, O Lord ! and fill my Mouth with Praise ;
Thine Honour be the Song of all my Days.
When strength forsakes me, do not thou forsake !
- 9 But mine Old Age to thy Protection take :
- 10 For, from the Prospect of my feeble State,
My Foes hope more Success unto their hate.
- 11 Take him, say they, he cannot scape unharm'd,
Enfeebled quite, and of his God disarm'd.
- 12 But, O my help ! draw nigh and succour me !
- 13 And let my Foes sham'd and dishonour'd dye !
- 14 When thus my *hopes* shall crown'd be with *success*,
I shall untyr'd, *still hope*, untyr'd, *still bless*.
- 15 I shall each Day thy great Salvation bless ;
And bless those Mercies I can ne're express.
- 16 Hope in thy strength, and in my Songs make known
Thy Righteousness, thy Righteousness alone.
- 17 Thus from my Youth, I'm taught to sing thy Glory ;
And of thy Goodness my whole Life's the story.
- 18 My God ! strength of my Youth ; hope of mine Age,
Leave not my Gray Hairs now, in Life's last Stage ;
Till

Till to the present times I have made known
Thy Power, and to all Succession.

19 How high is thy transcendent Justice! High
Above all Praise; who, Lord! is like to thee?

And how immense, thy Acts of Goodness are,
O God of Love, who may with thee compare?

20 How hast thou me into the deep cast down,
Rais'd up again, sunk lower than the Ground!

And how divided hast, 'twixt hopes and praise,
The Showers, and the Sun-shines of my Days!

21 Hast rais'd to honour my dejected Head!
And hast on every side me comforted!

22 Wherefore, for ever, Lord of Verity!
I'll sing the Honours of thy Truth and thee;
And on the Harp, loudly thy Praises tell,
O thou the Holy One of *Israel*.

23 My Lips shall sing thy Praise; my Soul shall sing,

24 And all my Pow'rs present the Offering.
For thou, my Soul didst with Redemption crown;
And trod'st my Foes into Confusion.

Psalm LXXII.

[*Deus Judicium tuum.*]

1 **F**ountain of Justice! Right's Eternal Spring!
2 Impress those Powers Divine upon the King:
And on his Son! Then shall He Right dispense
To all, and shield the Poor from Violence.

3 Mountains

3 Mountains and Hills shall yield the Fruits of Peace;
And Peace shall be the Fruit of Righteousness.

4 He shall the simple save, whom Fraud devours;
And the weak friendless poor, whom Might o'repow'r;
But the Oppressour shall in pieces break,
And on his guilty head just Vengeance wreak.

5 With Sun and Moon, he runs a Race of Pow'r;
Still glorious, still encreasing as their Hours.

6 He shall descend, as into Grass new mown,
Of its own Shade bereft, the Show'rs drop down:

7 In his bless'd Reign the Just shall be the Great;
And Peace shall wait on his establish'd Seat;
Still wait, 'till with the course of Sun and Moon
Time shall set too; when their spent Lights are done.

8 No Bounds shall measure his Dominion
Vast spreading, as the Seas vast Arms are thrown,
Beneath those shady Coasts, where to our Eye
The swelling Floud meets the descending Skye.

9 The Salvage Nations shall, reclaim'd, him bless;
He them shall cultivate, and their Wilderness.

His Enemies, such are the wild Unjust,
~~They~~ at his Feet, shall pining, lick the Dust.

10 The Isles shall serve thee, and the utmost Sea,
And *Saba* Gums and Spices bear for Thee:

11 All Nations shall present their Offerings,
And all their joyful Tributary Kings.

12 For when his Aid the poor and helpless crave,
He rescues them, as only Great, to save.

prone

His Goodness does the poor and needy spare;
And takes them, from themselves, to his own care;
Exerts his Pow'r then 'gainst deceit and might;
For dear their precious Blood is in his fight.

Live, O great King, for ever! And to Thee
Present its Gold, now, Happy *Araby*.
Successive Vows of Prayers, mix'd with Praise,
As Wreaths of Glories, circle all thy Days.
Dry Hills shall yield, from few seeds, vast encrease;
And Cities, flourish as the Field, with Peace.

Thy Name be Great to all Posterities;
Bless'd by all th'Earth, and who all th'Earth dost bless.
Be all the World fill'd with the Majesty
Of *Israel's* God, from whom all Wonders be:
And be thy Name, by all the Sons of Men,
For ever and for ever bless'd! *Amen*.

Hallelujah.

THE

The first of the year was a very
and the second was a very
and the third was a very
and the fourth was a very
and the fifth was a very
and the sixth was a very
and the seventh was a very
and the eighth was a very
and the ninth was a very
and the tenth was a very
and the eleventh was a very
and the twelfth was a very
and the thirteenth was a very
and the fourteenth was a very
and the fifteenth was a very
and the sixteenth was a very
and the seventeenth was a very
and the eighteenth was a very
and the nineteenth was a very
and the twentieth was a very
and the twenty-first was a very
and the twenty-second was a very
and the twenty-third was a very
and the twenty-fourth was a very
and the twenty-fifth was a very
and the twenty-sixth was a very
and the twenty-seventh was a very
and the twenty-eighth was a very
and the twenty-ninth was a very
and the thirtieth was a very
and the thirty-first was a very
and the thirty-second was a very
and the thirty-third was a very
and the thirty-fourth was a very
and the thirty-fifth was a very
and the thirty-sixth was a very
and the thirty-seventh was a very
and the thirty-eighth was a very
and the thirty-ninth was a very
and the fortieth was a very
and the forty-first was a very
and the forty-second was a very
and the forty-third was a very
and the forty-fourth was a very
and the forty-fifth was a very
and the forty-sixth was a very
and the forty-seventh was a very
and the forty-eighth was a very
and the forty-ninth was a very
and the fiftieth was a very
and the fifty-first was a very
and the fifty-second was a very
and the fifty-third was a very
and the fifty-fourth was a very
and the fifty-fifth was a very
and the fifty-sixth was a very
and the fifty-seventh was a very
and the fifty-eighth was a very
and the fifty-ninth was a very
and the sixtieth was a very
and the sixty-first was a very
and the sixty-second was a very
and the sixty-third was a very
and the sixty-fourth was a very
and the sixty-fifth was a very
and the sixty-sixth was a very
and the sixty-seventh was a very
and the sixty-eighth was a very
and the sixty-ninth was a very
and the seventieth was a very
and the seventy-first was a very
and the seventy-second was a very
and the seventy-third was a very
and the seventy-fourth was a very
and the seventy-fifth was a very
and the seventy-sixth was a very
and the seventy-seventh was a very
and the seventy-eighth was a very
and the seventy-ninth was a very
and the eightieth was a very
and the eighty-first was a very
and the eighty-second was a very
and the eighty-third was a very
and the eighty-fourth was a very
and the eighty-fifth was a very
and the eighty-sixth was a very
and the eighty-seventh was a very
and the eighty-eighth was a very
and the eighty-ninth was a very
and the ninetieth was a very
and the ninety-first was a very
and the ninety-second was a very
and the ninety-third was a very
and the ninety-fourth was a very
and the ninety-fifth was a very
and the ninety-sixth was a very
and the ninety-seventh was a very
and the ninety-eighth was a very
and the ninety-ninth was a very
and the hundredth was a very

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9

The THIRD BOOK of the
P S A L M S,
 PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm LXXIII.

[*Quam bonus Israel.*]

- ¹ **I**T cannot be, but the *true Israelite*,
 The pure in *Heart*, must be his God's Delight.
² Yet my foot slip'd, and I was almost lost,
³ When I beheld the *Fool* and the *Unjust*.
⁴ How *free's* their State! How *full* of Happiness!
 Flowing still on in *Vanity*, and *Peace*?

Their strength continues to Life's utmost Stage;
 And *Years* alone, not *weakness*, brings on Age.
⁵ From th' Common Lot of Man, condemn'd to Cares,
These are exempt; as Heav'n's *Peculiars*.
⁶ Hence, Pride invests 'em, and bold Insolence;
 Spoiling the Weak, th' are cloath'd with Violence.

7 With

- 7 With Riot fill'd, they, their swoln Eyes inflame;
 Yet their *excess*, can't their abundance *tame*.
 8 Oppress the *Virtuous*, and th' abandon'd Poor;
 Speak high; and *justify* their Wrongs by Pow'r.
 9 And having gone through *Earth*, 'gainst *Heav'n* they
 And raise their Blasphemy 'gainst the most *High*. (fly;
 10 Wherefore, the *People*, judging *such Men* bless'd;
 And *Vertue* *unregarded*, 'cause *distress'd*;
 Fall in unto them; who, their wants relieve;
 And from their flowing Cups, give them to live.
 11 For *thus* they say; God knows not our Affairs;
 Nor, from above, respects mean humane Cares.
 12 For lo! th' *Unjust* is great; th' *Oppressour* thrives;
 The World is made; and Mankind, for *them* liv'd;
 13 How have I cleans'd my Heart *in vain*! in vain,
 In spotless Innocence, wash'd out my stain!
 14 Have *unregarded* Suff'rings, long sustain'd!
 And *each Morn* languish'd, in *unheeded* Pain!
 15 Are then the Impious bless'd? is *Wo*, *our Lot*?
 Our *Patience*, and *Fidelity* forgot?
 Shall that high Race of Souls, which *mind* their *Birth*;
 Be for their *Vertue*, *still*, condemn'd on *Earth*?
 16 *This* cannot be; nor can *that* other be:
 Reason's *short sight* can't pierce the *Mystery*.
 17 Into thy *Sanctuary* then I went,
 And my dark Vail of Ignorance was rent.
 There, I beheld their *future*, dreadful *End*;
 The *Pit*, to which, their *fatal* *Glories* tend.
 18 How on a slippery Precipice, they stand;
 Rais'd thither, and thence thrown down, by thy *Hand*.
 19 How

- 19 How dreadful is their fall ! how sure ! how soon !
 Strook, by the Lightning of thy Vengeance, down.
- 20 And then, as waking, a Dream's Shadow flies,
 Fancy's vain Creature, and th' dread Vision dies :
 So vanish, when Thou hurlest them from their Seat,
 The *dreadful*, but *imaginary* Great.
- 21 False Cares thus vex'd my Soul ; and with true pains
 Wrought on my Body ; and went through my Reins.
- 22 So foolish was I, ignorant, and dull,
 As if turn'd *Brute* ; and acted by *His* Soul.
- 23 But *Thou* art *always* with me ! By thy Hand
 Of Providence, I Lord ! am *still* sustain'd.
- 24 Thy Counsel, and thy Wisdom from above,
 Guide me to *Glory* ; and immortal *Love*.
- 25 Whom have I in the *Heavens*, dear Lord ! but *Thee* ?
 Or *what* Good, on *this Earth*, can *satisfie* ?
- 26 All fleshly, mortal Objects, dye away ;
 And Hearts, that court those Objects, dye as they :
- But the pure heart, fixing its Love on *Thee*,
 Thou *strengthnest* ; and it loves Eternally.
 And Thou, whose love kindles th' Immortal Fire,
 Wilt *satisfie* the *infinite* desire.
- 27 And now, behold ! such as do stray from *Thee*,
 And seek *false Loves*, shall perish utterly.
- 28 But *I*, who *Thee* pursue, O my sole Good !
 My *only Hope* ! my *whole* Beatitude !
 Shall *ever live* ; shall ever live *with Thee* ;
 And praise Thee, and thy Works, Eternally.

Gloria of two Verses.

I

Psalm

Psalm LXXIV.

[*Ut quid Deus?*]

- 1 **H**Ast thou, for *ever*, us rejected, Lord?
 O why, are thy deserted Sheep abhor'd?
 2 Think on thy Flock! the *Price* thou didst advance!
 Thy Purchased; thy *dear* Inheritance;
 Remember *Sion*, where *thy self* hast fate!
 Behold the Mount! — See, Lord! 'tis *desolate*.
- 3 Lift up thy Feet, and tread the Spoiler down!
 Revenge our *endless* Desolation!
 4 The Foes *Blasphe*me thee in thy *House of Praise*;
 And, as defying thee, their Ensigns raise.
 5 The *softer* Forms, carv'd by the sweetening stroke
 6 O'th' Artist's *tender* Hand, lye rude, and broke;
- And the rough Axe, and Hammer, have beat down
 What *Art* could yield, or th' Pride of *Lebanon*.
 For, what to th' Builder, *erst*, did give *renown*,
 They count it *now*, *more* glory to *pull down*.
- 7 Thy Sanctu'ry, the Dwelling of thy Name,
 Burnt, and Unhallow'd is by *other Flame*;
- And th' Ax, *forbid* to raise the *peaceful* Pile,
 Does to the Ground, both *ruin't*, and *desile*.
- 8 Their Malice rages, as their Flames do burn;
 And all our Synagogues to Ashes turn.
 9 And, as our God had *quite* forsook us, we
 Nor Sign, nor Prophet see, nor Prophecy.

There's

- There's *none* can tell, *how long* their Cruelty
 'Gainst *us* shall last, and Blasphemy 'gainst *thee*.
- 10 O Lord! *How long*? How long this Misery?
 Shall it for *ever*, thus? for *ever*, be?
- 11 Where's thy *Almighty* Hand? thy *jealous* Arm?
 O pluck it forth! Guard *us*, and *them* disarm.
- 12 For thou canst help; thou, Lord! canst help *alone*;
 13 Earth's Refuge; and the World's Salvation:
 O God! my King of Old! who didst divide
 The Sea; and in it, brak'st the Dragon's Head;
- 14 *Pharaoh's* Proud Host, the bold *Leviathan*;
 Levell'dst his Pride; and shrunk'st him to a Man:
- Didst, with a Wonder arm'd, his Pow'r defeat;
 And threw'st him to the Vultur for his Meat.
- 15 Rocks, cleft by *thee*, were thaw'd into a *Flood*;
 And Floods, at *thy* Command, as firm Rocks stood.
- 16 *Thine*, is the *Day*; *Thine*, the Repose of *Night*;
 And the advancing *Sun*, shines with *thy* Light.
- 17 *Thou*, hast the Borders of the *Earth*, defin'd;
 Which stated Limits it shall ne're transcend.
 Giv'st Laws to *Time*, boundest its floating Tide
 'Twixt *Winter's* Ebb; and *Summer's* flowing Pride.
- 18 Remember, Lord! and let the *Fool* no more,
 Nor the *Proud* *Foe*, Blaspheme thy *obvious* Pow'r.
- 19 Give not thy faithful Turtle's Soul, away,
 Which to thy Bosom flies, the Vultur's Prey!
 Forget not *ever* the unremember'd Poor;
 Nor leave him in their Jaws, who thus devour!
- 20 Think on the Oath! All *Dens*, and *Coverts*, be
 Fill'd with the *Darkness* of their Cruelty.

- 21 Let not the Simple, *still* be sham'd ! but raise
 The Poor, and turn his anguish'd sighs to praise.
 22 Rise, Lord ! and thou *thy self* thine *own* Cause plead !
 The Fool, his *dayly* Blasphemies does spread,
 23 Forget him not ! Nor, Lord ! forget the Poor :
 For his successful Rage grows more and more.

Psalm LXXV.

[*Confitebimur tibi Deus !*]

- 1 **T**Hy Pow'rful Name, still nigh to the distress'd,
 O God of *Wonders*, and of *Love* ! we bless.
 2 When the Great Day of Recompence shall come,
 That Mortals must receive their *final* Doom,
 I, then, will judge according to the Laws
 Of Right; and vindicate th' Oppress'd's Cause.
 3 Vain Man is weak ; and the weak Earth is vain ;
 But I, Earth's Pillars bear ; and Man sustain.
 4 I bad the Fool, be *less* so ; bad the *Great*,
 Th' Oppressing *Great*, to Power *Limits* set ;
 5 Lift not your Horn on *high* ! and do not speak,
 Hurry'd by *wilful* Pow'r, with a stiff Neck.
 6 I gave you the command ye have ; nor *East*,
 Nor *West*, nor *South*, makes *potent*, or *distress'd* ;
 7 But *I* am Judge ; *I am*, who put down *One*,
 And set *Another* on his empty Throne.
 8 For in my Hand's a *Cup*, and the Wine's *red* ;
 Full mix'd ; and through the World distributed :

But

- But all the Dregs thereof, and fatal Lee,
 Shall the Ungodly's *deadly* Potion be.
- 9 "O Righteous God! thy Name we'll magnifie
 "For ever; we'll *for ever* sing to thee.
- 10 I'll break their Pow'r who in themselves do trust;
 And crown with Joys, the patience of the Just.

Psalm LXXVI.

Notus in Judæa Dominus.]

- 1 **I**N *Judah*, and in *Israel*, God is known;
 His Name's there great, and his *Salvation*.
- 2 In Peaceful *Salem* He hath pitch'd his Tent;
 And in Mount *Sion* God is resident.
- 3 There he the Battel brake; the *Shield*, and *Spear*;
 The *safeties*, and the *furies* of the War.
- 4 *True Honour*, thy Victorious Arms does crown;
 Which flies th' ambitious Robber's *false Renown*.
- 5 The Spoiler's spoil'd; and the triumphant Proud,
 Reft of his Glories, sleeps within a Cloud.
 No *fruits*, from his curst Ravages abound;
 His empty, guilty Hands, have *nothing found*.
- 6 At thy rebuke, the Chariot, and the Horse,
 O God of *Jacob*! fall and lose their Force.
- 7 *Who*, Lord! is to be fear'd, but thou, *alone*?
 And *who* can stand the Power of thy *Frown*?
- 8 When thou, the Heav'ns, didst with thy Terrours fill
 Of Judgment, the Earth *trembled*, and was *still*.

- 9 And when thou didst appear for the distress'd,
 To save the Meek, and helpless Man, oppress'd;
 10 The *fierceness* which thou *tam'dst*, turn'd to thy *Praise*;
 And th' Ravages *restrain'd*, thine *Honour* raise.
 11 To your Redeemer, ye redeem'd Ones! Vow;
 Vow, and perform; and with your Presents bow.
 12 Princes unbounded Spirits he'll refrain;
 And o're the Kings of Earth with Terrour Reign.

Gloria of four Verses.

Psalm LXXVII.

[*Voce mea ad Dominum.*]

- 1 **U**Nto my God, *aloud* I cry'd; and He
 2 Heard me i'th' day of my Calamity.
Wasted with pains, when I found *no* relief;
 And Night's *slow* Hours, *told*, *heavily*, my grief.
 3 *Then* I remembred God; and 'midst my Pains,
 My anguish'd Spirit thus to him complains.
 4 Thou hold'st mine Eyes, heavy to sleep, awake;
 Whilst over-whelm'd with Grief, I nothing spake:
 5 But in my anxious thought, I *drew* the *Scene*
 O'th' *Days* of *Old*, and th' Mercies, *erst* had been:
 6 *How*, in the midst of *Night*, my joyful Tongue
 Gave thanks to thee; and thy great Praises sung.

And *then*, my Soul into it self withdrawn,
 Viewing its *present* state, did *thus* complain.

- 7 Will God for *ever* cast me off? and be
No more, no more inclin'd to pity me?
- 8 Is Mercy, *clean*, for *ever* gone? and shall
the *Promise* of the God of Truth, *now* fail?
- 9 Has God, his tender pity *quite* forgot?
His Love's Eternal Spring, and Fountain *shut*?
- 10 Vain thought! look *back*, my Soul! and see
The Years of the *Right Hand* of the *most High*:
- 11 Present Times *past again*, and *there* behold
His works of *Love*, and *wonder*, done of *Old*.
- 12 Fix these great Thoughts *within* thee; and proclaim
His Works to *All*; and th' Honour of his Name.
- 13 Thy ways, O God! though *hid* to our faint sight,
Alike in *Goodness*, and in *Pow'r* are Great.
- 14 By *thee*, O God! *alone*, are Wonders done;
Who hast thy strength, 'midst *all* the People shown.
- 15 Thy *Israelites*, *Jacob's*, and *Joseph's* Seed,
In Bondage held, thy Pow'rful Arm has freed.
- 16 The Waters *saw* thee, and the frightened Flood
Shrunk back; while th' *naked* Depths *amazed* stood.
- 17 Thine Arrows flew abroad; dreadful, and loud;
And *new* Floods pour'd down from the breaking Cloud.
- 18 From out the breaking Cloud, shot flames of light;
And Thunder roar'd; Earth trembled with the fright.
- 19 In the Deep Waters lies thine *unknown* way;
Whose *viewless* Path the *clos'd* Waves ne're betray.

20 Thy People's Shepherds, *Moses*, and *Aron*, led
Safely thy Flock ; by thee from Bondage freed.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LXXVIII.

[Attendite Popule.]

- 1 **H**ear, O my People ! Hear, O *Israel* !
- 2 Encline your Ears unto my Parable !
- 3 I will unfold dark Sentences of *Old* ;
Which both our *selves* have *known*, and *Fathers* told,
- 4 That *we*, the same, should to our *Children* tell,
And to *Succession* Gods great Acts reveal.
- 5 For to our *Fathers* he gave *Laws* ; to be
- 6 Observ'd by *them*, and their *Posterity*.
- 7 That, taught his *Mercies*, and his *Judgments*, they
Might always hope in *him* ; and *him* obey :
- 8 And not be like their *Fathers* ; who, forsook
His *Laws*, and their *own* froward Counsels took.
- 9 Like *Ephraim's* *Children*, soon discomfited,
Who 'gainst the Battel arm'd themselves, and fled.
- 10 They soon forgot the *Laws* he gave ; and soon
- 11 Forgot the *Wonders* his great Pow'r had done.
- 12 The *mighty Wonders* which their *Fathers* saw ;
Wonders, which did the Proud *Aegyptian* awe.
- 13 'Twixt the divided Sea he made a way ;
Whilst firm, as their own Banks, the steep Waves lay.

- 14 By *Day* a *Cloud* conducted them; by *Night*
 From out a *flaming Pillar* issued *Light*.
 15 Full streams gush'd forth, from out the *Rocks* he clave,
 16 Which, to their thirst, supplies like *Rivers* gave.
- 17 Yet *still* they sinn'd; and by a *new* desire
 18 Tempt him again; their *Lust* does *Meat* require.
 19 He cleft the *Rocks* (said they) and *Streams* did flow;
 20 But can he *here* prepare a *Table* too?

Can He, within this *barren* *Wilderness*,
 With *Bread*, and *Flesh*, his *wand'ring* *People* bless?
 21 God heard this, and was *Wroth*; and his just *Frown*,
Wrapt in *consuming Flames*, sent *Vengeance* down.

- 22 Because they, *faithless*, his great *Conduct* fear'd;
 23 Though *new Salvations* every *Day* appear'd:
 24 For he had *Manna* rain'd; and from the *Cloud*
 25 *Another* *Plenty* drop'd, ev'n *Angels Food*.

- And unto *Man*, *Rebellious Man*, had giv'n
 26 To eat, who eat and *loath'd*, the *Food* of *Heav'n*.
 27 And now, he gives *Command* to th' *Winds*, and they
 28 Do the desired *Flesh*, to th' *Host* convey.

- Clouds, fraught with *Quails*, a choice *Provision* bring;
 29 Which flew to th' *Camp*, not born on their own *Wing*.
 30 So they did eat, and were well fill'd; for he
 31 Gave what their murmur'ing *Lust* did *satisfie*.

But 'midst their *wanton Food* *Vengeance* drew nigh;
 And overtook the curst *Satiety*.
 He slew the *choicest* of them; and his just
 Incensed *Wrath* reveng'd the *prosp'rous Lust*.

- 32 Yet *still* the *Remnant* sinn'd; and though, *before*
Their Eyes, Judgment *march'd* on, sinn'd the *same* sins o're.
- 33 Wherefore their Years did he condemn to pain;
 And they, Life's Treasure wasting, liv'd in *vain*.
- 34 When *Death* devour'd them, they seem'd, *then*, t'enquire
 35 For God; who *still* was *God*, during their *fear*.
 36 But th' Hypocrites *bely'd* their *Hearts*; for they
 37 Were not *upright*, and *stedfast* in his way.
- 38 Yet he, *still* Merciful, *still* inclin'd to save,
 Full of Compassion, *still*, their sins forgave:
Check'd his fierce Anger; made his Vengeance *stay*;
 And *through* his Wrath, for Mercy, forc'd a way.
- 39 For he well knew frail *Flesh* was as a blast;
 A Wind that ne're returns, when once 'tis past.
- 40 How oft i'th' WilderNESS did they rebel?
 41 Requiring *such* and *such* a *Miracle*?
- 42 They *soon* forgot his Works; that glorious Hand
 Whose Wonders did Deliverance *command*.
- 43 The pow'rful Signs 'mongst the *Agyptians* shown;
 And th' dreadful Miracles to *Zoan* known.
- 44 How he had turn'd their Waters into *Blood*;
 So that they could not drink th' *infected* Flood.
- 45 Had sent against them, the most *Powerless*
 Of all his Creatures, Armies of *Frogs* and *Lice*.
- 46 Their Labours, to *themselves*, no Fruit did yield;
Commanded Locusts ravaged the Field.
- 47 Beat down by *Hail-stones*, their rich *Grapes* were lost;
 And all their *other* Fruits destroy'd by th' *Frost*.
 48 Storms

48 Storms of great Hail-stones on their *Castel* flew ;
And fiery *Thunder-bolts* the *Remnant* flew.

49 His *fiercest* Anger was against them sent ;
Their *anguish'd* Souls were *their own* Punishment.

Horror, and *Conscious Guilt*, and black *Despair*,
50 To *those*, he sent, their *own Ill Angels* were.
51 Then *Death* was *loos'd* ; 'gainst the *First-Born*, impow'r'd ;
All whom, the swift *Plague*, in *one Night* devour'd.

52 But for his *own*, He *other measures* took ;
And led them in the *Desart*, like a *Flock*,
53 Led them *through Seas*, when the stupendious *Wave*
To their Foes *Death* ; to them, *safe passage* gave.

54 Brought them to th' *Border* of his *Sanctu'ry* ;
The *Purchase* of the *Arm* of the *Most High*.
55 Cast out the *Heathen* ; and assign'd by *Lot*
To *Israel's Tribes*, the *Conquests* he had got.

56 Yet *still* they tempted him ; *still* went astray ;
Taking their *own*, they soon forgot *his way*.
57 False, like their *Fathers*, they forlake their *Guide* ;
Like a deceitful *Bow*, starting aside.

58 For, the *Desertors*, *carved* God's ador'd,
Dull Gods of *Wood* ; forsook the *Living Lord*.
59 Who therefore *loathing* them, from *Shiloh* went ;
60 The place where God, with *Men*, had pitch'd his *Tent*.

61 His captiv'd *Ark*, gave to the *Enemy* ;
62 And *them* to *Death*, and to *Captivity*.
63 Their *Young Men* *Fire* consum'd ; their *Priests* the
64 No *Marriages* were made ; nor *Deaths* deplor'd. (*Sword* ;
65 *Then*

- 65 *Then* God, as Men *refresh'd* by *sleep*, arose;
 Or strong ones *fill'd* with *Wine*; and on his Foes
 66 *Revenge'd* his *captiv'd* *Glory*; whom he smote
 With *Plagues*, which *paine*, and which *dishonour* brought.
- 67 The Ark return'd, He *Joseph's* Tribe *refus'd*
 To be its Seat; nor *Ephraim* did chuse;
 68 But *chose* the Tribe of *Judah*; and the Hill
Sion, where he, *alone*, delights to dwell.
- 69 And there he, built his Sanctu'ry on *High*;
 Fix'd, like the Earth's firm Roots, *perpetually*.
 70 Then, from the *Fold*, his Servant *David* took;
 71 To be the Shepherd of his *own* Great *Flock*.
- 72 Who, faithfully, the happy People fed;
 And, with a prudent Conduct, safely led.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm LXXIX.

[*Deus, venerunt Gentes.*]

- 1 O God! into thine *own* Inheritance
 The Heathen are *broke* in; who do advance
 Their Ensigns on thy *sacred Mount*; defile
 Thy *Temple*, and the place where thou dost dwell.
- 2 *Jerusalem's* a *Heap*. The Slaughter'd they
 Cast out to be th' wild Beasts and Vultur's Prey.
- 3 Their Blood, like *Water*, round about is shed;
 And *none* are *left* to see them Buried.

- 4 Our Neighbours, now, express their *utmost* Hate,
All scorn, reproach, and wound the *Unfortunate*.
5 *How long?* O Lord! Lord! wilt thou *ever*, thus
Forsake? thus, *ever*, wilt thou punish us?
6 O turn! and pour thine Indignation
Upon the Heathen, where thy *Name's unknown*.
7 Who *thee* Blaspheme; devour *thy* Israel;
And *who* lay waste the *place* where *thou* dost dwell.
8 O Lord! Remember not our *former sin*!
9 Forget, how *most* *Rebellious* we have been!

Call *back* thy Mercies! call them *speedily*;
For we are faln to th' *lowest* Misery:
God of Salvation, help! Help, for *thy* *Name*!
Thy *Glory* is reproached in our shame.

- 10 *Why* should the Heathen say, *Where* is their God?
Revenge *thy* *Glory*, and thy *Servants* *Blood*!
11 O hear the *Captives* *sighs*! their *trembling* *Breath*!
And save those *helpless* *Souls*, are *chain'd* for *Death*.
12 To those, who durst reproach thine honour'd *Name*,
Give back a manifold return of shame.
13 So *we*, thy *Flock*, shall to *thee* *Praises* send;
All, shall *continue* them; but *none*, shall *End*.

Psalm LXXX.

[*Qui regis Israel, intende !*]

- 1 **G**reat Shepherd of thy People *Israel*,
Who 'midst the winged Cherubim dost dwell;
Regard ! and from the Glories of thy Throne,
Upon thy Flock, thy Beams of Light show'r down.
- 2 Lead *thou* our Armies ! Before *Benjamin*
Advance ! *Manasseh's* Tribe, and *Ephraim*.
- 3 Turn us, O God ! dispel our heavy Night !
Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.
- 4 How *long*, O Lord ! wilt thou displeas'd appear
With *those*, who lowly offer up th' Address of *Prayer* !
- 5 Tears are our *Drink* ; and we with Tears are fed ;
Which thou hast plenteously measured.
- 6 To those about us w'are become a *Snare* ;
VVhilst they *contest*, how they may *Israel* share.
- 7 Turn us, O Lord ! dispel our heavy Night !
Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.
- 8 Thou, out of *Egypt*, didst transplant a *Vine* ;
Didst root the Heathen *out*, and set *that*, *in* ;
- 9 It, over all the Land, did prosp'rous grow ;
Drop'd on the *under shrubs*, and kept them *low*.
- 10 Rose 'bove the Hills, and bless'd them with its *shade*,
VVhich *vast* was, as is *that* by Cedars made ;
- 11 Threw its fair Arms, down to the River's side ;
VVhence to the Sea, th' extended Branches spread.

- 12 *Why* hast thou *all its Fences* rooted out ?
 So that who-e're pass by, pluck off her *Fruit* ?
 13 *Why* is it giv'n a spoil, to the *wild Boar*,
 And *other Beasts* o'th' *Forrest*, to devour ?
 14 *Return*, O God of *Hosts* ! Visit the *Vine* !
 And the exposed *Vineyard*, which is *thine* :
 15 And that *selected Branch*, chose out among
 The rest, which, for thy self, thou mad'st so strong.
 16 It undergoes a numerous Fate ; *cut down* ;
 And *burnt* with Fire ; and *blasted* with thy Frown.
 17 Support the *Man* of thy *Right Hand* ! Arise,
 Great God ! Raise *him*, confound his Enemies.
 18 So, O our strength ! we'll not go back from thee ;
 Help us, that we thy Name may glorifie.
 19 Turn us, O Lord ! dispel our heavy Night !
 Salvation waits on thy *Victorious* Light.

Psalm LXXXI.

[*Exultate Deo adjutori !*]

- 1 **T**O God, our strength, let us our Voices raise
 2 In Psalms, on all the Instruments of Praise !
 3 In the *appointed Feast*, when the *New Moon*
 Varies her Light, be the loud *Trumpets* blown.
 4 For *Israel*, of *Old*, commanded was
 To keep this *Statute*, and this *Law* of Praise.
 5 When the tyr'd Captive was from *Egypt* led, (freed.
 From their strange *Tongue*, and from their *thraldom*
 6 'Twas

6 'Twas I (says God) brake the *Egyptian Chain*;
Loos'd him; and gave him to *Himself* again.
Threw down the Burthen; on his Shoulders lay;
And his spent Arms releas'd, from moulding Clay.

7 Heard thy afflicted Cry, and answer'd thee
By Thunder, that my Pow'rful Aid was nigh.
Try'd thee at *Massah*, when thou murmur'dst there.
Sated thy Thirst, and did ev'n *Murmurs* hear.

8 Then gave thee Laws; hear, *Israel*! Bow thy Knee
9 Unto no *Other* God; no God but *Me*.

10 'Twas I, from *Pharaoh's* Power rescu'd thee;
And who, *alone*, can all thy Wants supply.

11 But *Israel* would none of *Me*; forsook
12 His *God*; and his *Own* wandring Counsels, took.
13 O had my People *Me* obey'd, how soon
14 Had I, beneath them, trod their Enemies, down!

15 My *Foes* had soon submitted; but *their* Day
No Night had clos'd; nor shall, who me obey.
16 With finest Flow'r of Wheat, I had them fill'd;
And flowing Honey, from the Rock distill'd.

Psalm LXXXII.

[*Deus stetit in Synagoga.*]

1 GOD in th' Assembly of the Princes, stands;
Judge of those Earthly Gods, and their *Command*.
2 How dare ye in *his* sight, wrong Judgment give?
The great Unjust, or guilty Friend receive?

- 3 You are intrusted with the *Fatherless*,
 4 Who want a *Bribe*; and whom no favours bless.
Tours are the *Poor*, who flying to the *Laws*,
 Bring *nothing*, but a *barren Righteous Cause*.

- Th' *Oppressed*, and the *Out-casts* are your care;
 Who, what th' *Oppressor left*, beg you would spare.
 5 But you'll not hear; you will not understand;
 Your Souls are *Slaves*, and at your *Lusts Command*.

- You walk in *Darkness*, in *despite* of *Light*;
 Move the *Foundations*, and the *Bounds* of *Right*.
 6 I've said you're *Gods*, the *Sons* of the *Most High*;
 And *such* are those *Great Souls* who *Earth* despise.

- 7 But ye *Unrighteous Souls*! your selves *degrade*:
Dye Men, then! *Dye*, what ye your selves have made.
 8 Judge of the *Earth*, arise! send *Justice* down
 From *Heav'n*, on th' *injur'd World*, which is thine own.

psalm LXXXIII.

[Deus quis similis.]

- 1 **R**ise, Lord! thine *Enemies* beat thick *Alarms*,
 2 And round about us joyn confed'rate *Arms*
 3 To root us out; that we be but a *Name*;
 4 And live but in a long *dishonour'd Fame*.
 5 Incestuous *Moab*, and the *Ismaelites*,
 6 Join with the *Hagarens*, and *Edomites*.
 7 *Gebal*, and the *Amalekites* conspire
 With *Ammon*, th' *Philistins*, and them of *Tyre*.

- 8 The Powerful *Assyrians* too, combine,
And joyn in League with *Lot's* detested Line.
9 But, as thy Vengeance *Midian* overtook,
Jabin, and *Sisera*, at *Kison's* Brook,
10 Whose Slaughter'd Carcases at *Endor*, flung
To Birds, and Beasts of Prey, became as Dung ;
11 So perish these: And may their Rulers all
Like *Zeb*, and *Oreb*, and *Zalmunna*, fall.
- 12 Who said, Gods Houses, all the Land throughout,
Our *selves* will enter, and the *God* cast out.
13 Render their giddy Counsels like a *Wheel* ;
Let them, like Chaff, by Whirl-winds hurry'd, reel.
14 As raging Flames consume a growing Wood,
Born down, as by a swift impetuous Flood,
Whence their bright Waves o're the steep Mountains
All their fair crowns of Trees, to Ashes turn: (born,
- 15 So blast them with the Tempest of thy Frown ;
And with thy dreadful Vengeance, hurl them down.
16 Confusion cover them, and lasting Shame,
17 That, *perishing*, they may confess thy Name.
18 That thou, O our *Jehovah* ! maist be known
To be the Highest, to be God alone.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm LXXXIV.

[*Quam dilecta.*]

- 1 **H**ow highly ravishing, Great God of War!
Where thou hast chose thy Seat, thy dwellings are?
- 2 My longing Soul *faints* for thy Courts, and thee;
Nought else, the thirst of *Souls*, can satisfie.
- 3 The Sparrow, Lord! may *nigh* thine Altars rest;
And Swallow, *undisturbed*, build her Nest.
- 4 But *happy they*, who in thy House of Praise,
Hon'ring thy Name, number their joyful Days.
- 5 And *happy they*, who do thy Laws fulfill,
And in *thy strength* approach thy *Holy Hill*.
Who think on nothing *more*, than on those *ways*
Which to thy Temple *lead*, and House of Praise.
- 6 Whither, though they through thirsty Desarts go,
Yet, for their use, commanded *Springs* do flow;
Or fill'd with Floods, descending from the Skie,
The swelling Pools do all their wants supply.
- 7 These happy Troops, i'th' *Stated Feasts* o'th' Year,
Before their God in *Sion* do appear.
- 8 Lord! hear; and grant my Heart's unfeign'd Address/
9 And with thy Presence thine Anointed bless.
- 10 For in thy House *one day* is better far
Than in *another place*, a *thousand* are;
I would despise the *Courts*, and glorious *State*
O'th' Wicked, for the *Threshold* of thy *Gate*.

- 11 For what's more glorious than the Soul that's *thine*?
 Who *Grace* bestow'st, and *Glories All-Divine*?
 Who dost to those who do *uprightly* live,
 O *Sun*! O *Shield*! O *God*! all *good things* give.
 12 O Lord of Hosts! how *surely* blest'd is he
 Who quits all *other* strength, and trusts in *thee*.

Psalm LXXXV.

[*Benedixisti Domine.*]

- 1 **L**ord! Thou hast *own'd* thy People; set them free;
 And brake the Chain of their Captivity.
 2 Turn'd back thy Wrath, and all the Plagues it sent;
 3 Releas'd our *sins*, and their due *Punishment*.
 4 Turn *us* now, Lord! as thou thy *Wrath* didst turn;
 That neither *we* may *sin*, nor thy *Wrath* burn.
 Check our *renewing* Evils; and oppose
 The *still-advancing* Powers of our Foes.
 5 Wilt thou for *ever*, Lord! displeased be?
 Extend thy *Wrath* to *all Posterity*?
 6 Shall Mercy be *no more*? *No more* revive
 Our Souls, which only, joying in thee, live?
 7 God of Salvation, *save*! and manifest
 Thy Mercies, which *alone* can make us blest'd.
 8 Speak Lord! for thou'lt speak *Peace* to *those* who mourn
 Their Sins; if they *no more* to *folly* turn.
 Salvation keeps those who keep God's Command;
 9 And brightest Glories over-spread their Land.

10 *Mercy*

- 10 *Mercy there* joyns with *Truth* ; and *Righteousness*
Meeting with blessed *Peace*, each other kils.
- 11 *Truth* shall from th' *Earth*, a *new encrease* be giv'n ;
And *banish'd* *Righteousness* look down from *Heav'n*.
- 12 Yea, God will such with all his good things bless ;
- 13 And th' *Earth* shall pour forth her *full Encrease*.

The Just shall reap, what *Heav'n* and *Earth* can yield ;
Graces of *Heav'n*, and Bounties of the *Field*.
Thus God appears for those who him obey ;
Whom Justice goes before, and *signs* his *Way*.

psalm LXXXVI.

[*Inclina Domine.*]

- 1 **B**ow down thine Ear, O Lord ! and hear my Cry ;
For I am *Poor* ; *Poor*, and in *Misery*.
- 2 Preserve my Soul ; for I thy *Laws* obey ;
- 3 Do *trust* in *thee*, and serve thee Day by Day.
- 4 Hear, Lord ! and my afflicted Soul relieve ;
- 5 For thou art Good, and ready to forgive.
- 6 Give ear, O Lord ! for thou wilt hear my Cry,
- 7 Pour'd forth i'th' Day of my Calamity.
- 8 Among the Gods, O Lord ! like *thee* is none ;
And *who* can do the Works that *thou* hast done ?
- 9 Man is thy Work, and his *dissenting* Race,
Those scatter'd Limbs shall *joyn*, and thus thee Praise.

- 10 " *Thou, Lord, art Great ! Thou art our God alone !*
 " *By Wonders, by Mans self, the Noblest, known ;*
 12 " *Shew us thy Truth ! and our seduced Heart,*
 12 " *From thee betrayed, unto thee convert !*
- " *Our Souls shall then for ever Praise thy Name ;*
 " *Inlightned by their first Original Flame ;*
 13 " *And blest that Mighty Love, which, when they fell*
 " *From thee, redeem'dst them from the lowest Hell.*
- 14 *O God ! the Mighty Ones against me rise ;*
Forces and Counsels joyn, and thee despise :
 15 *God of all pity ! O long-Suffering God !*
Fountain of Truth ! Mercy's unwasted Flood ;
- 16 *Behold the threatned Storm ! and from thy Throne*
Thy Forces, thy resistless Aids, send down.
Own thy weak Servant ! and by some blest'd Sign,
Tell my amazed Foes, that I am thine.

Psalm LXXXVII.

[*Fundamenta ejus.*]

- 1 **U**pon the sacred Mount the Building's rais'd ;
 2 **U** *Sion* there stands, and the lov'd House of Praise.
 3 'Bove *Jacob's other Dwellings* lov'd ; for God
 Has made thee glorious, with his own abode.
- 4 Talk not of *Rahab*, or of *Babylon*,
 To those to whom the greater *Sion's* known !
 Let no Man boast, he's born a *Tyrian*,
 A *Philistin*, or *Athiopian*.

- 5 For God a *firmer* Honour gives to *them*
 6 Who are the *Natives* of *Jerusalem* :
 For when he lifts the World, it shall be told
 From *thence*, are *Men* ; from *hence*, are *Saints* enroll'd.
 7 And in that honour'd *Cense*, all who *Praise* him,
 Are *Sons* of *Sion*, and *Jerusalem*.
 Who, those bless'd Springs, which his abundant Grace
 Sheds on their Souls, *return* again in *Praise*.

Psalm LXXXVIII.

[*Domine Deus.*]

- 1 **G**Od of Salvation, hear ! for unto thee,
 2 All Day and Night, wasted with Cares, I cry:
 3 My Soul is full of Anguish ; and my Life
 Hastes to an *early* Grave, pierc'd through with Grief.
 4 I seem like one who is *already* dead ;
 Sorrow has *slain* me, e're my *Days* are *fled*.
 5 I'm like the *Slaughter'd*, whom the *Sword* sets *free*,
 Releas'd from Life, to th' Grave's *dark* Liberty.
 And like to *them*, I *unremembred* lye ;
 Shut from the *Light* ; and, Lord ! *forgot by thee*.
 6 Into the *lowest* Pit I am sunk down ;
 Down into th' Deep, and th' Land of Darkness thrown.
 7 And yet thy heavy Wrath *renews* the Load ;
 As VVaves urge VVaves, and re-inforce the Flood.

8 *No Eye* does pity me; I'm left *alone*;
My *Friends* are *fled*; for *Misery* has *None*.

Chain'd to my *Woes*, I, as in *Bondage*, lye,
Grief's *Captive*; and there's *None* to ransom me.

9 To *Thee*, O *Refuge* of my *Soul*! I turn,
Stretch out my *Hands* *all day*, and *all day* *mourn*,

10 Lord! wilt Thou shew thy *Wonders* 'mongst the *Dead*?
Shall the *clos'd Lip* praise Thee? and th' *Breath* that's

11 Shall the dark *Sepulcher* thy *Goodness* tell? (*fled*?
Thy *Truth* be shown, *there*, where *Life's* *Ruines* dwell?

12 In *Night's* deep *Cell*, thy *buried Wonders* known?
Thy *Justice*, honour'd in *Oblivion*?

13 O let the *Living* praise Thee! O let *Me*
Who, e're the *Dawn* appears, wake up to Thee.

14 Why, Lord! dost Thou my anguish'd *Soul* reject?
And not *One Mercy*, not *One Beam* reflect?

15 In *Sorrows* spent, I've numbred o're my years,

16 And for the *Hours* I've liv'd, *counted* my *Fears*.

My *God*! I dye; thy *Terrours* me surround;
Thine *Anger*, and the *Fury* of thy *Frown*.

17 Like *Waves* they swell; farther, and higher, roul;
And the vast *Deluge* overwhelms my *Soul*.

18 Those few, are yet my *Friends*, thou dost *remove*;
And banish from my sight their *useless* *Love*.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm LXXXIX.

[*Misericordias Domini.*]

- 1 **G**reat God of *Truth* and *Love* ! thy Name I'll praise
Ever ; and leave my Song to *after Days* .
- 2 Beyond the Bounds of Time thy Mercy's known ;
 And thy *Truth's* fix'd, as stable as thy *Throne* .
- 3 To *David* I have sworn, rais'd by my Hand,
 4 Thy Kingdom shall, *beyond* Time's ruine, stand.
- 5 The Heav'nly Host thy Wonders, Lord ! confess ;
 And all thy Saints sing loud, thy Faithfulness.
- 6 Who, mighty Lord ! with *Thee*, compar'd may be ?
 Nor *Earth* can yield, nor *Heav'n*, a God like *Thee* .
- 7 In their Assemblies, *Thee*, thy Saints revere ;
 And all the Great on Earth, with Terror, fear.
- 8 Who's strong like *Thee* ? *Thee* Truth surrounds, with ^{(bright,}
 But *softer* Glories, than thy Robes of *Light* .
- 9 Thou check'st the ragings of the angry Deep ;
 And in a Calm all its bold Terrours sleep.
- 10 *Egypt*, in *vain*, withstood thy Pow'rful Hand ;
 Thou didst destroy proud *Pharaoh*, and his *Land* .
- 11 The Heav'ns are *thine* ; *thine* is the Earth ; and *thine*
 Nature's vast VVealth, and inexhausted Mine.
- 12 All Coasts thou mad'st, praise *Thee* ; and to rejoice
 In *Thee*, *Tabor* and *Hermon* find a *Voice* .

13 Great

13 Great, *above pow'r*; and high, is the Command
Of thy Victorious, thine Almighty Hand.

14 *Justice*, before thy Throne; and *Judgment*, wait;
Mercy and *Truth*, Heav'n's *Ministers* of *State*.

15 O blessed They! who, on th' appointed Days,
Summon'd, attend Thee in thy Feasts of Praise.

They in thy Light shall walk; whose glorious Beam
Shed round them, shall *direct* and *cover* them.

16 Blessing thy Name, they *pass* their happy days;
And hon'ring thee, learn the *Delights* of Praise.

17 When they the Glories sing oth' *Pow'r Divine*,

18 They boast their *Own*; *theirs* is wrapt up in *thine*.
Thy Justice *them* exalts; *that* strength is *theirs*,
And *that* high favour which *for them* appears.

They're safe in thy Defence; and *then* they sing
Thy *People's* Bliss, when they sing *Thee* their King.

19 Thou, to thy Prophet, hast in *Vision* said,
To One that's *Mighty*, I *more* Help did add.

20 My Servant *David* I have *chose*, and shed
My sacred Oyl, on his Anointed Head;

21 My pow'rful Arm shall be his strong *Defence*,

22 And guard him from the Sons of Violence.

23 Before him I'll destroy his Enemies;

And strike with Plagues, those who against him rise,

24 But with *Himself*, my Truth and Love shall stand
For ever; and exalt his high Command.

- 25 His Scepter from *Euphrates* shall extend,
Till in the *Western Sea* his Regions end.
- 26 He shall, *Me, Father* call; *Me, God* alone;
And *Me, the Rock* of his Salvation.
- 27 And I, *Him, Heir* will make; the *first* in *Birth*;
And *First*, 'bove all the Princes of the Earth:
- 28 My Mercies *ne're* shall leave him; but as *sure*,
And stedfast, as my *Covenant* endure.
- 29 To his immortal Race, there shall be given
30 The *termless* Measure of the *Days of Heav'n*.
- 31 But, if they *break* my *Laws*, I'll them recall
32 With *Stripes*; will *punish*, but *relieve* the *Fall*.
- 33 For, my *sworn* Mercies, and *transcendent* *Love*,
Exceeding, *far, their Crimes*, I'll *ne're* remove.
- 34 For, though *They* break *their part* o'th' *Covenant*,
My Mercy shall confirm the *forfeit Grant*.
- 35 The Holy One of *Israel* shall *not* *lye*;
Nor th' *Oath* he *sware* to *David*, *falsifie*.
- 36 Thy Seed for *ever* shall endure; thy *Throne*
37 More glorious, more lasting, than the *Sun*.

And shall, beyond *Heav'ns* *second* *Light*, the *Moon*,
A Circle of *unvaried* *Glories*, run.
These conscious *Lights* attest my *stedfast* *Truth*;
Are *Witnesse*s of *Me*, and of my *Oath*.

- 38 But thine *Anointed*, *now*, thou hast *forsook*;
39 As if thou didst thy *Covenant* *revoke*;
No more regardest his *dishonoured* *Crown*,
But hast *struck't* off, and cast it to the *Ground*.

40 Thou

- 40 Thou hast his Strengths and his Defences broke;
And his firm Powers to confusion shook;
41 *Now* He's the Spoil and Scorn of *All*; to *All*
Expos'd, since *Thou* art *pleased* with his Fall.
- 42 He boasts *no more*, his Enemies overthrow,
43 *Thy David* is the *Triumph* of his Foe.
44 *How* are his Glories *fallen*! and *how*, their Light
Not *wan* and *fading*, but *extinguish'd* quite!
- 45 *How* are his youthful days, not *fully* ran,
Cut off! and measur'd by a *shorter* Span!
46 *When*, for thy Servant, Lord! wilt thou appear?
When quench the wrath of thy consuming Fire?
- 47 Remember, Lord! how *swift*, Life's Shadow hastes;
Man's days are *lost*, whose Hours *Affliction* wastes.
48 The *longest*, *freest* life, *must* end; and Death
Stops our *unfinish'd* Labours with our *Breath*.
- 49 O *where*, O God! *where* is thy former Love?
To *David* sworn, and registred *Above*?
50 O think on the *Reproaches* I endure,
Cast in my Breast, expos'd to th' *Men* of pow'r.
- 51 But stay not *there*; for what by them is thrown
'Gainst thine *Anointed's* Honour, wounds *thine Own*:
52 Whose hallow'd Name, has, *from all Ages*, been,
And be it ever bless'd! *Amen! Amen!*

Hallelujah.

Part of the FOURTH BOOK of the

PSALMS,

PARAPHRAS'D.

Psalm XC.

[*Domine Refugium factus es.*]

- 1 **O** Thou the Rock of Ages! thy high Seat
Has to us *ever* been a *safe Retreat*.
- 2 Before the *horrid Night* was chas'd away,
And sever'd from the *Ccnsines* of the *Day*;
E're *Being* was; or *Motion* receiv'd *Laws*;
But the *VV*orld *slept*, in *Thee* th' *Almighty Cause*,
Thou wert: And when *their* measur'd Race is run,
Thou shalt endure beyond Succession.
- 3 From *out the Dust*, thou hast call'd *VV*retched Man;
Then call'ft him *back*, and he is *Dust again*.
- 4 Shouldst thou *extend* his *Span*, *what* would it be,
Compar'd, O God! to thy *Eternity*?

For

For th' Ages of a *thousand Years*, thy sight
Beholds, but as the *past Hours of One Night*.
5 Upon Times floating *Stream*, our Years are *born* ;
6 The River *runs not back*; nor th' Years *return*.

Our Days seem as a *sleep* ; when we *awake*
Dying ; and on the *Dream of life*, look *back*.
W'are like the *Flower*, which in the *Morn* was *Gay* ;
But *cropt i'th' Evening*, *pale*, and *wither'd* lay.

7 Our Sins *provoke thine Indignation*,
And on our wretched *Life*, more *Plagues* call down.

8 We waste our Years in *Vanity*, and *Care*,
Whilst our dark Crimes *expos'd to Justice* are.

9 By *Trouble*, *Sorrow*, *Need*, *Sickness*, is drawn
The *Scene of Life* ; and *Fable of the Man*.

10 Our Life is *Seventy Years* ; if we attain
Eighty, those *feeble Ones*, are Years of *Pain* ;
So *soon*, or so *unuseful* our Days run ;
They *swiftly haste* ; and e're we *live*, th'are *gone*.

11 Yet thy fierce *Wrath*, though equal to our *fear*,
Who minds, till *Death's Eternal Hour* draws near ?

12 Teach us *Time's value* ; that the Years we have,
We may *redeem* ; and *rescue* from the *Grave*.
And may learn *Wisdom*, whilst we draw that *Breath*
Which, as a glorious *Prize*, we gain from *Death*.

13 Return, O Lord ! and be incens'd *no more* !
Remit our Sins ! and th' *Judgments* we deplore.

14 Give us an *early Mercy*, that yet we,
Our few *remaining Years*, may joy in thee.

15 Make a *return of Bliss* for those Years spent
In *Wo* ; and *worn out* by thy *Punishment*.

- 16 Be these thy Works of Favour, and of Grace,
Shewn unto *us*, and our Succeeding *Race*.
17 O Lord of Glories! with *thy* Conduct, bless
Us, and *our Works*; and crown them with Success.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XCI.

[*Qui habitat !*]

- 1 **W**Ho the *Almighty* his Defence has made,
May rest *secure* under the *Pow'rful Shade*;
2 'Tis God *alone*, whose strength can succour me,
All my dependence, Lord! and hope's in *thee*.
3 He shall thee free from the *dissembled Snare*
O'th' *Guileful*, and from the *Pest's killing Air*.
4 The safety of his *Wing* shall cover thee,
And his *sure Promises*, thy Refuge be.
5 *Night's* Terrors, nor the Arrows shot by *Day*,
Shall the *sure Peace* of thy firm Soul betray;
6 Nor the *dark Pest*, which, as in *Ambush*, kills;
Nor *bolder War*, which *Day* with Slaughter fills.
7 Thousands on *this*, Thousands on *that* Hand dye;
But the *vain Fury* shall not come to *thee*.
8 But, while thy self in *safety* art, shalt see
The *just Revenges* on Impiety.
9 O happy thou! who, 'cause thou dost rely
On *God*, and fix thy Thoughts on the *most High*;
10 Therefore

- 10 Therefore *no Plague* Shall ever dare t' infest
Thy Dwelling, nor disturb thy happy Rest.
- 11 He shall command his Angels to descend
For thee; the *Bless'd* shall on the *Bless'd* attend.
- 12 This *unseen* Guard, shall in their Arms thee bear
O're Dangers, that thy stumbling Foot not erre.
- 13 Thou shalt the Lyon tame, crush th' Adder's Head;
And on the harmless Poyson, *safely* tread.
- 14 Because (says God) his Love on *me* was set,
Rescu'd from Perils, I will make him Great.
- 15 He shall his Prayer make, and I will hear;
And will in Mercy *answer* his desire:
In Troubles I'll be *with him*; set him *free*;
And make his *Sufferings*, his *Honour* be.
- 16 When *satisfi'd* with Life, his Years are done,
I *then* will shew him *my Salvation*.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XCII.

[*Bonum est confiteri.*]

- 1 **H**OW Good, how *Pleasant*, are the Acts of Praise,
When we to Heav'n our Souls and Voices raise!
- 2 *Before*, the Stars, i'th' *Morn*, lose their pale Light;
And *when* their sparkling Fires *relieve* the *Night*;
- 3 By *all* the modes, the trembling Air is *shook*,
When sounds, *sounds meeting*, are in *murmurs broke*.
Upon

Upon the *Lute* and Ten string'd Instrument,
Joyn'd with the full, and solemn *Harp*, concert.

- 4 Lord ! in thy Works does my glad Soul rejoyce ;
And, as in *Triumphs* rais'd, lift up its Voice.
5 What Wonders *ev'ry where*, thy Works present !
How full of Order ! full of Ornament !

How deep thy Counsels ! and how dark to Sense,
Are thy mysterious Ways of Providence !

- 6 Ways which the Fool will never comprehend ;
Nor learn his own, and th' Just Mans, different End.
7 Not learn that Sinners, as Grass fully grown,
Fatally sprung, only to be cut down.

8 Eternal Lord ! Eternally most High !

9 See, how thine Enemies fall, and scatter'd lye !

- 10 But *me*, thou dost exalt ; and on my Head
Thy freshest Oyl, and softest Balm hast shed.

11 Whilst, as in triumph, I my Foes behold
Punish'd by thee ; and unto Vengeance sold.

- 12 The Just, like th' Palm, continual verdures crown ;
Or Cedars on the Head of *Lebanon*.

13 In thy bless'd Courts, planted, they take deep root ;
And, as by Age renew'd, then bear more Fruit.

- 14 That all may know, that God loves Righteousness ;
Will Sinners punish ; and the Just Man bless.

Psalm XCIII.

[*Dominus regnat.*]

- 1 **C**Loathed with *Glory*, God reigns King *alone* ;
 And arm'd with *Power* ; for what he *wills* is *done*.
 He has fix'd Nature's Laws ; by his Command
 All things were *made* ; by that Command they *stand*.
- 2 Thy Throne, of *Old* ; when th' *V*World was *nothing*,
 Thou, *from* and to Eternity, art *God*. (stood ;
- 3 The Floods, O Lord ! the Floods o'th' mighty rise ;
 Their o'regrown *V*Vaves the lower Banks despise.
- 4 O Mightier, Lord ! when *thy Frown* checks their Pride,
 All their swoln *V*Vaves in a low Calm subside.
- 5 In vain then they against thy Servants rise,
*V*Vhom thy *Truth* guards, and thy *sure Promises* :
- V*Vhom, with the Beauties of thine House, thou'lt bless,
 And the *true Decencies* of *Holiness*.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm XCIV.

[*Deus Ultionum.*]

- 1 **J**udge of the World ! who from thy Pow'rful Throne
 Behold'ft what ever on the Earth is done ;
- 2 Regard the *Proud* ! and on his guilty Head
 Pour down the Vengeance he has merited.

3 How

3 How long shall He *successful* mischiefs boast ?

4 In whose pursuit the Peace o'th' world is lost.

5 He rends in pieces the afflicted Poor,
And does thy weak, unguarded Flock devour.

6 Adds Grief to those, *already* in distress;
Slays the VVidow, Stranger, and the Fatherless:

7 Forgets the Recompence of the most High;
For God (says he) does not our Actions see.

8 Dull thoughtless Fool ! *When* wilt thou learn ? Shall he

9 VVho *made* the Ear, not *hear* ? the *Eye*, not *see* ?

10 Shall He, who by his *Judgments* does reclaim

11 The Heathen ; and *teach* them to fear his Name ;
Not punish *thee* ? He knows thy thoughts, weak Man !
Knows thy short reasonings, and those Thoughts are
(vain

12 But bless'd is he, who *thus* thy Fear is taught,
And by thy *Chastisement*, to knowledge brought.

13 For he will *Patience* learn ; and will attend
The Sinner's *fall*, and his *condemned End*.

14 Knowing that God is *Just* ; and will not leave
Th' Oppressed, nor th' Oppressor will forgive.

15 But to his *Judgments*, Justice shall give Laws ;
And by those Laws, th' Upright shall guide their ways:

16 In vain from *other* Pow'rs we aid expect ;

17 God does *alone* *Revenge* ; *alone*, *Protect*.

18 He saved me ; and when my Foot had *slip'd*,
Sustain'd by him, I my firm *Station* kept.

19 And, 'midst the anxious thoughts perplex'd my Mind,
On *him* reflecting, Joy and Comfort find.

20 For I consider'd, *Just* God does not own
The *Unjust* Counsels of the *impious Throne* :

Whose black Consults favour th' *unrighteous* Cause;
Rules for Injustice frame; oppress by *Laws*;

- 21 Pursue the *Just*; and in his *Blood* consent,
 Condemning by a *Law*, the *Innocent*.
 22 Wherefore, by the *Just* God; my sure defence;
 Who saves me from the Sons of Violence;
 23 Shall all their formal mischiefs be o'rethrown;
 Turn'd on *themselves*, and they themselves *cut down*.

Psalm XCV.

[*Venite exultemus.*]

- 1 **O** Come, and let us Sing unto the Lord!
 And with our *Voices*, let our *Hearts* accord.
 2 Let us before him, our Thanksgivings bring,
 And Psalms, and Praises, in his Presence Sing.
 3 For God is Great; above *all Gods*, is Great;
 King, o're all *other Gods*, and Powers, set.
 4 The *lowest Depths* of th' Earth, are in *his* Hand;
 And by his Strength the threatening *Mountains* stand.
 5 He made the *Sea*, and does that *Sea* command;
 Withdrew its Waves, and rais'd up the *dry Land*.
 6 O come then! and fall down! and kneel before
 The Lord our Maker! and his Name adore!
 7 For he's the Lord our God; and we the Sheep
 8 Which *his* Hand leads, and his *own* Pastures keep.
 O hear our Shepherd's Voice! Bring Hearts *prepar'd*;
 Not such as in the Desert: *Proud* and *hard*:

9 Where

Where your *Rebellious* Fathers *tempted* me ;
And did those works, of which they *doubted*, see.
That Generation griev'd me *Forty* Years ;
Their Heart (said I) knows not my way, but *errs*.

Wherefore I *sware*, into my Land of Rest
They should not come ; nor be with *Canaan* blest'd.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm XCVI.

[*Cantate Domino.*]

Sing a *new* Song to God : Let *all* conspire
In his great Praise, and make the World one *Quire*.
Give him *continual* Honour ! Let *each* Day
His known Salvation to the *next* convey.

Sing loud ! that Mankind may at *distance* hear ;
And *all* the World, *their*, and *our* God revere.
Sing, God is *Great* ! and greatly to be *Prais'd* ;
His Glory far 'bove *other* Gods is rais'd.

He made the Heav'ns ; made *that* *Idolater*,
Who made his God ; the stupid Heathen's fear.
Before him, *Honour* bows ; him *Majesty*
Surrounds ; *Beauty* adorns his Sanctu'ry.

To him, O all ye Sons of mortal Men
Ascribe *all* Glory ! and *all* Pow'r resign.

- 8 Enter his glorious Courts with *Praise* ; and bring
9 The *great*, the *acceptable* Offering.

Bring *Holiness* ; Soul's *undefil'd* ,* and *clean* ;
Graces of *Heav'n* ; and Beauties *all-Divine* ;
Then Worship ; Off'ring *that pure Sacrifice* ;
Such as *becomes* his *House of Holiness*.

- 10 Instruct the Heathen ; tell them *God* does reign ;
That *he made* th' world ; and does his work *mainain* ,
And tell them, he is Judge of *all* ; that he
Will come, and judge the griev'd Earth Righteously.

- 11 Be glad, O Earth then ! and ye Heav'ns rejoyce !
Thou, Sea ! and all thy Wonders, joyn your Voice.
12 God comes ! let all his joyful works attend
The mighty Presence ; for our God descends.

- Cloath'd with new Verdures let the Fields be glad ;
And the fair Trees with fresher crowns be clad ;
13 God comes ! he, to *relieve* th' *Oppress'd*, does come ;
Bring Justice *back* ; and give the World its *Doom*.

Psalm XCVII.

[*Dominus regnavit.*]

- 1 **G**OD reigns ! let the glad Earth lift up its Voice
And all the *lesser* Worlds, the Isles rejoyce.
2 A Night of Clouds round his bright Throne is spread
His Throne by *Truth*, and *Right* established.
3 Consuming Fires, and Flames before him run ;
4 Destroy his Foes, and melt the Mountains down.

5 The Heav'ns above declare his Righteousness;
6 And all the World does its Great God confess.

7 Ye, who *make* Gods, then Worship that fond Pow'r,
Confounded be! God, *All ye Gods* adore!
8 *Sion*, O mighty Lord! thy Judgments heard,
9 Which *Judah's* Daughters in their Songs declar'd.

They Sung thy Judgments on *those* Gods sent down;
Exalting *thee*, in *their* Confusion.

10 O ye, who love the Lord, love what *he* loves!
He hates all Ill, and Good *alone* approves.

The Soul that walks in its Integrity,
God keeps; and rescues from his Enemy.

11 *Immortal* Joyes and Glories wait th' *Upright*;
Prepared for them in the Fields of *Light*.

12 Rejoyce ye Just Ones! let your happy Days
Be spent in the memorials of his Praise.

Gloria of two Verses.

psalm XCVIII.

[Cantate Domino.]

1 **T**O new Thanksgivings, let new Mercies move;
That we may sing the Wonders of Gods Love.
For he *Himself*, lent his *immediate* Hand;
And God *for us*, our Victory has gain'd.
2 His Righteousness to *all* the Heathen's known;
The Conquests of his great Salvation.

L 4

3 His

- 3 His Truth of Old, engag'd to *Israel*,
Israel redeem'd, and *all the World* can tell.
- 4 Tell then, Redeemed *World* ! his Praises tell,
 Who sav'd his *Gentiles*, and his *Israel*.
- 5 Bring the *inspired Hymn* ! Give it a *Voice* !
 VVith all the Pow'rs of Harmony rejoyce.
- 6 Bring the loud Cornet, Trumpet, or the Flute ;
 7 VVith the soft purlings of the mellow Lute.
- 8 Through *Nature*, at th' approaching of its King,
 As from *one Soul* diffus'd, *One Joy* shall spring.
- The Earth and Sea rejoyce ; the Floods, and Hills,
 A *kindly flowing Warmth* of *Gladness* fills.
- 9 For God is come to judge the VVorld ; and he
 Shall judge with Justice, and with Equity.

Psalm XCIX.

[*Dominus regnavit irascantur, &c.*]

- 1 G O d reigns ! His Throne guarded by th' Cherubims,
 Tremble, O Earth ! approach and Worship him.
- 2 The Lord, in *Sion*, where h' has fix'd his Seat,
 And over all the Pow'rs of Earth is *Great*.
- 3 Is Great in *Holiness* ; in *Judgment* Great ;
 4 And in dispensing Equity, and Right.
- 5 Fall low before him ! and exalt alone
 His Holiness, who is the Holy One.
- 6 To *Moses*, *Aaron*, and to *Samuel*,
 Calling on him, he did his Will reveal.

- 7 To them, from out the Cloudy Pillar, spake;
Who, nor the Lawes he gave, nor Statutes, brake ;
- 8 Yea, when they fell he heard : and them forgave ;
Their sin did punish, but th' Offenders save :
- 9 O fall before him ; and exalt alone
His Holiness, who is the Holy One.

Psalm C.

[*Jubilare Deo*]

- 1 **O** All the Regions of the Earth,
Bless God ! who gave the World its Birth.
- 2 Your Souls to him, and Voices raise !
Learn, and express the *Joy of Praise* !
- 3 God *made*, and *peopled* all the Lands ;
Man's not the Work of his *own* Hands.
And *what* he made, he *feeds* and *keeps* ;
Th' *Almighty Shepherd* never sleeps.
- 4 O then, with Joy, make your address
I' th' Temple of his Holiness !
With grateful Hearts aloud proclaim
The Honours of his Honour'd Name.
- 5 For God is *Good* ; is *Good alone* ;
All Ages have his Mercies known ;
His Truth *beyond* them shall endure
Stedfast, and, as his Mercy, *sure*.

Psalm CI.

Misericordiam & Judicium.

- 1 MY Song, of Mercy, shall, and Judgment, be ;
Which shew'd on Us, our Praise returns to Thee.
- 2 When, in my soul, shall these Perfections shine ?
That what *Thine* Empire Crowns, may stablish *Mine*.
- 3 I will design no wicked Act ; from Me
I'll rend the faithless guiles of Policy.
- 4 All crooked, vex't, *convenient* Truths, I hate ;
Just Truth, shall Our great Reason be of State.
5. I'll crush the flattering Slanderer, who reveales
Whispering, fair Lies ; as *hiding* what he *tells*.
I will not brook the Proud, who does disdain
True Worth, and values in himself what's *vain*.
- 6 But will, th' upright alone, and guileless Soul,
Splendid in vertues, in my Court enroll :
And who, most glorious, in *that* Court would shine,
Must, *first* be *Vertue's* Servant, and then *Mine*.
7. The glosing *Sycophant* shall not there remain ;
Nor, who with Lies, his spotted Soul does stain.
8. All Sinners, I'll root out ; curs'd, and abhor'd,
None *Such* must dwell ith' Sion of Our Lord.

Psalm CII.

Domine exaudi.

Ther. **R**egard my pressing Grievs, my mournful Cry
Mim. My God! and with thy present help draw nigh.
 For, like a Smoak, my wasting Life expires;
 Breath'd off, by lingring Grief's continual fires.

Like Grass scorcht up, my Heart is withered;
 And I, or'e fill'd with Grief, mind not my Bread.
 I am *so* spent, *so* wasted with my Moans,
 That onely *skin* covers my *fleshless* Bones.

So moans the Pelican ith' Wilderness;
 So moans *alone* ith' shades, but She moans less:
 So moans *alone*, the Bird that shuns the Light,
 Ith' Desart of the unfrequented Night.

e. So moans the Sparrow; so She sits *alone*,
 Fixt to her *solitary*, *watchful* Moan:
 And so, my *sleepless* Eyes, Grievs hold awake;
 Break my *lone* Rests, and Slumbers overtake.

Psalm Mine Enemies insult or'e my faln State,
 And 'gainst me joyn'd, Swear their confederate Hate.
 Ashes have been my Bread, and I've drank up
 My Tears, which flowing swell'd the mournful Cup.

Psalm Because of thy fierce Indignation,
 Which rais'd Me that it *more*, might cast Me down.

- 11 Like Shadows, my declining Days do pass;
Languish, like dying Flowers, or withring Grass.
- 12 But *thy Day* ever *was*, ever *will be*;
Nor Morn, nor Evening bound Eternity.
- 13 Rise Lord, and thy destroyed Sion build;
Let Mercy rise, now Judgments are fulfil'd.
- 14 For we behold her Dust with *tender* eyes;
Love the Remains; and th' Sacred Ruines Prize.
- 15 Then, shall the Kings of th' Earth thy Power owne;
All Kings, of *All* the Earth, set up *thy* Throne.
- 16 When God, rebuilding *Sion*, shall advance
His Glory in its fam'd Deliverance.
- 17 When to the Prayer of the Destitute
He bends his Ear, and grants their lowly sute.
- 18 This shall be wrote for Them of *After-daies*,
That what *One* Age has witness'd, *All* may Praise.
- 19 God from above, from out his Holy Place,
Look'd down on the distress'd of Humane Race:
- 20 To hear th' appealing Captives *sentenc'd* breath;
And free him from *Captivity* and *Death*.
- 21 That He may turn his Breath of Sighs, to Praise;
And in th' Assembly, thy just Honours raise.
- 22 And unto *All the world*, thy praise may tell,
That *All the world* may become *Israel*.
- 23 He weakned me whilst I my Race did run;
And *Life* grew *weary* ere its course was done.

- 24 Then cry'd I to my God ; Immortal power !
Give not to Death, my *short, untimely* hour :
Thy years do an *eternal* circle run ;
A boundless space, *unfinish'd, unbegun*.
- 25 Thou laid'st th' unknown Foundations of the Earth,
When Time, (now Old) and Being, first had Birth :
From the same Pow'r , Heavn's immense Fabrick came,
And all the Glories of the stupendious Frame :
- 26 They'r *bright*, but *dying* Glories ; for all these
Must fade ; and th' Ages of their Circuits, cease :
And chang'd by Thee, appear in *Other* ~~Spheres~~ ^{Heavens} ;
New Heavn's ; *New* ranged Orbs ; *New-unknown* Beams.
- 27 But Thou, All changing, art Unchang'd *Alone* ;
O Thou Eternal ! ever, ever, One.
- 28 The Children of thy Servants, firm shall stand ;
Established by thine Almighty Hand.

Psalm CIII.

Benedic Anima mea.

1. 2 O Thou my Soul summon up all thy Powers !
Praise Him, who every Blessing on thee shewes.
- 3 Who, all thy sin, all thine offence forgives ;
And all thy frail Infirmities relieves.
- 4 Who saves thy Life ; turns back Destruction ;
And thee, with mercy does, and goodness crown.
- 5 Who fills thy soul with Good ; Life's waists repairs ;
Sets back thine Age , renew'd like Eagles years.

6 Who

- 6 Who, the Oppressor,, and th' Oppressed sees ;
 Judges th' Oppressor, and th' Oppressed frees.
- 7 He shew'd his waies to *Israel* ; who did prove
 His Miracles of Judgment, and of Love.
- 8 He *stops* his Anger ; is, to Vengeance *slow* ;
 But Mercies and Compassions *ever* flow.
- 9 His Anger *lasts* not ; but he *bounded* hath
 The swift *contracted* Moments of his wrath.
- 10 *Limits* his Judgments, which *unequal* be
 To our *full* Measures of Iniquity,
- 11 For, like the space from Earth, to Heav'n above,
 So great, to those *who fear him*, is his Love.
- 12 He, further hath remov'd our sins away
 Than are the East, and Western bounds of Day .
- 13 His Chastisements, are like a Fathers, mild ;
 Who does *correct*, but not *destroy* the Child.
- 14 For God knows our weak frame ; how he ith' Clay,
 Kindled the flame of Life, the Lamp of Day :
- 15 How, like the Grass, or Flow'r the *tender* Clay
 Grew up, grew fair *awhile*, grew fresh, and gay ;
- 16 And like *that* Flow'r, and like *that* Grass, how soon
 Blasted, the fading *Flow'r of life* is gone.
- 17 But an *Eternal* state of *unchang'd* Bliss
 The Righteous God continues unto *His*.
- 18 To *His*, *who fear him* ; keep his Covenant,
Faithful to the *Conditions* of his Grant.
- 19 Thy Throne, O God ! prepared is on high ;
 And over *All* the Earth's thy Monarchy.

20 Ye glorious Ministers of Light, who stand
Round his bright Throne, and wait the great Command,
Bless'd Angels! who in Pow'r and Strength excell,
And ready are to execute his will,

21, 22 Praise Him! and praise Him, all ye heav'nly Hosts
Who Him obey! Praise Him, through all the Coasts
Of Being, *All* his Works! My Soul! Praise Him;
Joyn in th' high Praise, for thou art *One* of them.

Psalm CIV.

Benedic Anima mea.

Rise O my Soul! and Thou My God! it raise,
That I, by Thee inspir'd, may sing Thy praise.
O Thou Eternal! O *alone* most high!
With Honour circled, and with Majesty;
Who dwell'st in the immense recess of Light
Vested with Glories, which forbid our sight!

Who spread'st out Heav'n, the Curtain of thy Tent;
Gilding with glittering Orbs the Firmament;
The firm Foundation of whose Pillars sleep
In the unfathom'd Bosom of the Deep:
Thy Chariot are the Clouds, sustained by
The stormy Winds, upon whose wings they fly.

Spirits thine Angels are; who minister
To Thee; and thy bright Agents, *flaming* fire.

Thou hast the Earth firmly established
On *Nothing*; on the soft Air's *floating* Bed:
It's Face at *first* was Sea; which flowing round
Cover'd the uninhabitable ground.

7 Which

- 7 Which, by thy voyce of Thunder check'd, *retir'd* ;
 Sunk down to th' Deep, and the *Dry land appear'd*.
 8 Like Mountains, now their Billows swell, and then
 Subside, and the faln Wave's a Vale agen.
 9 In vain they swell, and roar ; they *know* their bound,
 And must no more invade th' usurped ground.
 10 Down from the Hills, the breaking Fountains flow,
 Which gliding on, through the rich Vallies go :
 11 These a Relief to thirsty Creatures yield,
 To all the Beasts oth' Forrest, and oth' Field.
 12 The neighb'ring Birds ith' Branches lodg'd, sing high
 Natures rich bounties, Food, and Liberty.
 13 The thirsty Hills He waters from above,
 No place on Earth's abandon'd by thy Love.
 14, 15 The Clouds into the Bosom of the Earth
 The Seeds of Plenty drop ; from whence their birth
 The tender Grass, and pow'rful Herb derive ;
 Which, all thy Creatures, Beasts, and Men relieve.
 Men, taught t' *improve* thy Gifts, ^{who} ~~who~~ from the Vine,
 The Corn, and Olive, gather *Bread*, and *Wine*,
 And *Oyle* : Thou giv'st Man *Strength*, and dost allow
 For *Joyes*, for the *glad Heart*, and *cheerful Brow*,
 16 No Tree is *sapless* ; bounteous *Lebanon*
 Sweats *Balms*, and *Gums*, and yields virtues unknown.
 17, 18 There, the Birds nest ; and to their *safe* heights *flies*
 'The *Starke* ; the *Goat* from a bold *Precipice*
 Looks down on *danger* ; *tim'rous* Creatures dwell
 In Rocks ; safe, in the *Refuge* of a Cell.
 19 Her *certain* Seasons the *uncertain* Moon
 Does know ; and the Sun knowes his going down.

- 20 Thou makest Darknes that it may be Night ;
When Beasts of Prey do rowse, who shun the Light.
- 21 The Lions roaring, seek their meat of God,
And ravage in the Night the silent wood.
- 22 When Day appears the Heard disbands, and then
Each severing, betakes him to his Den.
- 23 The day man's labour measures ; he ith' morn
Goes forth to work, and does at night return.
- 24 Almighty Power and Wisdom ! how immense
Are th' undefin'd extents of Providence !
Diffus'd through All, and over All the Earth,
All have *Relief* from Thee, as *All* had *Birth*.
- 25 Seas share thy gifts ; Thousands ith' fertile deep
Of Creatures, small and great, or swim, or creep.
- 26 By Ships Lands sever'd mutual blessings hold ;
Ophir has *Balsam*, and *Judaa* Gold.
There move s*Leviathan*, and his numerous train,
And all the sporting Monsters of the Main.
- 27 All these, O Father ! wait thy hand, and Thou
In thine *Own* time do'st *apt* supplies allow.
- 28 What thou do'st give they joyfully receive ;
And thine extended hand does *All* relieve.
- 29 If thou do'st hide thy face, they drooping lye ;
And if thou tak'st away their breath, they dye.
- 30 If thou send forth thy Spirit they revive ;
Dust wakes, the *dying*, or the *dead* shall live.
- 31 Live ever ! who do'st live Eternally ;
O Great ! O Good ! O termless Majesty !
Who in thy self do'st ever bless'd abide ;
Pleas'd in thy works, and by them magnifi'd.

- 32 Earth trembles at thy Presence ; the high Hills
Touching he melts ; and Day with horror fills.
33 Soul ! while thou liv'st praise God ; *dying* expire
In praise, and mount to the immortal Quire.
34 What Heav'n have I, when thus I joy in Thee !
Can think, but cannot speak the Extasie.

- Let sinners perish ! be their hated root
Ne'er to be planted, from the earth torn out.
35 Rise O my Soul ! and Thou my God ! it raise,
That I, by Thee inspir'd, may sing thy praise.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CV.

Confitemini Domino.

- 1 O Bless the Lord, and call upon his Name,
And his great deeds to all the world Proclaim
2 Speak Him ! Praise Him ! O be our God *alone*,
And *His great works*, the Subject of our Song.
3,4 Seek God ! Rejoyce in God ! what soul can miss
Of Joy, who makes his God his *Happiness* ?

- Seek then, O seek *his strength ! his saving Pow'r ;*
His favour seek ; seek *his face* evermore.
5, 6 Think O ye sons of *Jacob* ! think upon
His righteous Lawes, his great salvation.
7 He is *our* God ; the *worlds* great God ; His fear
And his great judgments are known every where.

- 8, 9 His Cov'nants unto *Abraham* made, stand fast,
And firm to thousand thousand ages last,
10, 11 Made firm by *Law*; when to his Seed, of old
He gave our Land, and *Canaan* foretold:
12 Whilst they were yet but *few*, few and *unknown*;
Seiz'd but of a *believ'd* Possession.
(He sustain'd
13, 14 Whom, through unknown Lands wandering,
Peoples wild Rage, Princes wild Lusts restrain'd,
15 Sacred to Me, Touch not th' *Anointed Head*!
My Prophets to my self are severed.
16, 17, 18 He call'd a Famine; but before h' had sent
Joseph, unjustly doom'd to punishment.
Held doubly Captive; for the bitter Chain
Pierc'd his griev'd soul, unmeriting the pain.
19 Until thy word approv'd him to be thine,
Who thy repeated Vision could divine.
20, 21, 22 Freed by the King, he manag'd All alone,
And *Pharaoh* only sate upon the Throne.
He taught his Senate wisdom; to fulfil
Unknown before, the Precepts of his will.
23 *Israel*, invited, then, to *Egypt* came;
And *Jacob* was a sojourner in *Ham*.
24 Where, He, to *Egypt's* jealousy, increas'd,
By thine Almighty, fruitful promise, bless'd.
25 *Joseph* was then forgot; his Merits were
All sacrific'd to faithless, jealous Fear.
26, 27 *Moses* and *Aaron* then were sent; who gave
Proofs of thy power to destroy, and save.

28 He spake.---- Night rose, and his black Mantle spread;
Darkness rebell'd not, though th' *Egyptians* did.

29, 30 *Nilus* ran Bloud, and flew their Fish; the Field
 Cover'd with Frogs, *Pharaoh's* own Palace filld.

31 Swarms of loath'd Insects he upon them flings,
 All arm'd with different invenom'd Stings: (Rain;

32, 33 Hail-stones for Showers fell down; and Flames for
 Their blasted Vines and Fig-trees bare in vain.

34, 35 What scap'd the *Flames*; the *Locusts* did devour;
 The withering Grass, and half-scorcht, dying Flower.

36 *Pharaoh* still hardned, the Almighty word
 In all the first born sheath'd th' Avenging Sword.

37, 38, 39 Th' *Egyptians* terrifi'd, urg'd them to be gone;
 Rich with those spoyles, the ransom'd Host march'd on;

All vigorous; cover'd with shade, and light,
 Th' alternate Wing spread o're them day and night.

40, 41 The Clouds rain'd Quails; and the Clouds Manna
 And Rivers gush'd out from the Rocks he clave. (gave;

42 For he his sacred Oath had not forgot,
 To *Abraham* made, and those of him begot.

43, 44 Therefore, from Bondage he set *Israel* free;
 Set free ev'n 'bove the Joys of Liberty:
 For he gave them, what *Others* Toyles did yield,
 Their Sweat; and th' Plenties of the labour'd Field.

35 Thus, God hath blessed thee, O *Israel*!
 Keep thou his Laws, and he will bless thee still.

psalm C VI.

Confitemini Domino.

- 1 **O** Bless our God ! because our God is Good ;
 Because his Mercies have no Peripd.
 2 But *who* can speak enough his Acts ? How great !
 How good ! when they in All are infinite.
 3 Happy the Just who still work Righteousness ;
 Offering pure Souls, cleans'd and prepar'd for Bliss.
 4, 5 With those thy Favours which extended be
 To thy belov'd Ones, Lord ! remember Me.
 O visit me with thy Salvation
 That I may see *Israel's* Redemption !
 That *Both* joyn'd, *They* with *Me*, and *I* with *Them*
 May joy *one* Joy in thy *Jerusalem*.
 6 Such as our *Fathers* were, *Such*, Lord ! are *We* ;
 A Race of Sinners , their true Progeny.
 7 When freed from th' Bondage *Egypt* held them in,
 Th' ungrateful Multitude ev'n *then* did sin :

Sinn'd on the *Bounds* of *Egypt* ; whilst they stood
 By the *next* wonder, the miraculous Flood.

- 8 Yet *then* he helpt them, that he might make known
 His Power in their full Redemption.
 9, 10, 11 He spake----- The Sea rose high on *either* side,
 And op'ned the deepe valley of its Bed :
 The Host descended the dread way, which gave
 Them, *Safety* ; but th' *Egyptians* a *Grave*
 12 Then they believ'd again, and Then, sung high
 His Glory in the Red-Sea's victory.

- 13, 14 But *soon* forgot his works ; and to fulfill
Their Lust, call'd for another Miracle.
- 15 He gave't, but with it, gave a deadly Gust,
And took their Lives the price of their dear Lust.
- 16 Gainst *Moses*, then, and *Aaron* murmured,
Envyng those Guides by whom their God them led.
- 17 Earth cleft ; and having *Nathan* swallowd down,
Coverd *Abiram's* Congregation.
- 18 Then swift destruction on the Remnant came ;
Rapt by the Torrent of an angry flame.
- 19, 20 At *Horeb*, they out sinn'd *Themselves* ; for there
The ransom'd *Israelite* turn'd *Idolater* ;
Worshipt an *Image* ; th' *Image* of a *Beast* ;
A God, in *Hay*, and plenteous *Fodder* blest.
- 21 Forgot, renounc'd, the *true*, the *living* God,
The God who sav'd Them from th' *Egyptian* Rod.
- 22 Forgot, what th' Red-Sea's Coast, what *Egypt* tells,
Egypt, the dreadful Scene of Miracles.
- 23 And now Th' had been destroy'd ; But *Moses* stood
Twixt them and *vengeance*, and turn'd back the Flood.
- 24, 25 Then, they contemn'd the *Land*, the *Promis'd* *Land* ;
Murmur'd, and hearkned not to God's Command.
- 26, 27 Wherefore he sware, that *Race* should ne'er possess
His *Canaan*, but fall in th' *Wilderness*.
- 28 Then, they serv'd *Baal* ; and eat the Sacrifice
Offer'd to th' *Dead*, serv'd *whom*, and *how* they pleas'd.
- 29, 30, 31 This call'd a *Plague* ; but from it they were freed
By *Phineas's* still celebrated Deed.
- 32, 33 Then sinn'd at *Meribah* ; where *Moses* spake
Unfitly, and was punish'd for their sake.

14 They brake the Covenants upon which he gave
Canaan to them, and did the Heathen save. (led,
 35, 36, 37, 38, 39 Mingled with them; and by their customs
 Deserted God, and to the Devil fled :
 Learnt their abominable Rites ; and threw
 Their Babes to Devils, whom ith' fire they slew.
 Accursed Gods! Accursed Sacrifice!
 To whom, th' *unpittied*, *flaming* Infant dyes.

Thus, by their *own* Inventions led away,
 From their *first* God, their *first* love, went astray.
 And leaving *Him*, *his* Israel were no more,
 But *Canaan* was the *Canaan* 'twas before, (power,
 40, 41, 42 God loath'd them then ; left them ith' Enemies
 To whose Religion they were slaves before.
 43, 44, 45 He oft deliver'd them, they as oft did sin,
 Snares of their *own* Opinions held them in :

These bound them Captive ; yet when they did cry
 He heard, and straight his *Covenant* was nigh ;
 And God repented. O the *unknown* Love !
 The *placable*, the *facile* wraths above !
 46 He tenderly beheld them ; swag'd their woes ;
 Slackned their Chain by th' *Pity* of their Foes.
 47 Save us Dear Lord ! gather thy Remnant in ;
 That thy Redeem'd may their Redemption sing.

8 Bless'd ever, O for ever blessed be
 The God of Israel to Eternity !
 Let Israel, and all the world, joyn in
 An endless, universal praise ! *Amen*.

Hallelujah.

They broke the Covenant upon which he gave
Curses to them, and did the Heaven give
To whom, the angels, & every spirit that
Accursed God! Accursed Sacrifice!
Their backs to Lewis, whom still they flew
Leaving their altars, & their
Deserted God, and to the Devil had;

Thus, by their own, they made their
From their God, their God, & their
And saying, We, the Lord were
But O, how was the Covenant torn!
e. 4. 1. God loath'd them then; he loath'd them still
To whole Religion they were slaves
e. 4. 1. He exalted them, that they should
Sins of their own, O how he loath'd them!

They bound them, they, & they, & they, & they
Heard, and saw, the Covenant was
And God repented, of the ransom he
In vain, the Lord's wrath was
In vain, he loath'd them; & they, & they, & they
Heard, & saw, O how he loath'd them!
They, they, & they, & they, & they, & they

3. And I, O Lord, I will be
The Lord of Hosts, the Lord
The Lord, and all his angels
The Lord, and all his angels

The FIFTH BOOK of the

PSALMS,

PARAPHRAS'D.

PSALM CVII.

(confitemini Domino.

- 1 **O** Bless our gracious God! for ever bless!
His Mercy's *endless*, shall his Praise be less?
- 2 O let the Lord's Redeemed the Lord bless!
Whom he hath saved from their Enemies.
- 3 The scatter'd Remnant he hath gathered;
Which round the Coasts of all the Earth were spread.
- 4 The wandering Exiles, lost ith' Wilderness,
No City found; All vast and harbourless.
- 5 Consum'd with Hunger, and consum'd with Thirst,
Fainted; their way *unknown* as at the first.
- 6, 7 No Refuge now, but God; to him they cry
In this their *last*, *dying* Necessity.

- He heard ; And to a Place inhabited,
By a *near* way, the famisht Party led.
- 8 O Man ! O that thou would'st Proclaim aloud
The Mercies, and the Goodness of thy God !
O that his wonders *more* Thou would'st confess !
And that thou *more* could'st know him, *more* could'st blefs.
- 9 He satisfies the longing soul with good ;
Gives it the Plenty of *Convenient* Food.
- 10 Such as sate nigh the deep, th' eternal shade
Which hovering oute them death's black wing had made,
Who ith' low Cavern of the Dungeon lye,
Fetter'd with chains ; fetter'd with misery.
- 11 Because against their God they did rebel,
And slighted the great counsel of his Will ;
- 12 Their stubborn heart he brake with heaviness,
And made them see there was no help but his.
- 13 Wherefore to God, *till now despis'd*, they cry'd ;
He heard ; who never th'*returning* Heart deny'd.
- 14 He brake their Chain ; and from their Dungeon they
Were freed into the Liberties of Day.
- 15 O Man ! O that thou would'st proclaim aloud
The Mercies and the goodness of thy God !
O that his wonders *more* thou would'st confess !
And that thou *more* could'st know him, *more* could'st blefs.
- 16 For he hath broke the Gates of Brasse ; and He
Strook off the Fetters of Captivity.
- 17 They whom their sins and follies had cast down,
And on the Bed of Languishing had thrown,
- 18 Now dying, for their sick taste loath'd all food,
And could not the expence of Life make good :

- 19, 20 Cast up their eyes to him ; bega Reprieve ;
 He sent his Word, bad them rise up and Live.
 21 O Man ! O that thou would'st proclaim aloud
 The mercies and the goodness of thy God !
 O that his wonders *more* thou would'st confess !
 And that thou *more* could'st know him, *more* could'st blefs
 22 Let's joyfully present Our Offering,
 For Incense, Praise ; for Blood, Thanksgivings bring.
 23, 24 They who descend into the deep, behold
 A Scene of wonders dreadful to be told.
 25 He speaks --- The stormy Winds incense the Flood,
 Whole waves, swoln high, menace the stooping Cloud.
 26, 27 They mount the dreadful Precipice, and then
 By a steep, horrid Gulph, are swallow'd agen.
 They faint, the giddy Ship like a Drunkard reels,
 Art now despairs, the Ship no Rudder feels.
 28, 29 The sacred Anchor they cast forth, they pray ;
 He hears, he checks the storms, and th' winds obey.
 30 Then on the gentler Bosom of the Main
 Smoothly they glide, swiftly their Port attain.
 31 O man ! O that thou would'st proclaim aloud
 The mercies and the goodness of thy God !
 O that his wonders *more* thou would'st confess ! (blefs.
 And that thou *more* could'st know him, *more* could'st
 32 That they would in the Congregation,
 His Name exalt, and his great Facts make known.
 33 Who varies the prone state of Mortal Things ,
 Makes thirsty *Deserts* where *before* were *Springs* ;
 34 Curses the fruitful soyles sinners dwell in,
 And blasts the fairest Paradise for sin. O 2 35 Makes

- 35 Makes fertile the parch'd Deserts wither'd scene,
 Fills it with Pooles ; leades streaming Rivers in.
 36 There plants the hungry soul ; blest'd in their Fields,
 And blest'd by th' Arts their peopled City yields.
 37 They Vineyards plant ; labour the fertile Land ;
 And wait th' Encrease from the great Donor's hand.
 38 He them and theirs doth multiplying blest ;
 And suffers not their Cattle to decrease.
 39 Yet when for sin they were again brought down,
 To Plagues, to Vengeance, and th' Oppressor thrown,
 40 When they return'd to him with hearts prepar'd,
 The higher than the highest did regard.
 Threw scorn upon the Great ; sham'd his success ;
 And turn'd the Ravager to th' wilderness ;
 41 Rais'd up the fall'n down ; set him on a Rock.
 'Bove dangers, and encreat'd him like a Flock.
 42 Behold ye just ! and praise ; learn praises from
 What ye behold ; but let th' unjust be dumb.
 43 Who so these things revolves in his deep mind
 Is wise ; and shall th' Almighty's goodness find.

Gloria of four Verses.

psalm CVIII.

Paratum est Cor meum.

- 1,2 **M**Y hearts prepar'd, O God ! Thou do'st inspire
 My soul ; It kindles and returns the fire.

Wake

Wake Glory ! wake my soul ! ere rising day
Chases Night's falling languid fires away.

- 3 Sing his loud Praise among the Nations !
Extend it wide as his Dominions.
- 4 Extend it 'bove the Clouds ! 'bove th' Heavens extend !
Mercy and Truth reach thither where's *no end*.
- 5 Exalt thy self 'bove th' Heavens O thou most High !
And through all th' earth diffuse thy Majesty.
- 6 That thy Beloved, who thy help do crave
May be delivered ; O hear and save !
- 7 And thou wilt save ; wilt the torn Remnant bless ;
For thou hast sworn, sworn in thy Holyness,
I will, in triumph, *Sichem's* Land divide,
And give to mine *Succoth's* rich vallies pride.
- 8 Mine is *Manasses*; mine fair *Gilead's* Fields ;
Ephraim's my guard; *Judah* my Scepter wields,
- 9 *Moab* shall serve ; *Edom* I down will tread ;
And the bold *Philistins* in triumph lead.
- 10 Who into *Edom's* Forts secures my way ?
And its proud Towers shall in Ruines lay ?
- 11 Who Lord ! but thou? who thine Inheritance
Deserting, ruind' st; returning shalt advance.
- 12 O turn to thy distressed ones again !
Be *Thou* our help, for *All Man's help* is vain.
- 13 Trod down by thee, our enemies shall flee,
And we shall rise ; Great God ! we follow thee.

Psalm CIX.

Deus laudem.

- 1, 2 **G**OD of my praise ! appear in my defence,
 And vindicate aspersed Innocence.
 For the dissembling, false, malicious tongue
 Blasts my cleare fame, conspiring in my wrong.
- 3, 4 I gave ~~no~~ cause ; they make this false return
 For th' Good I did ; whil'st I in prayer mourn.
- 5 For th' Good I did they now my *En'myes* prove,
 Convicted of no Crime to them, but Love
- 6 An impious Person be their Governour ,
 And Satan be his only Counsellour.
- 7 When he is sentenc'd, let him be condemn'd ,
 And his appealing prayer be contemn'd.
- 8 Ith' mid'st of Life cut off his shortned daies ,
 And to his Function another raise.
- 9, 10 His Widdow and his Orphans beg their Bread,
 From their own wasted dwellings curs'd and fled :
- 11 Give him a prey to the Extortioner !
 And to a Stranger his rapt spoyles transferre.
- 12, 13 Let no eye pittie *Him*, or *His* ; but All
 His Race in the *next* Age extinguish'd , fall.
- 14, 15 His Parents Crimes be ever New ; till he
 And his loath'd Memory together dye.
- 16 Because he shut up his Compassion,
 Oppress'd the Poor, th' expos'd, the helpless one.

Trod

Trod down again th' Afflicted; and yet more
Thegrieved Heart *brake* that was broke *before*.

17 Cursing was his delight; let it return;
And the devouring pest his own heart burn.

He *hated* Blessing; Blessing shall be far
And fly the soul that Cursing loves, and war.

18, 19 Curses embrace him! flow into his breast
Like Oyl! be girded to him as his Vest.

20 Let it be *thus* unto mine Enemies
Who my wrong'd Innocence defame with Lyes.

21, 22 But, for thine honour, let me ever prove
Thy mercyes, and the goodness of thy Love.

For I am poor and helpless; Mercy extend!
And swage the anguish of my wounded mind!

23 As shadows hast, hast my declining day;
Chac'd, as storms chace the Grasshopper away.

24, 25 Fasts have impair'd my strength; all that go by
Shaking their heads, revile my misery.

26, 27 Help Lord! *so* help, that they *convinc'd* may see
All my deliverance was wrought by Thee.

28, 29 Bless *Thou*! that they, confounded, may confess
They him in *vain* do curse, whom *Thou* do'lt bless
Let that confusion cover them! whilst I
Rejoyce, and my Redeemer magnify.

Whilst, before All, thy Goodness I adore;
Who, from unrighteous Judges, sav'st the poor.

Gloria of two Verses.

Psalm

Psalm CX.

Dixit Dominus.

- 1,2 **T**H' Eternal Lord said to *my* Lord, sit thou
 At my Right hand, till thy fal'n en'mies bow,
 Subdu'd, beneath thy feet: Thy Scepter shall
 From *Zion* sent, rule *high*, rule *over All*.
- 3 Hearts shall be *then* the willing Sacrifice;
 Hearts, roab'd ith' beauties of true *Holiness*.
 The humid dews oth' Morn are as thy Birth,
 In thousand thousand Gems shed o're the Earth.
- 4 Thou art, God sware, who cannot his Oath break,
 A Priest for ever as *Melchisedeck*.
- 5, 6 The Lord in thy great day, at thy Right hand
 Shall strike through Kings, and give Thee their Com-
 (mand.
- He shall the Nations judge; and th' Regions fill
 With Carcasses of those who do rebel.
- 7 Shall be, by sufferance, to Honour led;
 Drink oth' low Brook, and then advance his Head.

Psalm CXI.

Confitebor Tibi.

- 1 **I** will in every place thy Name confess,
 Ith' *Great* Assembly praise thee, and ith' *less*.

2 Gods works are *Great* ; the pleasure of all *Those*
Who *find them Out* ; Or rap't with wonder, *loose*.

3 *All* full of *Glory* ; full of *Honour*, *All* ;
And his firm Righteousness *Perpetual*.

4 *No Day* can blot out what's renew'd *each Day* ;
Whilst on his works, his signal Blessings stay.

And ev'ry Moment, All his Creatures prove
The Goodness of their Lord, and Present Love.

5 Of *Those* who fear Him, He supplies the want ;
Mindful for ever of his Covenant.

6 His People saw the Power of his Hand,
When He gave them the vanquish'd Heathens Land.

7, 8 His stable works on firm Foundations rise ;
Their Natures, All, Eternal verities.

And, As his *Works*, his *Laws* for ever be ;
All done in *Truth* ; All done in *Equity*.

9 On the lost, captiv'd Soul, in Bondage thrown
Mercy lookt down, and sent Redemption.

He stablished his Cov'nant without End ;
O Holy ever ! ever Reverend !

10 Wisdom is founded in God's Fear ; All They
True Understanding have, who him obey ;

And who, their Wills, guide by that stedfast Rein,
Immortal Praise, and Glory shall attain.

Gloria of two Verses..

Psalm CXII.

Beatus Vir.

- 1 **W**H O, in the Law of God, doth place his Bliss,
And fears his Maker, Happiness is his.
- 2 His Seed upon the Earth shall potent be,
And Blessings follow his Posterity.
- 3 A flowing Plenty pours in full supplies;
But his ne'er wasting store is Righteousness.
- 4 On the just Soul, th' upright, compassionate,
Who *Pity* does extend, but not his *Hate*;
Midst his *dark* thoughts, midst the *despairing* Night
Of *Terrors*, breaks in a *descending* Light.
- 5 He, with Discretion, governs his Affairs;
Lends to the Poor, and his fallen State repairs.
- 6 Nor Time, nor Malice, blast his Memory;
Those wreaths, his virtues crown, ne'er withring dye.
Midst the World's Changes, He unchang'd appears,
Nor rais'd by *Hopes*, nor terrifi'd by *Fears*.
- 7 Amidst great Rumors, *unconcern'd* He stands;
Resign'd up to the Conduct of God's Hands.
- 8 He trusts his Cause unto his God; and sees
God glorified upon his Enemies.
- 9 He, by dispersing, has increas'd his Store;
And made his fruitful Treasury, the Poor.
Glories *hereafter*, Glories *here below*
Wait him, who reaps the Honour to *bestow*.

10 With Malice pin'd, th' Unjust shall melt and dye ;
He, and his Hopes, shall perish utterly.

Gloria of four Verses.

Psalm CXIII.

Laudate Pueri.

1,2,3 **Y**E Servants of the living God, Praise Him!
Whose Praise, no place can circumscribe, nor time.
O're all the Earth, as the Sun sheds his Rays,
So undefin'd the Circuits are of Praise.

4 Above the Heav'ns is his Dominion ;
And over all the Kings of Earth, his Throne.

5,6 **W**ho's High, like God ? Who must *descend*, to know
Th' Affairs of *Heav'n* ; yet stoops to these Below.

7,8 **R**ais'd from the *Dust*, th' ignoble He makes Great ;
And among Princes, does the *lowly* set.

9 He makes the Barren, fruitful ; makes Her be
The Mother of a happy Progeny.

Psalm CXIV.

In exitu Israel.

1 **W**hen God his *Israël* from *Egypt* led,
And the triumphant Host Himself did head,

2 His Holy Place was *Judah* ; his high Throne
Israel, the Seat of his Dominion.

P 2

3 The

- 3 The Sea beheld the glorious March, and fled ;
Jordan ran frightened back into his Head.
 4 Mountains astonished Heights, Horreur convells,
 Dancing like Rams ; like Lambs, the lesser Hills.
 5, 6 *Jordan* ! what ail'd'st thou ? And what ail'd thee, Sea ?
 What Earthquakes, Hills ! did in your Bowels lye ?
 7, 8 But how can Earth but tremble at its God ?
 Who, from Flints, pours a Spring ; from Rocks, a Flood.

Psalm CXV.

Non Nobis Domine.

- 1 NOT unto *Us* be Praise ; Not unto *Us* ;
 But be thy *ruth*, and *Mercy* glorious.
 2 Where was their God might then the Heathen say,
 If we should boast, We gave *Our selves* the Day.
 3 'Twas not *Our Arm* gave us the Victory ;
 But *thine* from Heav'n ; for what thou wilt shall be.
 4 Their Gods, are Gold and Silver ; form'd by *Man* ;
 Gods, that can do less than their *Makers* can.
 5, 6 They gave them Mouths, and Eyes, Noses, and Ears ;
 Yet the blind God sees not, *tasts*, *smells*, or *hears*.
 7 Their useles Hands and Feet, nor feel, nor walk ;
 Nor through their Throat, the breathles Idols talk.
 8 Who makes Them, as much Idol is as They ;
 Or who to th' carv'd, or painted God, does pray.

9 But

- 9 But trust in *God*; Thou House of *Israël*!
Make *Him* thy Hope; He *can* defend, and *will*.
- 10 O House of *Aaron*! on thy God rely;
Hee'll be thy Strength; *Hee*'ll thy Defender be.
- 11 And O *All Ye* who fear the living Lord,
Trust *Him*! for *He* will *sure* Relief afford.
- 12 And *this*, both *Aarons* House, and *Israël*,
Whom He their God remembred has, *can* tell.
- 13 All those who fear the Lord, his Blessings share;
The *Great* are *his*; the *Poor* Man is *his* Care.
- 14 15 To *you*, and *yours* God shall extend his Love;
The God who made the Earth, and th' Heav'ns above.
- 16 The Heav'ns O God! the Heav'n of Heav'ns is thine;
These Praise Thee; Earth's giv'n to the Sons of Men.
- 17 But on the Earth, They who ith' Grave do sleep
Coverd with Night, a lasting Silence keep.
- 18 The *Living* then, the *Living* must Praise Thee,
As we do *now*, and will eternally.

Psalm CXVI

Dilexi quoniam.

- 1 **M**Y Soul O God! is ravish'd with thy Love;
For Thou hast heard, and sav'd Me from above.
- 2 The Breath Thou hast redeem'd, Thee Praise shall give,
And I will ever bless Thee whilst I live.

3, 4 Caught in Death's Snares, and drag'd to th' Brink oth'
Now falling, his Almighty help I crave. (Grave,
 O Thou! who *woundest*, and again *mak'st whole*,
 Who *to the Grave* hast brought, bring *back* my Soul.

5 Our God is good ; Our God is righteous ;
 From Him, *All Mercy*, *All Compassion* flows ;

6 He does the Simple, the ensnared free ;
 I was in Misery, and He helped Me.

7 Turn then unto thy Rest, My Soul ! O blest'd !
 O Care of Heav'n ! Return unto thy Rest !

8 For he, thy weak, thy falling Step retriev'd,
 Dry'd up thy Tears, and gasping Breath repriev'd.

9 Wherefore, sustain'd by Thee, I'll walk upright
 Ith' Land oth' Living ; walk, as in *thy sight*.

10, 11 Midst my Afflictions, I did *still* believe ;
 Said, *Man's Help's false* ; God only can relieve.

12 What, O my Soul ! shall we return to God,
 For All the Benefits He has bestow'd ?

13 Let's tast, and Live ! Receive that Cup will crown
 Us with the Joys of his Salvation.

14, 15 I'll pay my Vows. How pretious is the Death
 Of Thine, to Thee, who thus lend'st back their Breath !

16 Behold the Soul Thou hast delivered !
 Brake every Chain, and made it free indeed.

17 I'll bring the Heart which I have vow'd to Thee ;
 And on *that Altar*, Praise shall th' Incense be.

18, 19 All shall behold; All shall with Me accord;
And All *Jerusalem* shall Praise the Lord.

Psalm CXVII.

1 **B**less God, O All ye distant Regions !
Whom *Place* does *sever*, but whom, *mercy joyns*.
2 Mercy renewing still; His Truth and Love
Are everlasting as the Days above.

psalm. CXVIII.

Confitemini Domino.

1 **O** give we thanks unto our gracious God,
Because his Mercies have no Period.
2, 3 Let *Israel's* House, and *Aarons*, bless their God;
And say His Mercies have no Period.
4 And O! Let All who fear the living God
Confess his Mercies have no Period.
5 To straits reduc'd, and hard necessity,
Calling He Me enlarg'd, and set Me free.
6 The Lord is on my side; *Whom* should I fear?
Who's He can hurt, when the *Almighty's* near?
7 I, on my Foes, his just Revenge shall see,
For, with mine Aids, God joynes Auxiliary.
8, 9 Nor Small, nor Great, nor Subject, nor his Prince,
Confirm, as does Our God, Our Confidence.

- 10, 11 A dreadful Multitude, not to be told,
 Compass'd Me round about, enrag'd and bold.
 But in the name of God, I'll charge the Foe ;
 Break Him, and in that pow'rful Name o'rethrow.
- 12 They swarm'd like Bees, but fell to that Great Name ;
 So Thorns, make a loud Noise but dye ith' flame.
- 13 Vain Wretch ! Who mad'st at Me that I might fall ;
 As if o're *Him* God aids, *Man* could prevail.
- 14 *God* is my Strength ; and *He* my strength's my Song :
 And He, alone, is my *Salvation*.
- 15 The just, triumphant, sing through all their Land
 The Conquests of his high, victorious Hand.
- 16 Sing, how no force, nor pow'r, can e're withstand
 The Conquests of his high victorious Hand.
- 17 I shall not dye, but live ; and him, who rais'd
 My Soul from Death, my Soul shall ever Praise.
- 18 The Lord hath *chastned*, and *corrected* Me,
 But *sav'd* ; O Goodness 'bove Severity !
- 19 Let All the Gates of Praise be op'ned then,
 That with Thanksgivings I may enter in.
- 20 *This* is the Gate ; *this* is the glorious Gate ;
 Which all the Just, with Praise, shall enter at.
- 21 Thee, O my God ! I'll Praise ; Thee, Praise *alone* ;
 Who art become my strong Salvation.
- 22 The Stone, *refus'd*, the Stone, a *Scandal* made,
 Binds now the Building on the *Angle* laid.
- 23 *This* is *Gods* doing ; *This*, He did for *Us* ;
 His Deed, and Love, alike, are marvellous.

- 24 O Sacred Light ! O blessed Day of Dayes !
Design'd for Glories, set apart for Praise.
- 25 Now, save us Lord ! Now, give us Happiness ;
And fill our Souls with thy *descended* Bliss.
- 26 Hail ! O immortal Love ! Hail ! Light of Light !
Thy Glories in thy Temple wee'l recite.
- 27 God, is the God, who gives us Light, and Bliss ;
To th' Horns oth' Altar binde the Sacrifice,
- 28 Thee, O our God ! I'll Praise ; still honour thee ;
Thee worship still ; still, I'll Thee magnify.
- 29 O give we thanks unto our gracious God !
Because his Mercies have no Period.

Psalm CXIX.

Beati immaculati.

1 Part Aleph.

- 1 **H** Appy those blameless Souls, whose righteous Path
The just Law of their God directed hath.
- 2 Whose *whole* Affection, and aspiring Love,
Taught by his Laws, seek Him who is above.
- 3, 4 No stains pollute their Soul ; Nor can *they* stray
Who *shun* the *false*, keep the *commanded* way,
- 5, O that my erring, my declining ways
Were measur'd and directed by thy Laws !
- 6 So shall no vice seduce Me ; no Offence,
Nor conscious Guilt shame my stain'd Innocence.

7 O then instruct me in thy Righteousness.
And with a Heart unfeign'd I shall thee bless.

8 My Soul, O Lord, *desires* to keep thy way ;
O leave me not ! but guide Me that *I may*.

Gloria of Two Verses.

2 Part. Beth.

9 How shall vain youth subdue its prone desires ?
Thy Law will either quench, or cleanse its Fires.

10 That Law is *all my Love* ; Lord ! I seek thee
By seeking *It* ; O guide and govern Me !

11, 12 Thy Law's my Rule ; I've wrote it in my Breast ;
O be it by thy self *more deep* impress'd !

13, 14 I have set forth thy Law ; declar'd thy word ;
And the unknown Delights thy ways afford.

There I *incorruptible* Treasures find ;
Gold, that will *follow hence*, and *crown* the Mind.

15, 16 Thy word I'll study ; and then frame my will
T' obey ; and what I *know*, with Joy, *fulfill*.

Part 3. Gimel.

17, 18 Lord let me live ! *so* live, as to *serve Thee* :
Unveil mine Eyes I may thy wonders see.

19 I'm here a stranger, and *like One*, I *stray* ;
Direct my wandering Soul in thy right way.

20 My longing Soul thy Judgements still desires ;
And fainting, languishes in no Other Fires.

21, 22 The Proud, Thou curstest, who *contemn* thy Law;
O save Me from their Scorn, who it *obey*.

23, 24 Princes revile Me cause I Thee obey;
And follow the great Counsels of thy way.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 4. Daleth.

25 Low as the Dust, and cleaving to the Dust,
Lord raise the Soul that in thy Word does trust!
26 I have confess'd my ways, and Thou hast heard;
O teach Me *thine*! and teach Me to *regard*.

27 Make Me to understand! Wake my dead Eyes!
Reveal! and I shall teach thy Mysteries.
28 My Soul, despairing, melts thro Heaviness;
O cheer it with thy faithful Promises!

29, 30 I love fair Truth; abominate a Lye;
Teach Me thy Truth, O Lord of Verity!
31, 32 I love thy Law, confound Me not! but free
The Captive, and enlarg'd, He'll follow Thee.

Part 4. He.

33, 34 *Instruct* Me Lord! and I'll *observe* thy Law
For ever; and with my whole Heart, obey.
35 But *guide* Me, Lord! that in the Paths I *know*,
And *love*, by thine Assistance I may go.

36 Teach me thy Lawes! by them, in Thee to trust;
Dethrone *my self*, and *All the Gods of Lust*!

37 O close mine Eyes to Vanity ! and then
Fix'd on thy Statutes, wake them up agen.

38 O Lord of Truth ! confirm thy word to Me ;
Encrease my Confidence and Fear in Thee.

39 Thy Law is good ; Turn back the shame I dread
From Those, who *scorn* those ways by which I'm *led*.

40 My longing Soul faints for thy Laws, and Thee ;
Behold it Lord ! and quickning, satisfy.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 6. Van.

41, 42 Since Thou hast Promised to help, and I
Did ever on that Promis'd Help rely ;
Help ! that my Foes may see, how thy *Defence*
Was never *vain*, nor *vain* my *Confidence*.

43 O may my Mouth *still* boast that Promis'd Word !
And equal to my Hopes, Relief afford !

44, 45 So shall I keep thy Laws continually ;
Bound by those Laws, whose Bonds are Liberty.

46, 47 Before the Great, thy Laws I will declare ;
And boast, what above All, I love and fear.

48 Unto thy Laws I've lifted up mine Hand ;
And vow'd t' observe and keep thy lov'd Commands

Part 7. Zain.

49 Unto my wounded Soul, My God ! apply
That Word, on which Thou mad'st Me to rely.

50 Joys,

50 Joys, thence, ith' Agonies of despairing Grief,
Quickning my anguish'd Soul, give it New Life.

51 Tho *mock'd* by th' Proud, who dare blaspheme thy Law,
I'me not *asham'd* of thy *derided* way.

52 For I find Comfort when I think upon
Thy Judgements 'gainst my Foes, and for thine Own.

53 A Horreur seizes Me when I perceive
Th' Apostate wretches who *without Thee* live.

54 Thy Laws are my *continual* Song; for they
Are my *sole* Comfort in my House of Clay.

55, 56 Thinking on Thee, Darknes to Me's *no Night*;
Who keep thy Precepts, dwell in *unseen* Light.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 8. Cheth.

57 Thy Word's my Portion, Lord! I nought possess
Beyond *that Wealth*, rich in thy *Promises*.

58 O satisfy my longing Soul! afford
Thy promis'd Aid according to thy word.

59, 60 I did, reflecting, judge of mine *Own* way;
Abhor'd it, and sought *thine* without delay.

61 I'me rob'd of *All* by th' spoiler, and unjust;
But 'bove their Reach, They've left Me *still* my *Trust*.

62 At Midnight Lord! I will arise, and blefs
Thy pow'rful Judgments, and thy Righteousness.

63 Those who observe thy Precepts, and fear Thee,
I love; and joyn in their Society.

64 Thy

64 Thy Mercies, Lord! the spacious world do fill,
O teach my grateful Heart to do thy will.

Part 9. Teth.

65 Lord! As thy Word, so have thy Mercies been;

66 Instruct Me! for that word I've trusted in.

67 In my Prosperity I went astray,

Affliction has reduc'd me into th' way.

68 Teach Me thy Laws! that I may, knowing Thee,

O onely Good! gain true Felicity.

69 The Proud have falsly slanderd me, but I

Fram'd by thy Laws, my *Actions* justify.

70 They swell, and reap all the Worlds Happiness.

Whilst I, another way am led to Bliss.

71 *Afflictions* are my Guide; by Them, I'm brought

To know thy Laws, by surer Methods taught.

72 There, I possess a Treasure firm, and stable;

And 'bove their *Thousands*, choose th' invaluable.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 10. Iod.

73 Perfect, O God! the Creature of thine Hands;

Finish his *Mind*, inspir'd with thy Command's!

74 All They who fear Thee will rejoyce with Me,

When the Successes of my *Hopes* they see.

75 My *Hopes* far higher, from *Afflictions* rise;

For out of *Faithfulness* thou dost *Chastise*.

76 But midst those Tryals, thy *Supports* afford!

For such, Lord! is the *Promise* of thy Word.

- 77 O Raise Me then ! Grant that my Soul may live !
Live, bless'd in the Delights thy Laws do give.
- 78 Shame Those, Me wound with *causeless* violence ;
Who only think on *Thee*, and *thy* Defence.
- 79 They who fear *Thee*, and have *thy* Judgements known,
Shall turn to *Me*, and *Both*, trust *Thee* alone,
- 80 Grant, in thy ways, my Heart may Persevere !
For I shall ne'er be asham'd that God I fear.

Part 11. Caph.

81. My Soul doth faint for thy Salvation,
But firmly trusts what thy sure word makes known.
- 82, But when, O Lord ? When wilt Thou comfort me ?
When shall my longing Eyes Deliverance see ?
- 83, I'm like a *Bladder*, in the Smoak, or *Guord* ;
Wrinkled, and shrunk ; yet *still* I trust thy Word.
84. My days are few, and to their period tend,
Shall *They*, ere thou redress my *Wrongs*, have end ?
- 85, 86. They *falsly* persecute me ; their Laws are *Snares* ;
Unlike, thy *just ones* ; Lord ! i' my Help declare.
- 87, 88. They'd almost ruin'd me, yet I kept thy Law ;
My God relieve me, for I'll still obey !

Part 12. Lamed.

- 89, 90. Thy word that made the Heav'ns, as Heav'n endure,
Ages pass off, thy faithfulness stands sure.
- 91, Cause of All Things ! All Things on Thee do stay ;
For *All* Thy Servants are, and *Thee* obey.

92, If in thy word I had not found Relief,
I ~~soon~~ had *Perish'd*, in my fatal Grief.

93, 94, Quickned by it, I'll never it decline ;
O save me ! for by keeping it I'll me thine.

95, 96. In *Vain* the Sinner threats, his Hate must end ;
But thy Salvations beyond end extend.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 13. Mem.

97. Lord ! How I love ; and what abundant Cause
Have I to love, and to observe thy Laws ! *oth'*

98, 99, 100. The Subtleties of Foes ; ~~mine~~ Science Wife ;
And Prudence of the Aged, fall to these.

101. My *Actions* do express my Love, for they
Shun Ill ; He *falsly* loves who walks astray.

102, 103 These, taught by Thee, I keep ; Honey has less
Offsweetness, than to Souls, thy Promises.

104 Thy Precepts, Me unto true Wisdom raise ;
Therefore I hate the low false sensual ways.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 14. Nun.

105 Thy Word is to my Feet, as in the Night
To the stray'd Traveller a directing Light.

106 I've sworn, and have resolved to persist
In keeping of thy Judgements ; Lord ! assist.

107 I am cast down, O raise me up again !
And, as thy Word has promised, sustain.

108 Teach Me thy Laws ! *so* teach, that I may keep !
And take from th' Heart, the Sacrifice oth' Lip.

109, 110 A Death still threatned, a prepared Snare,
Make not my stedfast Soul, from thee, to erre.

111, 112 Thy Word's the Joy, and Portion of my Mind ;
And what that Word directs, I'll keep to th' End.

Part 15. Samech.

113 I hate *vain* Thoughts, and *wild* Opinions hate ;
But on thy Law, and *known* Truths meditate.

114, 115 Lord ! All my safety's in thy Word and thee ;
Depart ye workers of Iniquity !

116 Sustain my Life ! Thy Promises are just ;
And let Me not be *ashamed* of my Trust.

117 Sustain Me Lord ! *so* shall I ever be
Safe, and observe thy Laws continually.

118, 119 Thy Judgements, on the Dross of all Mankind,
Does my experienc'd Trust to thy Laws bind.

120 But Lord ! I *dread*, and *fear* what most I *trust* ;
Ev'n *their* Examples fear, for *who* is *just* ?

Part 16. Ain.

121 I do what's Right ; Cast me not out to Those
Who unto Me and *Righteousness* are Foes.

122 And, that th' Oppressour do not injure Me,
Be Thou *thy self* the *great* Security !

123 Mine Eyes look up to Thee, and looking faint ;
Till thou thy promised Salvation grant,

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Be Thou *thy self* the *great* Security !

123 Mine Eyes look up to *Thee*, and looking faint ;
Till thou thy promised Salvation grant,

124, 125 Pity thy Servant, for thy Servant's thine ;
Inform his Soul, and to thy Laws incline.

126 'Tis time, O Lord ! t' exert thy powerful Hand,
For they've made void, and cancell'd *thy* Command.

127, 128 Because the *wicked*, hate ; thy Law, I prize ;
Shun Ill ; and above *Gold*, choose *Righteousness*.

Part 17. *Pe.*

129 How wonderful, O Lord ! thy Precepts are ;
Wherefore my ravish'd Soul does them revere,

130 For, when *thy Word* Our faln Heat *reinspires*,
The Simple's *Wise* ; and Souls *renew* their Fires.

131 My Soul O God ! which pants, and gasps for Thee,
And thy Command, possess ! and satisfy.

132 O Look ! *so* Lord ! in *Mercy* look on Me,
As Thou art *wont* on Those who honour Thee.

133 Guide my frail steps, by thy just Rules defin'd ;
And be thy Word sole Regent of my Mind !

134 135 From man, oppressing man, thy servant free !
Shine, Lord ! and *Teach* ; shine, Lord ! and *succour* me.

136 O shine on him, who, jealous for his God,
For Sinners pours down a continual Flood.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 8. *Tfaddi.*

137 Lord ! Thou are Just ; and All thy Acts upright,

138 All thy Commands are Verity, and Right.

139 My Zeal consumes me, when I see my Foes
Desert *thy* Laws, and their *Own Counsells* choose.

140 Choose what's *adulterate*, and refuse the *Gold*
Which the just Test of the *last* fire does hold.

141 Lord ! I am *Poor* ; *low*, and of *no* repute ;
Of *All things* but *thy Precepts*, destitute.!

142 They *still* remain, and will *eternally* ;
For Righteousness and Truth immortal be.

143 I'me Pain'd, and griev'd, but *thy Word* yields Relief
Ith' lingring Torments of an anguish'd Life.

144 Thy Laws, O God ! Eternal are ; O give
My Soul true knowledge, that it still may live.
Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 19. Koph.

145, 146 With my whole Heart, to Thee, My God ! I cry ;
Lord save ! and my Soul, rescu'd, shall serve Thee.

147, 148 Night slowly comes, and the Morn rises late,
I, Both prevent ; and on Thee meditate.

149 Lord hear ! Hear Lord ! as Thou art wont to hear ;
And my Soul's drooping, languid Heats repair.

150, 151 Lord ! *thine*, and *my* declared Foes draw nigh ;
But *Thou* art *nigh* too, Lord of Verity !

152 I've known of Old, thy Testimonies be
All sure ; All stablish'd to Eternity.
Gloria of Two Verses.

Part 20. Resh.

153 My God ! consider mine adversity ;
And, cause thy Word's my Trust, deliver Me.

154 Plead *Thou* my Cause! my oppressed Soul relieve!
And, As thy Word has promised, revive.

155 The impious Wretch, thy Health descends not on;
Who keeps *no Law*, finds *no Salvation*.

156, 157 Thy Mercy's great; Raise Me, O Lord! and free
Me from my numerous Foes, who still serve Thee.

158, 159 I love thy Law, and for transgressours grieve;
Think how I love, my God! and me revive.

160 Thy Word, and thy just Judgements stedfast be;
All measurd by the same Eternity.

Part 21. Schin.

161 Princes me Persecute without a Cause,
But 'bove their Threats, Lord! I revere thy Laws.

162 And 'bove their joys, who ample spoils do find,
Thy Word's Eternal Treasure joys my Mind,

163 I hate the low, base treachery of a Lye,
But honour thy great Law of Verity.

164 Sev'n times a day, thy Name I magnify
Great God! because thy Judgements righteous be.

165 What unknown Peace have they, whose Conscience,
Fram'd by thy Laws t' it self gives no Offence.

166, 167 My God! I wait for thy Salvation;
For thy Commandments I have lov'd, and done.

168 I keep thy Laws, fear Thee, and walk upright;
For thou art still in *mine*, I, in *thy* sight.;

Gloria of Two Verses.

Part

Part 22. *Tau.**and*

169, 170 Hear Lord! and teach; hear, Lord save! ~~and~~
 From Ignorance, and from Adversity. ^ (free Me

171, 172 Teach me O Lord! and my instructed Tongue
 Shall make thy righteous Precepts my glad Song.

173, 174 Thy Precepts are my Choice; my Joys alone;
 Help Lord! grant thy desir'd Salvation.

175 Reverse thy Judgements, Lord! Let my Soul live!
 And taught by Thee, my Soul shall Praises give.

176 Like a lost Sheep, wandring, I've gone astray;
 O seek! O turn the stray'd into the way.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXX.

Ad Dominum.

1, 2 **I** cry'd to God in mine Adversity,
 Save, Lord! from the false Lip, and tongues that lye.

3, 4 Darts sharp as *thine*; Coals quick as *thine own* Fire,
 (Know thy reward, false Tongue!) shall be thy hire.

5 Unhappy me! condemn'd to *Mesech's* Tent,
 In savage Kedar thrown to Banishment;

6 My Soul hath dwelt, long dwelt, midst th' Enemies
 Of what all earthly Blessings blesses, Peace.

- 7 I offer Peace, and it's fair steps prepare;
But their rough brutish Souls are all for War,

Psalm CXXI.

Levavi Oculos.

- 1 **S**Hall I to th' *Mountains tops* look up, and *thence*
From th' Refuge of their Heights, expect defence?
2, *False* Refuge! I've no hope but in his name (Frame.
Who made the Earth, and th' Heavens stupendious
3 He, thy *weak* steps, *firm*, and *assur'd* will keep;
His care who watches o'r thee ne'er does sleep;
4 The Guards which have the care of thee receiv'd
Ne'er sleep; All watchful still, yet ne'er reliev'd.
5, 6 Himself's thy Guard; no Sun shall hurt by day,
Nor in the night, the Moon's pale humid Ray.
7, 8 His constant favour shall thy ways attend,
Shall keep thy Soul, shall keep it without end.

psalm. CXXII.

Latatus sum.

- 1 **N**OW the returning year presents the days
When our glad Feet, shall meet ith' house of Praise.
2, 3 Our Feet *Jerusalem!* shall stand in thee,
O blest'd! O City built by Unity.

- 4 All Tribes to th' Ark of witness come, not one
Dissenting Israelite straggles alone.
- 5 For thy fair Mount, the seat of Judgments on ;
Th' exalted Seat of his Anoynted's Throne.
- 6 O pray for th' Peace of our *Jerusalem* !
They, who shall seek thy Bliss, God shall bless them.
- 7 Peace be within thy Walls ! and Plentiousness
The fruit of Peace, within thy Palaces.
- 8 For my lov'd Brethrens sakes , all *Israel's* Race,
May thee, all Bliss, all happiness embrace !
- 9 But more, for th' House of God, may all be powr'd
On thee that's good, from his own goodness showr'd.

psalm CXXIII.

Ad Te locavi Oculos.

- 1, 2 **A**LL-seeing power ! who, from thy sacred Throne
On all the Creatures of thy Hand look't down,
Behold thy People ! who, with tender Eyes,
As chastned servants wait, low, and submisse
Wait for thy Mercy ; and shall still attend.
Till thou, appeased, shalt their chastnings end.
- 3, 4 Have Mercy Lord ! for with the *lowest* scorn
Of the Disdainful , Sloathful, Proud w' are torn.
We, *low* in Misery, and dejected lye ;
And their *Contempt* treds on *that* Misery.

Gloria of Two Verses.

psalm

Psalm CXXIV.

Nisi quia Dominus.

- 1, 2, 3 **I**F God *himself* had not our strength sustain'd,
 And his *own* Arm our vanquish'd Right main-
 Our Foes had swallow'd us alive ; when they (tain'd
 To Fury, quitting all that's Just, gave way.
- 4, 5 To th' Rage of the deaf Waves we had been thrown,
 And by the Torrent of the Proud born down.
- 6 But bless'd be God, who snatch'd our Souls away,
 And from their jaws, rapt the despayring Prey.
- 7 As the *lost* Bird flatter'd into the Net
 By the deceit of th' *treacherous* Fowler set ,
 Mounts up when some kind Hand breaks the false Snare:
 Our cheated Souls, *so* caught, *so* rescu'd are.
- 8 Father of Being ! from whom we took our Breath,
 Thou onely who giv'st Life, canst save from Death.
- Gloria of Two Verses.*

Psalm CXXV.

Qui Confidunt.

- 1 **W**Ho, under the Almighty's shade
 Gather'd, his wing, their trust have made,
 Shall firm as his own *Sion* stand ;
 Which ne'er can move, by him sustain'd.
- Shall

- 2 And, as our safe *Jerusalem*
Hills compass; so the Lord does Him.
- 3 The Rod of the Ungodly must
Not rest ith' Portion of the Just:
- Least He, thinking Himself forgot,
Murmur, and perish with his Lot.
- 4 O Thou! who dost all Good impart,
Do good to the upright in Heart.
- 5 But Those, who do perversly stray
With Sinners God shall them destroy.
Whilst that 'fair Wing where Peace doth dwell
Shall overshadow *Israel*.

Psalm CXXVI.

In convertendo.

- 1 **V**W Hen Judgement was appeas'd, and from on High,
Mercy lookt down on our Captivity;
Amaz'd as men who joyful *Visions* see,
We thought we had but *dreamt* a Liberty:
- 2 But, when we found it *true*, the Vision fled,
But the dear Ravishments, and high Joys *abide*.
- The very *Heathen* said, *what has God done?*
What wonders *Israel's* God, for *Israel* shown?
- 3 What th' *Heathen*, Lord! attest, *we, more* confess;
Confess thy Mercies, and confessing, *bleß*.
- 4 Return, O Lord! and *all* thy *Israel* free;
Bring back the *whole* redeem'd Captivity.

- Turn us, as Southern Floods that plenty bring;
 So turn back, Lord ! the *flowing Remnant* in.
 5 The Soul shall reap in *Joy*, which sows in *Tears*;
 The bounteous Harvest shall discount its Fears.
 6 Who weeping sows, but sows *good Seed*, shall come,
 Shall doubtless come with *Joy*, and full Sheaves *home*,

Psalm CXXVII.

Nisi Dominus.

- 1 **E**Xcept the *Lord* the prosp'rous Building raise,
Man, the Foundation of a *Ruine* lays.
 Except the City's Guard, *God* undertakes,
 The careful sleepless Watchman in *vain* wakes.
 2 In *vain*, ye early rise ; and late sit up ;
 The Bread of Sorrow eat, and drink its Cup ;
 From anxious cares, He, his belov'd doth keep ;
 He gives what's fit ; and the *Contented*, sleep.
 3 Their happy Issue's an Inheritance ;
 And does th' encreased Parent's strength advance.
 4, 5 They are like Arrows in a strong mans Hand ;
 And He, by Them, his Enemies, shall withstand.

Psalm

psalm CXXVIII.

Beati Omnes.

- 1 **B**less'd art Thou who dost thy Maker fear ;
And in his righteous ways dost persevere.
- 2 Thy lab'ring Hand shall *what's enough*, supply ;
Ohappy Man ! O *safe* Felicity !
- 3 Like as the Vine thine House does beautify ;
So fair thy Wife shall, and so fruitful be.
Children about thy Table shall be spread
Like Olive Plants ; and there, contented, fed.
- 4 Thus, shall the Man be bless'd who fears the Lord ;
- 5, 6 Bless'd with the Blessings *Sion* does afford.
Thou, Aged, shalt thy Children's Children see :
And all thy days, *Israels* Prosperity.

psalm CXXIX.

Sape expugnaverunt Me.

- 1, 2 **F**rom my youth up, They oft have Me *assail'd*
May *Israel* say ; but *never* have *prevail'd*.
- 3 The Ploughers plough'd long Furrows on my Back ;
But God, who's just, the Cords oth' wicked brake.
- 5 So perish all their cruel Snares, and They
Who, to their Malice, *Sion* would betray !

- 6 Be they like Grafs, which on th' House-tops does spring;
Does *dying*, spring; and grows up, *withering*.
- 7, 8 Which, nor the Hand, nor Bosom fills with Sheaves;
Nor Any passing by, One good wish gives.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXXX.

De Profundis.

- 1, 2 **F**rom out the Depths of Horrour, Fear and Care,
Where conscious Guilt still wakes and black des-
To thee, O Lord! my anguish'd Soul does fly, (pair,
Lord hear Me! and admit my woful cry.
- 3 If Thou, O Righteous Judge! shouldst be *extream*
And let thy Justice urge, and try *each* Crime,
O! *Who? Who* may abide? *Who's He*, of All
The Sons of Men but must, *condemned*, fall?
- 4 But *Mercy*, O our God's! with thee, that we
For Mercy, may *revere* thy Majesty.
- 5, 6 That Mercy, Lord! I wait; wait for as they
Tir'd with a restless Night, who wait for Day,

And Lord! I shall not wait in *vain*; O just
Of Promise! O faithful of that Word I trust!
7, 8 Trust then in God, My Soul! his Love's unknown;
The Plenty of his full Redemption.

O *Israel* ! trust ; My Soul ! trust God with *them*.
Hee'l *Them*, and *Thee*, from *all* Our Sins redeem.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXXXI.

Domine non est.

- 1 **L**ord ! I'm not proud ; have no disdainful Eye ;
Scorn not the Mean, nor Him who's less than Me.
Nor does my bold presumptuous Reason pry
Proud of its Strength, on Mysteries too high.
- 2 But like a weaned Child, my Soul I wean
From Pride without, and greater Pride within.
For what, Proud Clay ! can thy Self profit thee ?
- 3 O *Israel* ! trust in God ; thy self deny.

Psalm CXXXII.

Memento Domine.

- 1, 2 **R**emember *David's* Troubles, Lord ! and how
He to th' Almighty sware, and vow'd a Vow,
- 3, 4 I'll not come in mine House ; will not ascend
My Bed ; no Sleep shall to mine Eyes descend,
- 5 Until I find a Dwelling for my God ;
And separate a Place for his abode.
- 6 Lord ! we have heard, thy Ark *to-fore* has stood
At *Ephrata* ; where we found it in the Wood. 7 But

- 7 But in thy *Sanctu'ry* 'tis seated *Now*,
Where we, before thy Footstool ; lowly bow.
- 8 *Arise*, O Lord ! *Thou*, and the *dispossess'd*
Ark of thy *Strength*, and come into thy *Rest*.
- 9 Let Stoles of Righteousness thy Priests invest !
And by thy Saints, be thy glad Praise express'd.
- 10 Bless thine Anointed, Lord ! for *David's* sake :
- 11, 12 To whom, Thou didst thy faithful Promise make ;
If thy Sons *keep* my *Laws*, *their* Sons shall set
For ever, on the Throne of *David's* Seat.
- As their Obedience to my *Laws* ~~are~~ *is* shown ;
So lasting shall their days be on the Throne.
- 13 The Lord hath *Sion* made his *Own* Abode,
The Choice, and the Peculiar of its God.
- 14 *Here* will I fix my *everlasting* Seat ;
Here, ever rest ; for *Sion's* my Delight.
- 15 *Plenty* shall make her Stores ; and give forth Bread
To th' Poor ; who by *her* Bounty shall be fed.
- 16 I'll cloath her Priests with my Salvation ;
With whom, my joyful Saints in Praise shall joyn.
- 17 There *David* I'll exalt ; and round his Head
Wreath'd with his Pow'r, a circling Glory spread.
- 18 Upon his *Foes*, I'll pour Confusion ;
But on *Himself*, plant his still flourishing Crown.

Gloria of Four Verses.

Psalm CXXXIII.

Ecce quam bonum.

- O** Unity ! Cœlestial Unity !
 Where Good, and Pleasant, in *One*, joynd be ;
 Where Peaceful Brethren do consent in Thee,
 How blest'd to *All*, is the blest'd Harmony !
- 2 As when on *Aaron's* consecrated *Head*
 The pretious Unguents, and the Dews were shed,
 Flow'd down his *Beard* ; from whence, the *lowest* *Hemm*
 Oth' sacred Vest, was lav'd by th' Balm-like stream.
- 3 And as from *Hermon's Hill*, descending Rain
 Falling, enriches all the *humble Plain* :
 Or, as both *Sion's Tops*, the melting Dew
 And th' *Valley's* with'ring *Verdure* does renew.
- On *All the Peaceful*, so, from God descends
 A *Present* Bliss, and One that *never ends*.
- Gloria of *Two Verses*.

Psalm CXXXIV.

Ecce Nunc.

- Y**E Servants of the Lord, who by Night, stand
 In his blest'd Courts, fulfilling his Command,

- 2 Lift up pure Hands ! Lift up pure Hearts on high !
And bless, and Praise Him in his Sanctu'ry.
3 And Thou, who dost *Him* Praise ith' Sanctu'ry,
The Lord from out his Sanctu'ry bless *Thee* !

psalm CXXXV.

Laudate Nomen.

- 1, 2 **O** Praise the Lord ye Servants of the Lord
Who tread his Courts! All in his Praise accord!
3 Sing Praise ! Speak Praise ! The God is good we Praise
Sing Praise ! for pleasant are the Heav'nly Lays.
4 Sing Praise O *Israel* ! his Name advance
Who hath chose *Thee* for his Inheritance,
5 For 'bove *all Gods*, Our God is God *alone* ;
And 'bove *all Powers* his exalted Throne.
6 For what e're He has will'd is done ; in Heav'n
In Earth and Sea ; his Will, Them, Laws has giv'n.
Natures Recesses He buried low ith' Deep,
Which, unto Man, dark and unfathom'd sleep.
7 He *licenses* and th' stormy Tempests binds ;
Unbarrs his Treasury, and *lets forth* the Winds.
The Lightnings break forth, and mixt Rains pour down ;
And threat on All Confusions like their Own.
8, 9 His Judgements unto *Egypt* were made known,
Fertile in wonders t' its Destruction.

- 10 He mighty Kingdoms smote, and Potent Kings ;
And did their Power in Subjection bring.
- 11, 12 *Og, Basan's King ; and Schon, th' Amorite's ;*
And Canaan gave to his own Israelites.
- 13 These wonders, Lord ! for ever shall be told ;
And their renew'd Memorials ne'er wax old.
- 14 Wonders, which by thy Judgements are made known
Upon thy Foes ; and Mercies on thine Own.
- 15 Can Gods of Gold, which the vain Heathen please,
Such wonders do ? Such Miracles as these ?
- 16, 17 Can the *dumb* Mouth, the *sightless* Eye, *deaf* Ear,
Regard the Idol-like Idolater ?
The God, his living Workman's far *beneath* ;
No stroak, *no* softest Pencil e'er form'd *Breath*.
- 18 Who *makes* Gods, or Them *worships*, does degrade
The *Man* ; the *Man's* false as the *God* He made.
- 19, 20, 21 O *Israel's* House and *Aaron's* blest the Lord !
He *can*, *alone*, defence and help afford.

O House of *Levi* Praise that God with Them !
From *Sion*, who dwells at *Jerusalem*.

Gloria of Two Verses.

T

Psalms

Psalm CXXXVI.

Confitemini.

- 1 **O** bleſs our God, who Mercies *ſtill* beſtows,
 Yet the unwaſted Fountain *ever* flows.
 2, 3 O bleſs the Lord! the Lord of Gods! for ſure
 His everlaſting Mercies do endure.
 4 By his Almighty Power, All Things were done,
 And every wonder is from Him alone.
 5 Whoſe wiſdom the vaſt Arch of Heav'n has ſpread,
 6 And rais'd the Earth 'bove the Seas liquid Bed.
 Mercies thus, He *ſtill* beſtows,
 Yet th' *immortal* Fountain *flows*.
 7 By Him Light was; By Him, the glittering Flood
 Diffus'd at *firſt*, in Orbs collected ſtood.
 8 He made the Sun; and to his brighter Ray
 Deputed haſ the Government of Day.
 9 To the Stars ſparkling Fires, and Moon's pale Light,
 He has aſſign'd the Region of the Night.
 10, 11, 12 He ſmote the firſt-born of th' *Egyptians*,
 And thence his Arm brought his inheritance.
 Mercies thus, he *ſtill* beſtows,
 Yet th' *immortal* Fountain *flows*.
 13 Who the Red Sea did into parts divide,
 14 And his, through th' glorious, dreadful Valley led;
 15 On *Pharaoh's* Hoſt, the Sea return'd again;
 Coverd, and not a Witneſs did remain.
 16 He through the Wilderneſs his People led;
 Led Them by wonders, and by wonders *fed*.

17, 18 Who, potent Kings, and mighty Princes smote ;
And into their Possessions *Israel* brought.

Mercies thus, he *still* bestows,
Yet th' *immortal* Fountain flows.

19, 20 *Sehon*, the *Amorite's* ; and *Og*, *Basan's* King ;

21, 22 And *Israel* did into those Conquests bring.

23 When we *afflicted* were, *low*, and *oppress'd*,
He, from Above, *regarded* the distress'd.

24 He set us free, brake off our Captive Bands,
And rescu'd us from out our Enemies hands.

25 Whose Bounty, to all Flesh, Relief does yield,
To Man, and All the Creatures of the Field.

26 Praise Him who all Good bestows,
Yet th' *immortal* Fountain flows.

Psalm CXXXVII.

Super flumina.

1 **W** Hilst griev'd we sate by th' Streams of *Babylon*,
As the Streams glided on, our Tears ran down.

2 Our Harps untun'd, upon the Willows hung ;
Neglected, hung ; disorder'd, and unstrung.

3 Th' insulting Victor bad his Captives sing.

“ Sing one oth' Songs sacred to *Sion's* King !

4 O how can we midst th' impious Heathen sung
In their strange Land, sing a *devoted* Song ?

5, 6 O *Sion* ! O *Jerusalem* ! Can I,
Can my Soul, ever, unremember Thee ?

Cleave to my Mouth my hated tongue! and let
 Forgetting *Thee*, my Hand its *Art* forget!

Or when, 'bove *Sion's Tears*, I Joys shall prize:
 O *Sion!* All my Grief; and All my Bliss,
 7 Mind *Edom's* cryes in thy *Jerusalem's* Day!
 Down with that Temple! All in Ruins lay!

8 O *Babylon!* And thy Day too will come;
 Who thy Race ended, must abide thy Doom;
 May he, who vengeance takes, be prosperous!
 And deal with Thee, as Thou hast dealt with us.

9 And make thy Children in thy Plagues partake;
 And with the Root th' untimely Branches take.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

Confitebor tibi.

1 **T**hee, O my God! with my whole Heart I'll blefs;
 And before All the Gods, thy Name confefs.
 2 Towards thy holy Temple I will bow,
 And for thy Love, and Truth due Praises vow.

For above All Things, Thou thy word hast set;
 y praise Ev'n 'bove ~~thee~~ thy fam'd Name made great.
 of 3 When I invok'd, Thou didst new Powers inspire;
 And in my Soul, wak'dst its extinguish'd Fire.

- 4 All Kings shall by thy word instructed be;
And then All crowned Heads shall sing to Thee.
Sing in thy ways; Sing that All Glory's thine;
5 And All their Scepters unto Thee resign.
- 6 The Lord thus high, on th' Humble yet looks down;
But stands *far off*, and on the Haughty *frowns*.
7 Though Trouble, Grief, and Foes encompass Me,
Thou shalt restrain their fury, and save Me.
- 8 Perfect the Creature, Lord! whom Thou didst make;
Restore thine Image, nor the laps'd forsake.

Psalm CXXXIX.

Domine probasti.

- 1 **A**LL-present Lord! No Act of mine can be
Hid from the view of thine All-searching Eye.
2 Thou knowst *when I lye down; when I arise;*
Nothing *withdraws* from Thee; nought *veiled* lyes.
To Thee the viewless shadow of a Thought,
Before its texture was design'd, was brought.
- 3 Thou art about my *Bed*; 'bout *all my ways*;
From Thee nor any *Deed's* remov'd, nor *Place*.
4 Not *one word's* in my Tongue, Thou dost not *know*;
When ev'n our *Thoughts* are loud, are *whispers* low?
5 Thou, on the *Clay*, thine artful Hand hast laid.
And of th' *unfashion'd* Substance, *Man* hast made.
- 6 *My self* amazes Me; I cann't attain
To the *deep* knowledge of the wonder, *Man*.

- 7 *Where, from thy Spirit, then shall I retreat ?
What Land to Thee lies undiscover'd yet ?*
- 8 Could I climb up to *Heav'n*, Thou, Lord ! art *there* ;
Or make my Bed in *Hell*, Thou wouldst be *near*.
- 9 Or mounted on the Morning's Wing, should flee
Where breaking Light dawns from the *farthest* Sea ;
- 10 Ev'n *there* thine Hand would hold upon Me lay,
And seize Me midst the *twilights* of the Day.
- 11 If I should say, *Darkness shall cover Me*,
Darkness it self, Lord ! is not *dark* to *Thee*.
- 12 *Midnight* to *Thee* is *Noon* ; and *Shade* is *Light* ;
Where thy bright Presence comes, there is *no Night*.
- 13 My Reins are *thine* ; form'd and design'd by *Thee*,
Who in my Mother's Womb hast coverd Me.
- 14 Lord ! *Thou* hast made Me, made the fearful Frame ;
O ! may the Soul that knows it, Praise thy Name.
- 15 Thou, whilst the Mass, *rude*, and *inform* did lye,
And moulding was to th' *shape* of Man, didst see ;
- 16 Didst *then* on the *imperfect* Substance look,
Wrote down in the Idea of thy Book.
Which *daily*, into Parts grew out of *None* ;
Unknown *then* to my self, and yet unknown.
- 17 O Wisdom *infinite* ! How *high* ! How *dear* !
Great God ! th' unfathom'd Depths thy Counsels *are* !
- 18 I can't th' incomprehended Number *tell* ;
Silence alone denotes th' *ineffable*.
When I awake, Thou *Present* art to Me ;
Let thy work bless thee, Lord ! and wake to *Thee*.

- 19, 20 Slay the Bloodthirsty Man, and the Prophane,
Who boldly take thine awful Name in vain !
21, 22 Those, who hate *Thee*, and against *Thee* do rise,
I truly hate ; for th'are *mine* Enemies. (stray,
23, 24 Search, Lord ! my Heart, and Thoughts ; and when I
O guide Me in the everlasting way !

Psalm CXL.

Eripe Me Domine.

- 1, 2 **F**ROM Those, who violent, and malicious be,
And Discords dayly move, Lord ! rescue Me !
3 Who *Speak*, as Serpents *sting* ; untruths devise ;
Strike through just Fames ; and poyson with their Lyes.
4 Lord ! keep Me from those impious wretches, who
Where e'er I go, design mine Overthrow.
5 All *fair* untruths, and *hopeful* to *betray*,
Like *Nets*, and *Snares*, They *cover* in my way.
6, 7 To Thee, My God ! distress'd, I cry ; Lord hear !
As Thou ith' Day of *Battle* didst appear.
8 *Defeat* their Counsels ! *Blast* their Policies !
And let Them not exalt Themselves by *Lyes*.
9 *Return* th' infected Breath ! and let the Pest,
Whence it *first brake*, pierce the invenom'd Breast.
10 The Snare, the Fire, the Pit, their Portion be !
And, cast down, let them perish utterly,

- 11 Vengeance shall hunt, and seize the violent ;
 Whose flowing words, fair specious mischiefs vent.
 12 For God will vindicate th' Aspersed's Name ;
 Assert his Cause and violated Fame.
 13 That by the Just his Name may still be blest'd ;
 And They, for ever, in his Presence, rest.
Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXLI.

Domine clamavi.

- 1 **L**ord ! unto Thee I call ; Hear my loud cries !
 And swiftly let my Prayer to Thee arise !
 2 My Prayer, as Incense, *sweet*, and *flaming* rise !
 And th' *Hands lift up*, be th' *Evening Sacrifice* !
 3 Set, Lord ! a watch before my Mouth ! and keep
 From all that's Ill, the guarded Doors oth' Lip.
 4 O let my Heart be to no Vice inclin'd !
 But spotless keep the Candor of my Mind.
 In Sinners works let me take *no* Delight !
 Nor stain my *Soul* to serve my *Appetite*.
 5 Let the Good check Me, erring ; by their *stroke*
 My Head no more shall, than by *Balms*, be broke.
 I will *repay* the Debt ; and when *They* mourn
 I'll pray for *Them*, and the kind Balm *return*.
 6 When their false Guides, slain, in their rough ways, lye,
 They'll hear my words ; and warn'd attend to Me.

- 7 Our Bones, by th' Grave lye scatter'd all about,
(As Chips from Wood) from Carcasses hew'd out.
8 But unto Thee, O Lord ! I lift mine Eyes ;
Thou art my Help ; do not my Soul despise.
9 Th' ungodly's wily Snares, and curious Trap,
Preserv'd by Thee, Lord ! May I still escape.
10 Let the unrighteous fall in his *Own* Pit !
But let Me still avoid, or break the Net.

Psalm CXLII.

Voce mea ad Dominum

- 1, 2 **T**O God, I pour'd my Supplication,
And unto Him, my troubled State made known.
3 When griev'd, Thou sawst my way ; How in that way
More anxious made, the False their Snares did lay.
4 I look'd for Help, but *no man* would Me know ;
To mine Affliction, *every One* was Foe ;
5 Then to my God I cry'd ; Lord ! Thou alone
lth' Land oth' Living, art *my* Portion.
6 Lord ! I'm brought low ; My God deliver Me !
And from my powerful Persecutors, free ;
7 Give back my Liberty ! and th' Righteous
Joyn'd All with Me, shall All in Thee rejoyce.

Psalm CXLIII.

Domine exaudi.

- 1 **H**ear, Lord ! my Prayer ; Consider mine Address ;
 For thy Truth's sake, and for thy Righteousness ;
 2 Judge not thy Servant ! for in *thy* pure sight
 Who's spotless found ? *who* shall be found upright ?

- 3, 4 My Foes, successful, have prevail'd ; strook down
 My Life ; and in the low, dark Dungeon thrown ;
 Like One that's Dead, I'm coverd o're with Night ;
 Shut from the Day, and the departed Light.

*Lost to All Joys, and buried unto Life,
 Benumb'd with Cold, I've no Sense but of Grief.*

- 5 But yet my Soul looks forth ; looks back, and sees
 The wonders of thy *Old* Deliverances.

*I muse on All thy works ; and in my Mind
 Free, and enlarged, a whole World I find.*

- 6 O free me quite ! To Thee I lift my Hands,
 Gasp for *thy Help*, as for *Rain*, thirsty Lands.

- 7 Hear, Lord ! I faint ; O hear Me *speedily* !
 My Life's *expiring* ; and the Grave *draws* nigh.
 8 Lord ! with the breaking Light, let Joy return !
 And thy Salvation with the rising Morn.

Teach me to know the Path where I should tread !
 And in th' instructed way, my frail steps lead.

9 Lord! Save my Soul from its fierce Enemies;
Which to thine Arms, for Aid, and Shelter flies.

10 Let thy good Spirit my faint Soul possess!
And lead me into th' Land of Righteousness.

11 For thine Own Glory, Lord! Raise my fall'n State!
And to thy Mercies Honour, vindicate.

12 Cut off my Foes, and sink Them to the Grave!
Let not thy Servant be his Enemies Slave.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXLIV.

Benedictus Dominus.

1, 2 **B**less'd be the Lord teaches my Hands to War;
My Hope; my Fortress, and Deliverer.
Subdues my People; Crowns Me with Success;
And ends my War in Victory, and Peace.

3 Lord! *What is Man* Thou shouldst thus honour Him?
Thus high, the low, th' unvalu'd Thing esteem?

4 Like the prone shade hafts his contracting Span!
And the same poise weighs Vanity, and Man.

5 Lord! Bow the Heav'ns; and let the stooping Cloud
The flaming Mounts in glorious Horrors shrowd!

6 The piercing Lightnings break their close array!
And their disorder'd Troops thy Thunder slay.

7 Thus on my Foes! On Me descend in Love!
The Arm that slays can rescue from Above. U 2 Stretch

- Stretch forth *that Arm!* and from the *mighty wave*
Draw forth my Soul, and from *strange Children* save:
 8 Whose *perjur'd Lips* no *sacred Vows* can bind,
 Their *Hand Plights Faith*, but from a *faithless Mind*.
 9 *Then*, to the Harp, my voice I'll higher raise;
 And made victorious, sing *another Praise*.
 10 Sing, that our God *alone* Salvation brings
 To *David*, and to his *Appointed Kings*.
 11 Save Me from *Those* whose *Lips no vows* can bind,
 Whose *Hand plights Faith* but from a *faithless Mind*.
 12 That like young Plants, vigorous, and flourishing,
 (Our hopeful Branches) All our *Sons* may spring.
 And, like the Temple's polish'd Marbles, may
 Our Daughters, *fair*, and *graceful* be as they!
 13 May our blest'd Stores be with all *Plenty* fill'd!
 And our Sheep *Thousands* and *ten thousands* yield.
 14 Our Cattle, *strong* to break the labour'd Ground;
No Cryes, no Ravages, our *Quiet* wound.
 15 Blest'd are *such People*; yea, *thrice blest'd*, are *They*
 Whom *God Protects*, and who that *God obey*.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXLV.

Exaltabo Te Domine.

- 1, 2 **T** Hec, Day by Day, Great God! I'll magnify;
 Will Praise Thee *now*, Praise Thee *Eternally*.

- 3 The Lord is Great, *above all Praise* is Great;
No Limits to his boundless power are set.
- 4 *Age* shall tell *Age*; *This*, shall tell *That* succeeds;
None shall *not know*, and none *not sing* thy deeds.
- 5 I will declare thy glorious Acts, *sing high*
Thy Works, and th' Honour of thy Majesty.
- 6, 7 Mankind shall hear and spread thy *distant* Name,
And *All* record the *Stories of thy Fame*.
Thy Acts of *Terreur*, and thy Acts of *Love*;
The *Judgements*, and *Compassions* from *Above*.
- 8 The Lord is *Good*; The Lord is *slow to Wrath*;
His boundless termless Love *no measure* hath.
- 9 *All Mankind* his abundant Goodness prove,
And *All his works* share his *extended* love.
- 10 *All thy works*, Lord! Thee *magnify*, and *All*
Thy *Saints* confessing thee, before thee fall.
- 11 They sing thy *Power*, sing thy *Majesty*;
Sing thy great *Kingdom*, and thy Praise on high,
- 12 That unto *All*, thy Kingdom may be known,
And *All flesh* honour thine exalted Throne.
- 13 Thy Kingdom an *eternal* Kingdom is,
Beyond the *Ages of Posterities*.
- 14 The Lord *sustains* the *falling*; Those *fallen* down
He *raises up*, and lifts them from the Ground.
- 15 *All Eyes* do wait on *thee*; thy Providence
Thy Blessings to *All Creatures* does dispence.
- 16 By thine extended Hand they're satisfied,
And at thine inexhausted Stores are fed.

- 17 The Lord in all his doings, *righteous* is;
And all his works express his *holiness*.
18 The Lord, to *All* who call upon Him's *nigh*;
To *All* who call upon Him and obey.
19 He'll hear their Prayer, and will save *All* them
Who *fear*, and *faithfully* rely on Him.
20 God shall the *Righteous* bless; but th' hated Root
Of the *ungodly* shall be *curst* out.
21 Bless Thou the Lord, my Soul! and joyn with Me
All *Flesh* to bless his Name eternally.

Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CXLVI.

Lauda Anima mea.

- 1, 2 **S**oul! Praise the Lord; from him, thou dost receive
Thy Being; and in him dost *move* and *live*.
O! While that Breath of Life, that Being stays,
The *Donour* of that Breath and Being Praise.
3 Trust not in *Princes*! in *no* *Mortal* trust!
No *lasting* Help can come from him that's *Dust*.
4 For when his vanish'd Life is fled away
All his *Thoughts* perish; and the *Great* Prince is *Clay*.
5 But *blest*'d is *He*, and *faithful* is his Trust,
Who hopes in *God*, the Portion of the *Just*.
Mens Trusts in *Death*, or in *Oblivion* sleep,
Th' E T E R N A L does *eternal* Promise keep.

Who

6 Who, *Heav'n*, and *Earth*, and *Sea*, and all the Coasts
Of Nature made. peopled with numerous Hosts.
7, 8 The Friendless, Helpless, Poor; th' Oppress'd relieves;
And Food unto the pining *Hungry* gives.

Restores the *Blind*, and makes the dark Eye *see*;
Strikes off the Prisoner's Chain, and sets him free.
Raises the bow'd and faln down; keeps the upright;
For They're *Gods Care*, who are their God's *Delight*.

9 The *Widow*, *Stranger*, and the *Fatherless*,
God does *protect*, but does th' *unjust depress*.
10 *Such, Sion!* is thy King; whose endless Reign
Shall *from*, and *to Eternity* remain.

Psalm CXLVII.

Laudate Dominum.

Sing Praise! 'tis good unto our God to sing;
Praise is a *decent, joyful Offering*.
The Lord his *faln Jerusalem* rebuilds,
Recalls his *exiles* to their banish'd Fields.

To the *griev'd, anguish'd Soul*, does Joys impart,
And pours *His Balm* into the wounded Heart.
The Stars, the Ornaments of Heav'ns glittering Frame,
Though *infinite*, He calls Them forth by *Name*.

Great is our God, his immense Power is Great;
And like his Wisdom, *All* is infinite.

- 6 The Lord exalts the *Meek*; but does confound
The *impious Wretch*, and hurls him to the Ground.
- 7 O Praise the Lord! with *Hearts* and *Voices* sing,
Bring th' Harp, the full and solemn Consort bring.
- 8 Who covers Heav'n with Clouds; whose fertile Rains
Give barren *Hills* the Verdures of the *Plains*.
- 9 He *all* the *Beasts* oth' *Field* with food supplies,
And does not unregard the *Vultur's* Cryes;
- 10 He takes no pleasure in the boasted force
Of any *Man*, or greater, of an *Horse*.
- 11 But onely in the *Soul* that Him *reveres*,
Who *hopes* in God, and his God onely *fears*.
- 12 O *Sion*! O *Jerusalem*! Praise the Lord,
And his choice Blessings unto Thee record.
- 13 Who fortifies and barrs thy strengthned Gates,
That thy Inhabitants *none* violates.
- 14 Within thy happy Borders gives Thee *Peace*,
And the Effects of Peace, gives *Plenteousness*.
- 15 He gives Command, and *All* to the *swift* word
Flying *through All*, Obedience do afford.
- 16 Snow falls like *Wool*; softly, and loosely spread;
Like *Ashes*, hoary *Frosts* are scattered.
- 17 Cold *binds*, like *Morsels*, the congealed *Ice*;
What strength t' endure its *Rigors* can suffice?
- 18 He countermands, and *softer* Winds do blow,
Snow *melts*, and the *relenting* *Morsells* flow.

- 19 His Statutes unto *Jacob* does reveal ;
His Laws and Judgements unto *Israel*.
20 He hath not *so* blest'd any Nation ;
Nor to the *Heathen* made his Judgments known.

Psalm CXLVIII.

Laudate Dominum.

- 1, 2 **O** Praise the God of Heav'n ! O Praise Him, all
Ye heav'nly Hosts ! and Pow'rs Cœlestial !
3 Praise Him, Thou flaming Minister of Day,
Bright *Sun* ! and *Moon*, thy bright, but *softer* Ray.
Ye Stars ! which paint the beauteous Scene of Night
Praise Him ! and Praise Him Thou, his *first-Born*, Light !
4 Praise Him, ye Heav'ns ! Floods, 'bove the Heav'ns that roll,
Circling the Stars, and compassing each Pole !
5 He spake, and out of *Nothing*, *Being* flow'd ;
And All, in their commanded *Order*, stood ;
6 Shall thus stand *ever* firmly stablished ;
By *Nature*, thy *Great Law*, seal'd on them, led.
7 Praise Him on Earth, ye Dragons ! and each deep !
And the dark Forms that in your Caverns sleep.
8 Meteors, and Fire. *Snow*, *Hail*, your Maker Praise !
And stormy Tempest ! which his will obeys.
9 Mountains, and Hills, with your fair Crowns of Trees :
Let your crown'd heads, and your fair Crowns him blest !
10 All Beasts, and Cattle ; the Worm that creeping moves ;
And Birds, that sing their Freedome, and their Loves.
11 The Kings, the Judges, and the Princes joyn !
And *All*, from the poor *Cottage* to the *Throne*.
12 Let *All*, Him blest ! blest in their *flourishing* State ;
Childhood, and Ages last expiring Date. X 13

- 13 Let Heav'n and Earth their great Creator blefs!
 And great above them *Both*, his *Praise* exprefs.
 14 He shall the Power of his People raise,
 And They with all his Saints their God shall Praise.

Psalm CXLIX.

Cantate Domino.

- 1, 2 **S**ing a *New Song* ! ith' Saints Assembly sing !
 Bless *Sion* ! thy Creator, and thy King.
 3 Praise him by every graceful Motion ;
 The Dance, and th' various conspiring Tone.
 4 For God delights in his ; and he will crown
 The Meek with beauties of Salvation.
 5 With **Glory** let the joyful Saints rejoyce !
 And in their Bed lift up their cheerful voice.
 6, 7 His Praise be in their mouths ! and in their hands
 A two edg'd Sword to cut through th' Heathen's Bands
 8 To triumph ith' Success their Conquest brings
 Upon their Captive Nobles, and their Kings.
 9 To reap the Glories which his Promise grants ;
Such Honour, telling them, have All his Saints.
Gloria of Two Verses.

Psalm CL.

Laudate Dominum in.

- 1 **O** Praise God in his *Pow'r* and *Holiness* !
 2 His noble *Acts* excelling *Greatness* blefs !
 3, 4, 5 Unite each *differing* Vibration,
 From *Air*, from *Strings*, and *trembling Bodies* thrown !
 The *Trumpet*, *Harp*, and waving *Cimbal* joyn !
 And let their *differing* Tones conspire in *One*. 6 Each

6 Each *living Soul*, that *Soul* unto him raise!
And coyn its *Breath of Life* into his *Praise*. Amen.

• H Y M N S

Used in the Church Service.

[*Te Deum laudamus.*]

T H E E , O our Ood ! we praise ; and thee
Confess to be the *only* Lord.
To bless thy Name, O thou most High !
All the *disenting* World accord.

Angels and Heav'ns joyn th' loud Hymn ;
And all the high Cœlestial Pow'rs.
The Cherubim and Seraphim
Thus pass their bless'd, *Eternal Hours.*

“ O Holy, Holy Lord most High !
“ O Holy God of Sabaoth !
“ Full of thy glorious Majesty
“ All Earth is, and all Heav'n is both.

Th' Apostles add themselves to th' *Quire*,
And all the Prophets, *full* of Thee,
Thy *present Vision* does inspire
With Raptures for Eternity.

Triumphant Martyrs bring their Palms,
And Songs, and *Crowns of Victory*;
And we, thy Militants, *our Psalms*,
With all thy Church confessing thee.

Thee, Father! Thee, we all revere;
Thine honour'd, true, and only Son:
Thee, Holy Ghost! Our Comforter,
Three Persons, but one God alone.

O King of Glory! we praise thee;
 O Christ! the Son of the most High;
 Thee, born from all Eternity,
 O King of Glory we Praise thee!

When thou descendedst from thy Throne,
 And didst, as *one of us*, become,
 To dye for Man's Redemption,
 Thou didst not loath the Virgins Womb.

When thou, triumphant, brak'st the Chain
 Of Death, and Hells Captivity,
 Thou openedst Heav'n to ev'ry Man
 Who, to obey, belives in thee.

Thou, on th' Right Hand o'th' Pow'r Divine,
 Vested with uncreated Light,
 Dost i'th' Recess of Glories shine,
 Far from th' approaches of our sight.

That thou shalt judge us, we believe,
 O just One! Merciful! and Good!
 We therefore beg thee to relieve
 Those thou redeemedst with thy Blood.

'Midst thy triumphant Host of Saints,
 Each poor, each lab'ring ^{weary} Soul,
 All us distressed Militants,
 We do beseech thee, Lord! enrol,

O Lord, thy People save! and bless
 Thine *own redeem'd* Inheritance.
 O guide us in this Life's distress.
 And then Eternally advance!

Thee

Thee, Day by Day we magnific ;
 And thy most Holy Name adore ;
 And shall *continue* Praising thee,
 When Days are *fled*, and Time's *no more*.
 Lord ! keep us from *our selves* this Day ;
 And Sin's fair tempting Treachery :
 Have Mercy, Lord ! Mercy we pray
 As we do put our trust in Thee.

O hope of all the Earth ! in *thee*,
 In thee, Dear Lord ! I trust *alone*.
 Let me, thy Servant, never be
 Abandon'd to Confusion.

[*Benedictus. Luc. 1. 68.*]

- 68 **T**HE God of *Israel* be magnified,
 Who hath his People *Visited*, and *freed*.
 69 And on his Servant *David's* ruin'd Throne
 Hath rais'd up an immense Salvation.
 70 As by his Prophets he foretold, that we
 71 Should be redeem'd from ev'ry Enemy.
 72 And as t' our Fathers he engag'd his Truth
 73 By Covenant, and to *Abraham*, by Oath.
 74 That we, deliver'd from our Enemies,
 75 Might fearless, live a Life of Holiness.
 76 And thou, bless'd Child ! shalt go before the Face
 Of the Messiah, to prepare his Ways.
 77 To tell the World, their great Redemption's nigh ;
 And to Sin's Captives proclaim Liberty.
 78 Through our God's Mercies, whereby Night gives way
 To th' Morn of Heav'n, and th' *Eastern* Springs of day.
 79 To shine on those, sunk in Nights dark Abyfs,
 And guide our Feet into the way of Peace.

Gloria of six Verses.

Mag-

[*Magnificat.* Luc. 1. 46.]

- 46 **M**Y joyful Soul my God does magnifie,
 47 And Spirit, my Redeemer glorifie,
 48 For He, his humble Hand-maid's lowliness
 Regarded; whom henceforth all Times shall bless.
 49 For th' Holy God hath honour'd me, whose Love,
 50 All who fear him, through all Successions prove.
 51 His strong Arm brake the Proud; and brought to nought
 Th' aspiring Counsels of their boundless Thought.
 52 Hurl'd down the Pow'rful from their Pow'rful Seat;
 Rais'd up the Meek, and made the Humble great.
 53 The hungry Soul with good things satisfi'd;
 Sent the rich empty off; with nought supply'd.
 54 His mercy, sworn to *Abraham's* Seed, made known
 55 To all, in their fulfill'd Redemption.
 Gloria of four Verses.

[*Nunc dimittis.* Luc. 2. 29.]

- 29 Now let me dye! since I have seen my Lord;
 And rest in Peace, according to thy Word!
 30 For, hid till *now*, *now* unto *all* is shown
 31 The Saviour, and the Great Salvation.
 32 Who to the *Gentiles*, will thy Light reveal;
 And be the Glory of thy *Israel*.
 Gloria of six Verses.

G L O R I A S

For those Psalms, whose Verses are four Feet.

Gloria of two Verses.

TO the Eternal Trinity
 All Glory, *now*, and *ever* be.

Gloria

G L O R I A'S.

143

Gloria of four Verses.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Glory be !
As was, when Time its race begun,
And shall be for Eternity.

Gloria of six Verses.

All Glory be to God above !
To God by whom all things were done ;
To our Redeemer, God the Son ;
And God, the Holy Spirit Love.
As was, when Time's first hours wheel'd on,
And shall be when their Circle's done.

Gloria of eight Verses.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit ; Three in one :
And One alone in Trinity,
All Honour, Praise, and Glory be.
The Praise which from Beginning was,
(Beginning, but ne're ending Praise)
Be now ; and Be, when Time shall be
The Triumph of Eternity.

G L O R I A'S

For those Psalms whose Verses are five Feet.

Gloria of two Verses,

TO Father, Son, and Spirit, Glory be
The Days of Time, and of Eternity.

Gloria

Gloria of four Verses.

All Glory to the Majesty on High !
 The ever blessing, blessed Trinity.
 As i'th' *Beginning* was, is *now* ; shall be
 When Time shall pass into Eternity,

Gloria of six Verses.

O Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord most High,
 Coequal, Coeternal Deity !
 Who *mad'st* us ; didst *Redeem* ; and dost *inspire*
 Our Soul's faln heat with *new Cœlestial Fire*,
 We bless thee *now*, and shall *Eternally*,
 O Holy ! Holy ! Holy Lord most High !

Gloria of eight Verses.

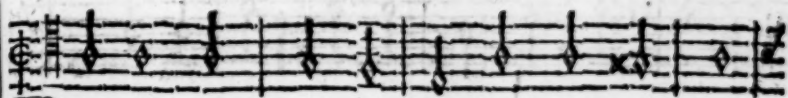
To God who did create the World's great Frame ;
 To God by whom lost Man's Redemption came ;
 To God who Graces sends, God th' Holy Ghost,
 We *now*, give Praise, with all the Heav'nly Host.

Thy early praises i'th' Beginning were ;
 When all the Morning Stars made up the *Quire* : Job. 38.
 Thee, *all* thy Works, *Angels* and *Men* adore ; v. 7.
 As *we* do *now* ; and shall do evermore.

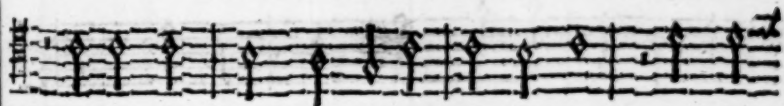
Hallelujah.

P S A L M I.

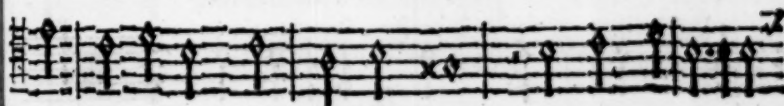
To this Tune may be Sung all those Psalms, whose Verses are Five Feet, and their Stanza Eight Verses



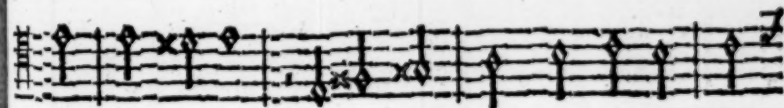
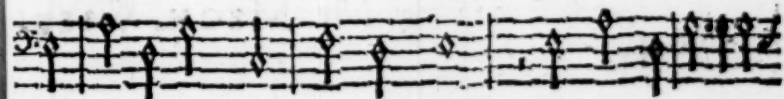
Blessings Crown his fair Soul who does not stray,



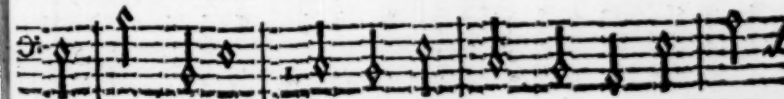
Led by false Counsels in the Sinners way. Who hath



not sate in the proud scorners Seat, Who mock at Piety

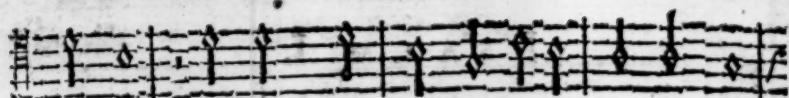


and God forget; But in Gods Law hath set his whole



M

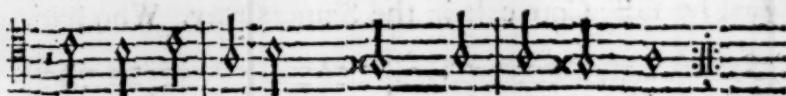
Delight;



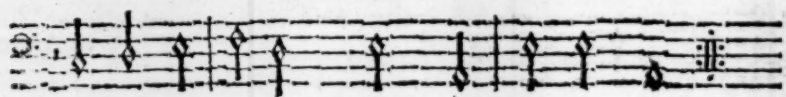
Delight; And makes that Law his study Day & Night



He's like the Fruitful Tree, whose spreading Root,



Fed by the living Streams yield timely Fruit.



Mr. MICH. WISE.

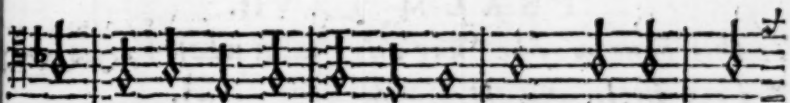
PSAL. XIX.

P S A L M XIX.

*To this Tune may be sung any Psalm, whose Verses are
Five Feet, and the Stanza Six Verses.*



THE Heav'ns declare a God; Th'extended Sky tell that



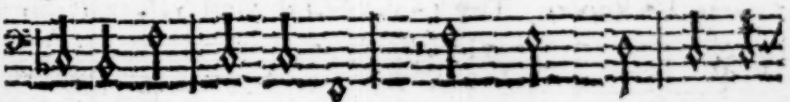
their Maker was not less than he. Day without voice

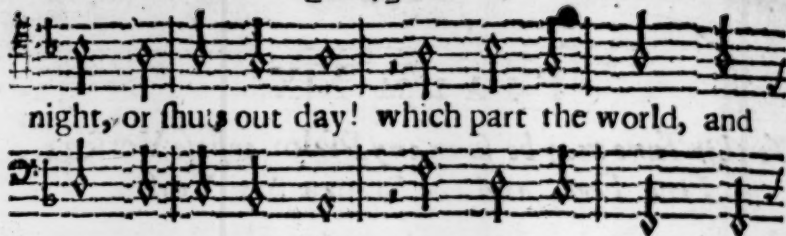


tells day, and night tells night. Twisting Time's wind-

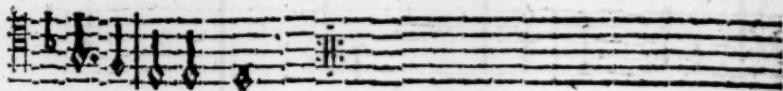


ing chain of shade and light. What Land's unknown to





night, or shuts out day! which part the world, and



run divided way.

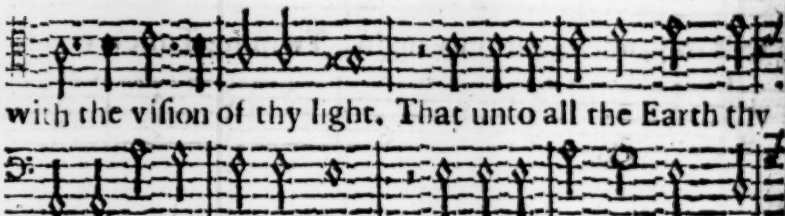


P S A L M LXVII.

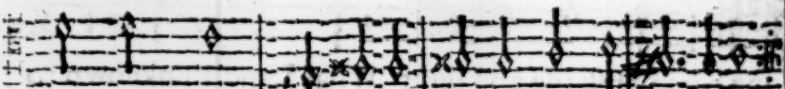
To this Tune may be Sung any Psalm whose Verses are Five Feet, and its Stanza Four Verses.



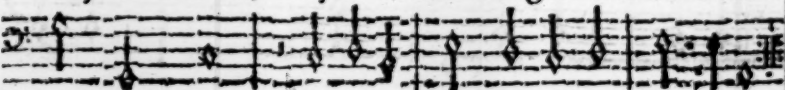
BE merciful O God! chace away Night; And bless us



with the vision of thy light. That unto all the Earth thy



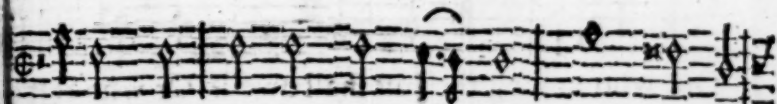
way be known, Thy u-ni-ver-sal glad Sal-va-ti-on.



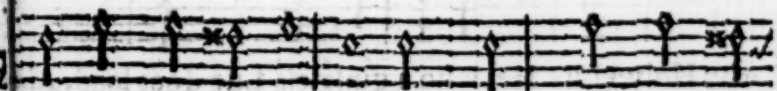
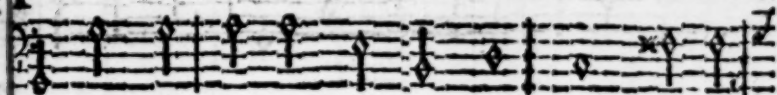
Mr. Michael Wise.

Those Psalms whose Verses are Four Feet, and their Stanza Four Verses, may be sung to the usual Tune of the 100 Psalm.

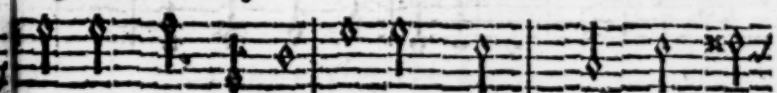
Or of this Gloria.



T O God the Father, God the Son, and God the



Spirit ; Glory be, as was when Time its Race

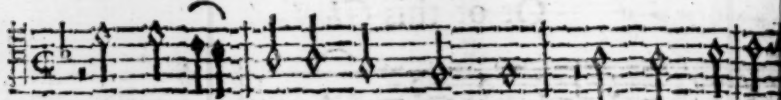


begun, and shall be for Eternity.

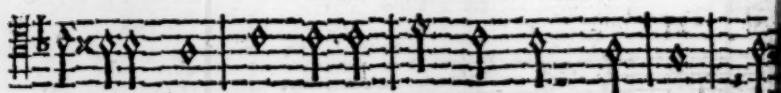


PSALM XV.

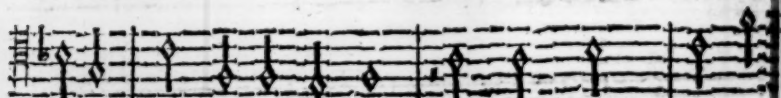
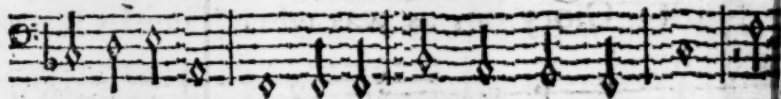
*To this Tune may be Sung any Psalm whose Verses are
Four Feet, and their Stanza Six Verses.*



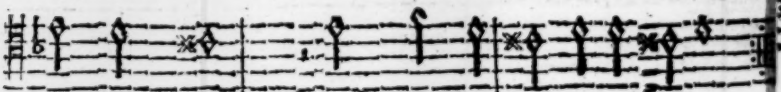
Lord who among the Just shall dwell? Or who rest on



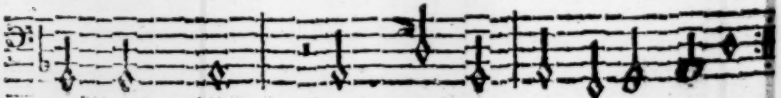
thy Holy Hill? He, who a guileless Life does lead, And



in the paths of Justice tread. In whose firm Soul Truth



sets her Throne; Whose Lip's above Detraction.

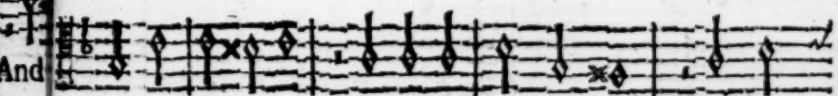


PSALM XI.

Those Psalms whose Verses are Four Feet, and their Stanza Eight Verses, may be sung to the known Tunes of the LI. Psalm, or the Lamentation.



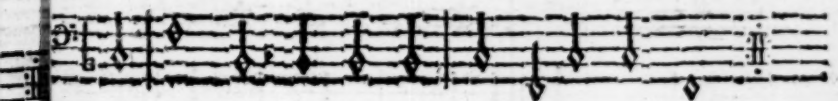
And cannot God Defend? The God in whose Pro-



tection I re-lye; Cannot He succour lend? But like



a Bird to the Hills for safe-ty I must flie.

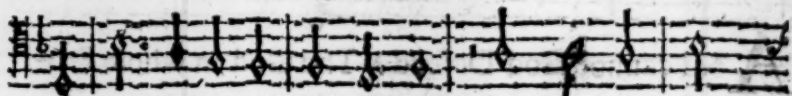
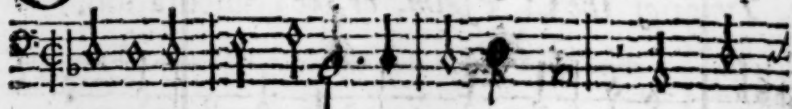


Mr. MICH. WISE.

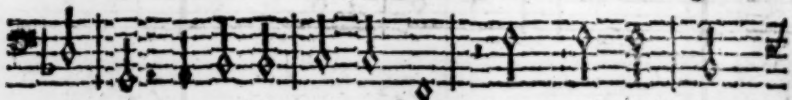
PSALM XLVI.



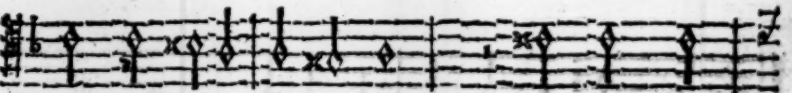
O Present still! O still protect'ng Lord; Who help



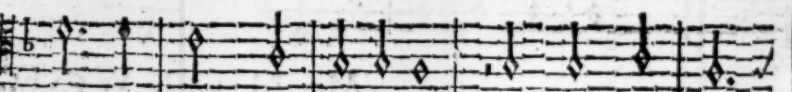
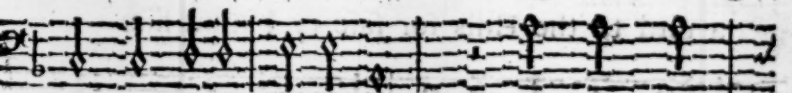
to thy distressed dost afford. What can us fright?



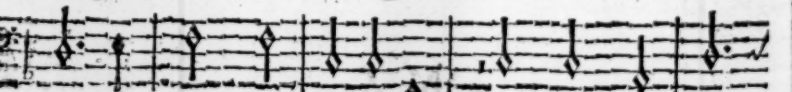
Should the fix'd Laws o'th' World, Be broke, and




Mountains into Seas be hurl'd. Though Hills through

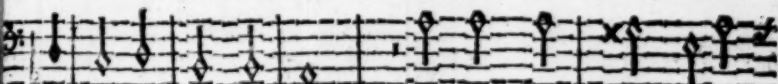
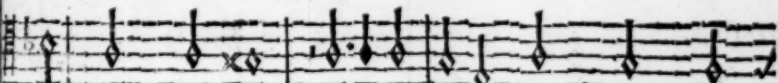


Tempest, rock; Seas overgrow; O're immense Cliffs


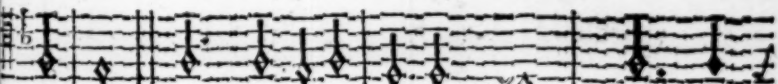




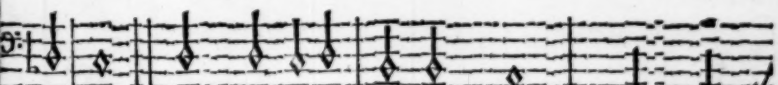
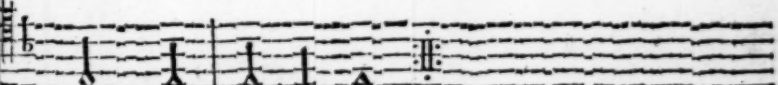
the vaster Billows flow; 'Midst its own Calm, *Sion*

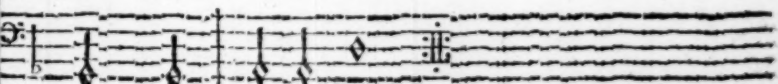
the Storm derides; *Sion* the Holy place where God

resides. Fear not any mortal Powers! Who can

hurt, when God is Ours?



Mr. Michael Wise.

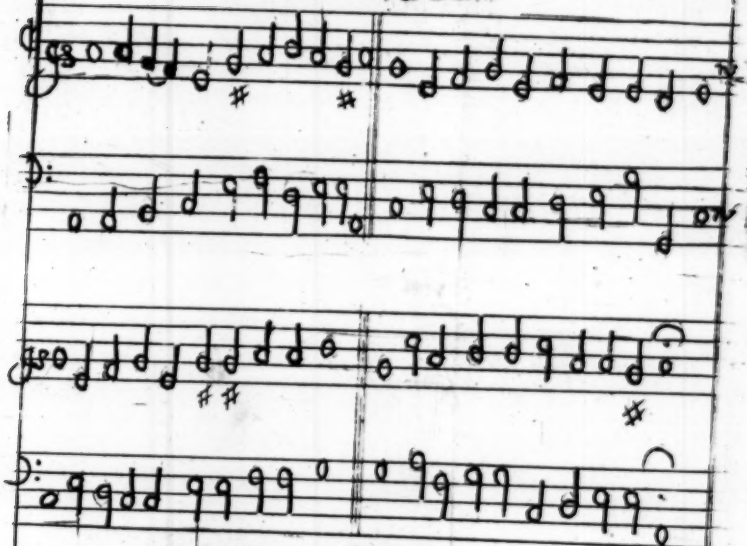
PSALM XXIV.

- 1 The Earth is God's and All that is therein;
All Things all Creatures, and the Sons of men
- 2 He, it's foundations on the floating Bed
Oth' Flouds hath set; and Firmly stablished.

PSALM XXXII.

- 1 How blest'd ! how happy is the man, whose sin
God covers, and his stained Soul makes clean.
- 2 Thrice happy he, whose sins are all forgot,
And in whose guileless Soul is found no spot.

PSALM XXXI.



PSALM XXXII



PSALM XLIX.

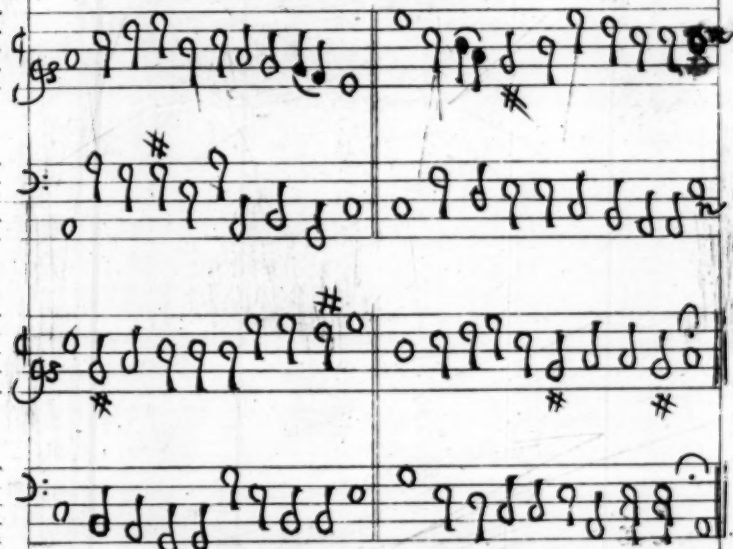
- 1 Hear O ye Sons of Men *who ere ye are,*
- 2 High, low, rich, poore, secure, or full of Care,
One with Another; for All equal be
In the great doom Pass'd on mortality.

PSALM LXVI.

- 1 Let all the World their *different* voyces raise!
And the *one onely* Language, speak of *Praise.*
- 2 Sing forth his honour *All!* Each his part beare,
And in his Glory, joyn the *distant Quire.*

See Psalm 67. among the foregoing Tunes.

PSALM XLIX



PSALM LXVI



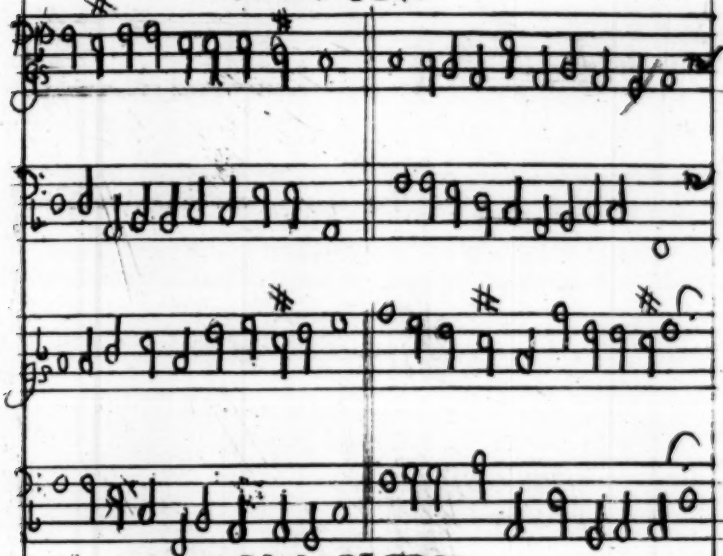
PSALM XCI.

- 1 Who, the Almighty his Defence has made,
May rest secure under the pow'rful shade,
- 2 'Tis God alone whose strength can succour me,
All my dependence, Lord ! and Hope's in Thee.

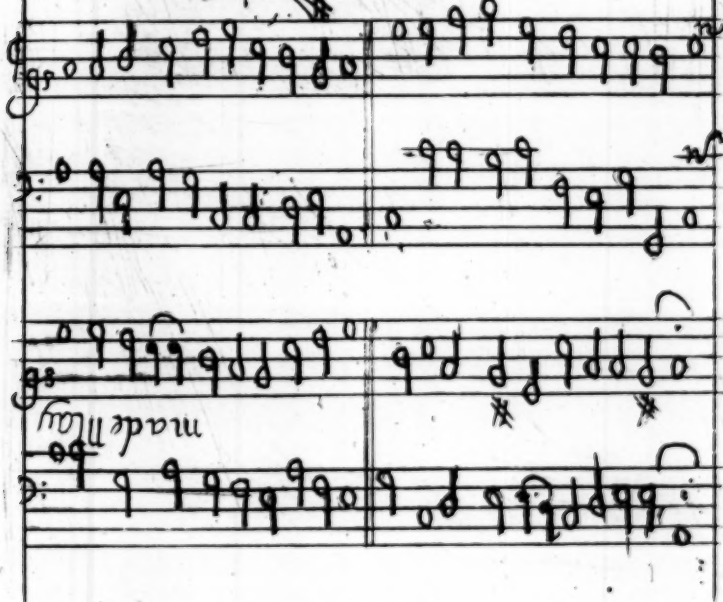
PSALM XCVI.

- 1 Sing a *new* Song to God ! Let *All* conspire
In his great Praise, and make the World *one Quire*.
- 2 Give him *continual* honour ! Let *each* day
His known Salvation to the next convey.

PSALM XCI



PSALM XCVI



PSALM CXXXIII.

O Unity ! Cœlestial Unity !

Where Good , and Pleasant in one joyned be ,

Where peaceful Brethren do consent in Thee ,

How blest'd to *AH* , is the blest'd Harmony.

PSALM CXXXIII

